THE ARTS

Saturday Review

JUNE 17, 1972 50¢

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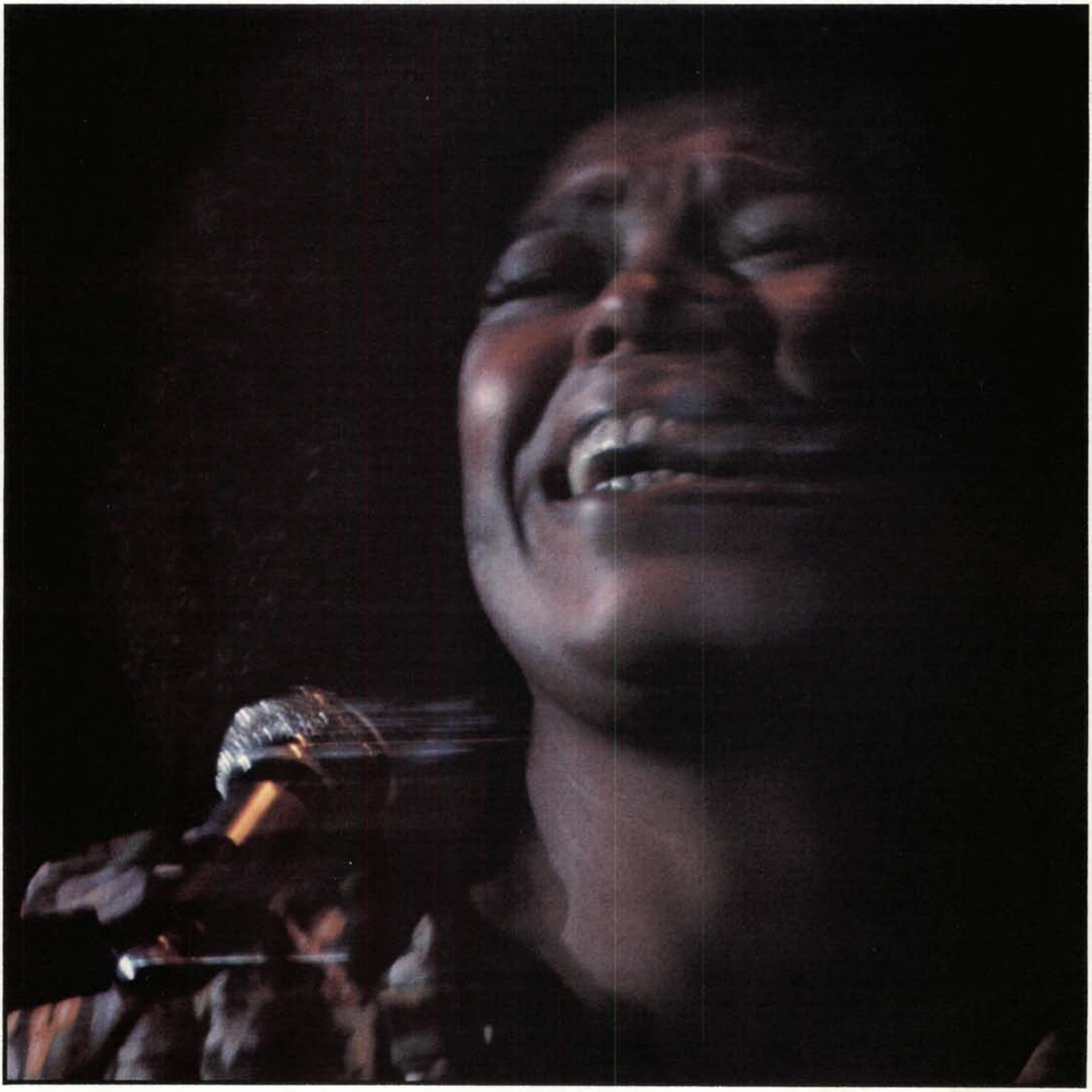

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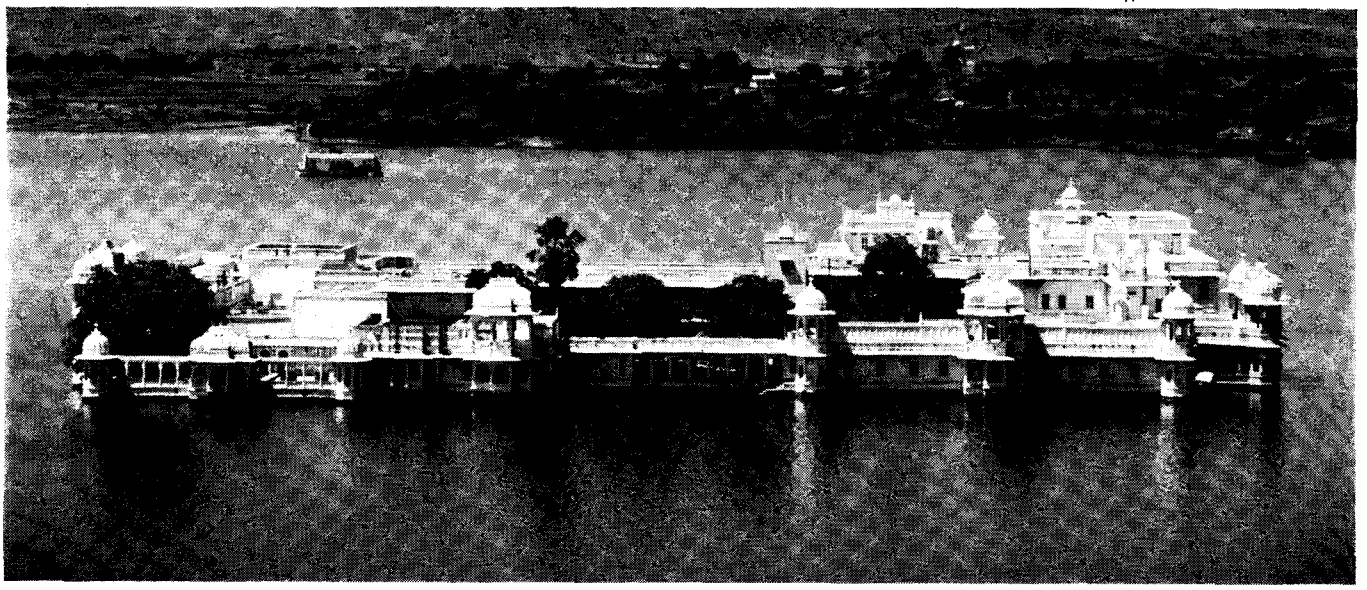

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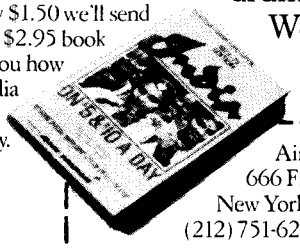

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Saturday Review of the Arts

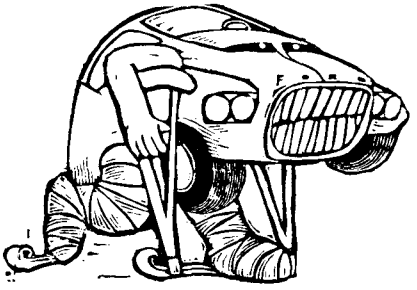
INDEX

JUNE 17, 1972 VOLUME LV, NUMBER 25

SR UP FRONT

5
What Went Wrong With Tom Fox's Shiny New Ford Torino
By Margaret Bresnahan
What went wrong is that Tom learned his rear wheels might fall off. And then he *really* got to know his local Ford dealer.

12
About Those Land Hustlers You've Been Hearing From
By Paul Hoffman
Before you buy that parcel of Sun Belt real estate, read all about the adventures of our intrepid author.



PAGE 5

15
The Best the South Has to Offer
By Robert Sherrill
Their names are Reubin Askew (which rhymes with Agnew) and Terry Sanford (which doesn't quite rhyme with John Connally, but Sanford might be paired against him anyway). These two, at any rate, are the Democratic vice presidential possibilities to keep an eye on.

22
EDITORIAL:
Night Thoughts on the "Pietà"
By Richard Atcheson
When he created the "Pietà," Michelangelo was speaking to mankind through the medium of marble; when he tried to smash it, Laszlo Toth was speaking in quite another language. But what was he trying to say?

28
LETTERS

PHOTOGRAPHIC AND ART CREDITS:
Cover: Richard Howard; pp. 5, 6, 12, 16, 18 illustrations by Randall Enos; pp. 33-37 Fred Lyon; p. 39 (top) Willa Kim, (bottom) Robert U. Taylor; p. 40 (bottom left) M. E. Manz, (bottom right) Fletcher Drake; p. 41 (bottom left) Kert Lundell, (right) Friedman Abeles; p. 51 illustration by Arnold Roth; pp. 54-55 the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; pp. 56-59 Richard Howard; p. 81 Francis Laping

CARTOON CREDIT: Edward Frascino

THE ARTS

33
Learning the Ways of Wood
By Jack Fincher
For today's young carpenters, working with wood is an art and a religion—and often a tough way to make a dollar.

38
Theater in '72
By Henry Hewes
This year the subsidized, low-budget plays kept Broadway from going bankrupt artistically.

42
American Summer Music Festivals
By Hedy D. Jellinek
Looking for cool sounds to while away hot summer nights? Find them by consulting this comprehensive guide.

44
Recordings in Review
By Irving Kolodin
Mahler's Eighth, the piano trios of Chopin and Smetana, traditional Spanish songs—read about these new releases as well as the Met's parting tribute to Rudolf Bing.

50
The Great Cuban Fiasco
By Marjorie Rosen
The U.S. government apparently thought the new Cuban films were too dangerous for Americans to see. But what were the movies really like?

54
A New View of Vasily
By David Bourdon
Kandinsky was always esteemed for his early, pioneering abstractions. Now, however, his later, zanier paintings look fresher than ever.

56
Unraveling Roberta
By Eleanor Moore
Roberta Flack is the nation's new singing sensation, even though her songs are hard to classify and her personality is difficult to decipher.

PAGE 39

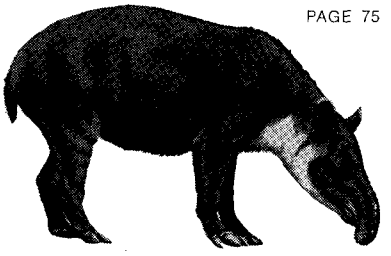
SR REVIEWS

63
BOOKS

63
The Late John Marquand: A Biography
By Stephen Birmingham
Reviewed by John W. Aldridge

72
BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
By Zena Sutherland

PAGE 75



72
Liberation for Little Girls
By Katharine Rogers

76
The Malcontents
By C. P. Snow
Reviewed by Brom Weber

77
The Clock Winder
By Anne Tyler
Reviewed by Elizabeth Easton

78
FILMS: Rosemary's Babies
By Arthur Knight

79
THEATER: Who's First?
By Henry Hewes

80
MUSIC: Jazz Report
By Stanley Dance

81
TRAVEL: The National Birthday Mess
By Greg Walter

86
PHOENIX NEST: For a Limited Time Only
Edited by Martin Levin

GAMES

71
Your Literary I.Q.

82
Wit Twister

82
Literary Crypt

92
Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1993

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How to tell your son the facts of drinking.

He's almost old enough now. And as a parent, you know he's going to be tempted. If you seem anxious or overly concerned when you talk to him, he might think you're trying to keep him from something he should know about.

It's quite a responsibility for you. Because what you tell him, and how you tell him, will be with him for the rest of his life.

Tell him first that you love him and trust him.

Then tell him that, in a sense, you've been teaching him about drinking all his life. Because you've been teaching him the idea of moderation in everything. Including the products we sell. And you've been doing the most important job of all: showing him moderation by your example.

And also tell him that the legal drinking age is a law that's there to be obeyed. After all, whiskey is a pleasure that should be reserved for people who are old enough to enjoy it sensibly.

Tell him that. So if and when he chooses to drink, he'll do it when he's old enough to enjoy it sensibly, moderately and maturely.

Tell him all that. Because if you don't, somebody else might not.

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A recent issue of the New York *Times Magazine* ran a piece by a first year student at Yale who said that at eighteen one of the few goals toward which she could work was to have a little bit of land somewhere in the country. Owning a piece of land has always been part of the American dream, one to which nearly all of us can relate. It can also turn into a nightmare. It seems to many that before we have an opportunity to enjoy a piece of greenery these days, our open space is threatened by a highway, a shopping center, a jetport, something.

Mary Anne Guitar knows that there are ways for the homeowner to halt the land grabbers. She tells how in her new book, PROPERTY POWER, using examples from her own experience and others. She shows how home owners can organize and how—through town councils, planning and zoning boards, and conservation commissions—they can exert pressure, alert citizens, and force developers and highway engineers to plan roads and buildings in such a way that the natural beauty of the landscape is not despoiled.

The author of PROPERTY POWER is the first woman member of the Redding, Connecticut, Board of Selectmen. She was elected on the issue of environmental protection and she and a group of energetic citizens have so far succeeded in their battle to save this beautiful section of New England from becoming a subsection of megalopolis. Her practical and optimistic book can help thousands all over the country to question and to halt what is being done in the name of progress. For Mary Anne Guitar, like Lewis Mumford, believes that "trend is not destiny." I hope they are right.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

PROPERTY POWER ($6.95), by Mary Anne Guitar, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 744 White Plains Road, Scarsdale, New York 10583.

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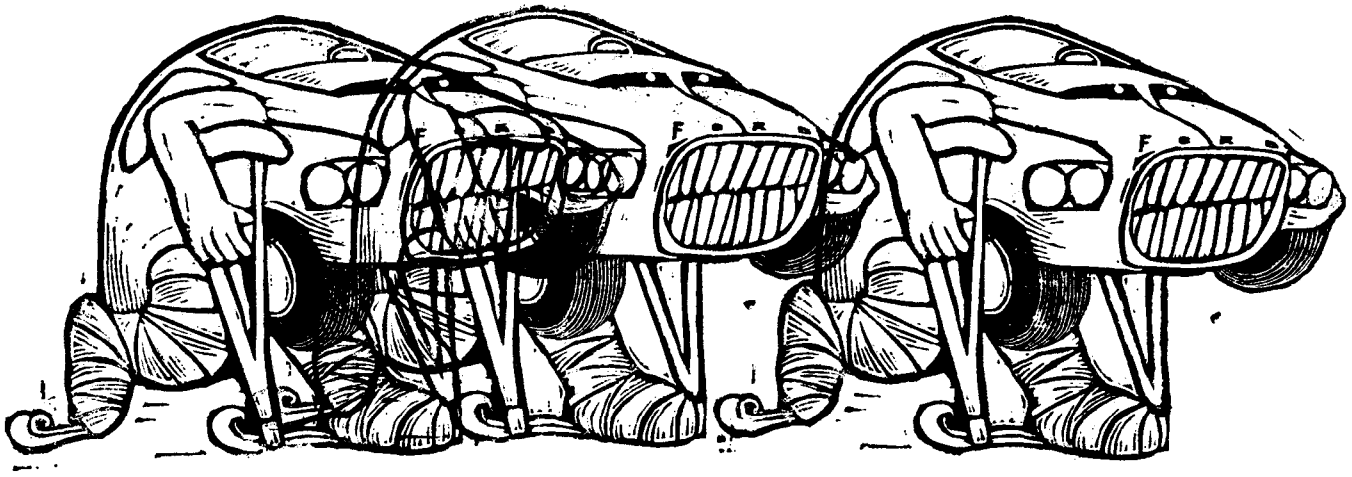
SR UP FRONT

JUNE 10, 1972



What Went Wrong With Tom Fox's Shiny New Ford Torino

BY MARGARET BRESNAHAN

WASHINGTON, D. C.—On March 28, 1972, Tom Fox of Fairfax, Virginia, proudly drove his shiny new Ford Torino home from Dick Blanken's showroom in nearby Arlington. A scant two weeks later, Tom Fox's car, along with 436,000 other 1972 Ford Torinos and Mercury Montegos, was called back by Detroit. The reason: Bearing failure had caused the rear wheels to fall off 20 Torinos, and 200 more had shown severe bearing deterioration. Since Montegos are equipped with the same potentially hazardous rear-axle assembly, Ford was recalling its entire production of this model as well. The company's "better idea" for handling the problem it faced was, not to replace the faulty parts, but to attach a retainer plate to the rear axle housing. Should the bearings begin to fail, the Ford Motor Company explained, the retainer plate would produce a loud, grating noise, thus warning the driver that now was the time to get to his dealer for repairs.

To Tom Fox this seemed a peculiar way to repair a car. Nevertheless, restraining his urge to complain, he promptly called his Ford zone representative in Falls Church to find out how he should go about having a warning device attached to his snappy, blue Torino. All he had to do, Fox was assured, was leave his car at the nearest service station; Ford's ingenious early-warning system would be installed, and he could pick up his car the next day. When Tom Fox called Dick Blanken's Ford dealership, however, he heard a different story: Namely, that Fox had to receive his recall letter from the Ford Motor Company before the retainer plate could be installed. How long would he have to wait? It could be a matter of weeks.

A few days later, wondering if he had misunderstood the zone representative, Fox phoned him again. Yes, he was told, you can get your retainer plate before you receive your recall letter. In any case, the letters have gone out, certified mail, from Detroit. And, yes, Fox should be getting his letter any day. (Later, I called the zone representative's office in Falls Church and then Ford's corporate headquarters in Washington and was given the same word.) Yet April passed, and still no letter arrived. Either the postman had fallen down on the job, or someone at Ford had goofed. A random survey cleared the postman. A staff member at Professionals for Auto Safety, a Nader-backed group of scientists, doctors, and engineers working for stricter safety standards, called twenty Ford owners in the Washington area and ascertained that, as of May 4, none had received a letter from the manufacturer.

As the days tripped by, Tom Fox grew increasingly irked, not only by the long delay but by Ford's policy regarding this recall. Bolting on retainer plates designed to sound an alarm might seem an adequate solution to the men in Detroit who would prefer a bill for $5 million to one for $30 million worth of stronger bearings. But to Fox, who had laid out $3,000 with the minimum expectation of sturdy wheels, adding a noisemaker instead of replacing the weak

E N O S

Recall owners are caught in a complex crunch, and since 1966 "one out of every three cars sold . . . has been recalled."

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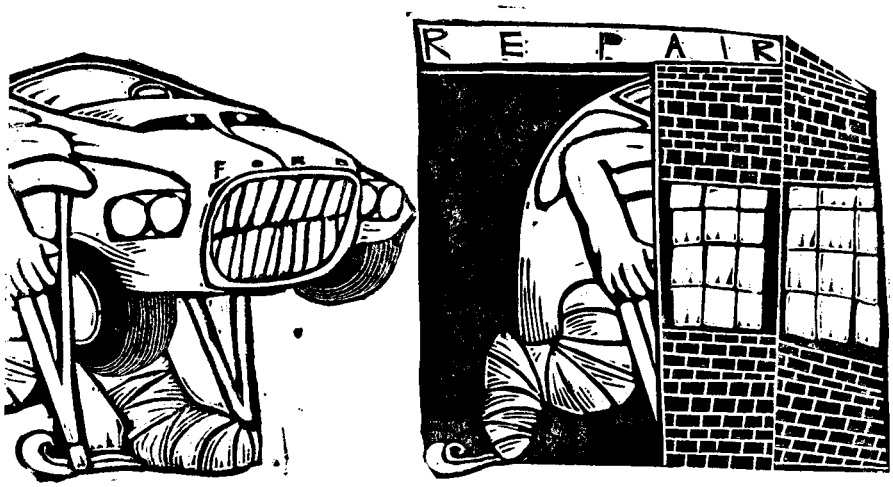
bearings was a particularly galling instance of corporate arrogance.

If Tom Fox was annoyed at the prospect of having to rely on an unreliable new car, he was not alone. Fifteen blocks from his desk at the Criminal Division of the Justice Department in Washington, Ralph Nader's Ford file was bulging with letters from Torino owners who had already lost time from work while trying to get their cars' rear-axle assembly fixed. David Lawrence's letter may serve as a typical example. By the time Mr. Lawrence's odometer registered 5,000 miles, he wrote, his new Torino station wagon had developed problems in the rear assembly; so, with his wife following



closely behind, he cautiously drove his three-month-old car into his Ford dealership in Pleasantville, New York, forty miles from their home in Purdys Station. But as they neared their goal, the rear wheel bearing gave out. After a half-hour wait and a costly tow to the garage, the Lawrences finally arrived at Pleasantville Ford only to be told that the parts required to fix the car were not in. He needed his car to get to his job in Bethel, Connecticut, and hated to leave it, especially since Pleasantville Ford could not loan him a substitute car or predict when he could get his own car back. At this point Mr. Lawrence had to make a decision. He knew he would be stuck with a heavy towing charge if he took the car elsewhere, and there was no assurance that he could get the car fixed faster at another garage. He wasn't sure whether to tell the mechanic that as marketing manager of a large tool manufacturing firm he knew parts could be rushed through or to meekly turn away. So he just stood there, hoping that miraculously the soothing voice that touted Ford's reliability and quiet ride on TV would take on flesh and blood and help him out of his dilemma. At this point a honk from another customer's car cut short his thoughts. With a feeble wave of resignation he left his Torino where it stood. (Three weeks of bumming rides later, Mr. Lawrence told me when I called late last month, he was still without his car. When he finally got it back, the standard rear axle and bearing had been installed, but the retainer plate had not been put on. "If my company made tools like Ford makes cars," he remarked, "we would be out of business.")

An even more acutely irked and angered new-Ford owner was George Krumbhaar. On April 8, 1972, Krumbhaar—a Washington attorney who works as minority counsel to the Joint Economic Committee of Congress—headed out with his wife and their two small children to the family farm near Hancock, Maryland. While cruising along on Interstate 70S at about seventy mph, Krumbhaar felt the engine racing. Suddenly, the rear end crunched down onto the road, then scraped along for 150 yards. When the car ground to a halt, Krumbhaar got out to see what had happened. Smoke was coming from the rear end, near the gas tank. Krumbhaar quickly got his family away from the car. When the smoke cleared, Krumbhaar found a broken axle crushed underneath his brand-new Torino. He walked down the road to find a telephone and called for a tow truck.

Although their off-to-the-country mood was somewhat dampened by what had happened, the Krumbhaars considered themselves lucky in one respect: At least their car had not burst into flames, and they had escaped without injury. A tow truck from nearby Hancock came for the crippled car in about forty-five minutes, and a Ford dealer loaned Krumbhaar a car in which to drive his shaken family on to the farm. Just ten days after this incident, Krumbhaar read a newspaper story about Ford's recall and learned that the company was going to bolt a metal plate onto the weak rear axle and call it fixed. He was outraged. "Imagine," he said, "how it feels to drive a car that is just like the one that cracked up, only now an ear-splitting noise will warn me when it's going to crack up."

Complaints similar to Krumbhaar's—500 in two days from throughout the nation—plus pressure from consumer groups and federal safety officials sent Ford directors scurrying back to the boardroom. A sharp drop in sales of what had been the company's hottest selling car—as of last month Ford had sold 404,000 Torinos, while GM had sold only 201,718 Chevelles, Ford's closest competitor for the intermediate market—induced Ford to come up with an idea even better than its first: Announce a second recall, and this time replace the rear-wheel assembly with a stronger axle and new bearings.

One factor that, in combination with plunging sales and vehement consumer protest, may have prompted Ford to take this eminently sensible step was that the company had gotten wind of a $1.26-billion class action suit filed against General Motors by Chevrolet owners. The previous December, General Motors had announced the largest recall ever—6.7 million Chevys were called in for breaking engine mounts. (A break can jam open the throttle and cause the power steering and brakes to fail.) Instead of replacing the mounts at $33 a shot, GM decided to install a heavy wire restraint to prevent the engine from twisting off the mount. The suit seeks to compel General Motors to replace rather than merely modify the motor mounts. It also charges GM with breach of warranty, fraud, and misrepresentation and asks for $1 billion in exemplary damages. Thirty million dollars to replace rear axles and bearings on 436,000 cars seems small by comparison.

Ford's second recall announcement, issued on April 25, makes good reading for aspiring students of public relations. While contending that the retainer plates are entirely adequate, the statement says that "to remove any question about the durability and performance of our 1972 Torinos and Montegos and [about] Ford's willingness and ability to stand behind its products" all of the 1972 cars in question would have new rear axle shafts and bearings installed at no cost to the customer.

Pleased to hear that Ford had adopted a more reasonable policy, Torino-owner Tom Fox soon discovered that he was no better off after the second announcement than he had been after the first. Indeed, he was in a corporate *Catch-22* bind from which there appeared to be no way out. Boning up on the details of this recall as given in the April 26 *Washington Post*, Fox learned that the schedule was: First, on goes the warning device; then, three to four months later, new bearings. To Fox, this inverted logic was staggering. To add

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to his bemusement, he had not yet received his first recall letter. And if the first had not come, could the second be anywhere close behind?

As May drew near, Tom Fox's spirits sagged. He had chosen Dick Blanken's Ford dealership because of a survey made by *The Washingtonian* magazine that found Blanken's to be one of the few dealerships in the area that provided efficient and reliable service. Now, however, he found that the fellows who had been so anxious to please him in March, when he walked in to pick out his car, were no longer so helpful. What Tom Fox did not understand was that Dick Blanken was caught in a crunch, too.

The head of one of the Washington area's most successful dealerships at the comparatively young age of forty-three, Blanken worked hard to get where he is. On his pine-paneled wall hangs a bachelor of commercial science diploma from Benjamin Franklin University, a business school whose campus is made up of one gray building in downtown Washington. Blanken sold cars for nineteen years before taking on his own dealership. To this day, he owns only 75 per cent of the business. Ford owns the rest. The initial capital investment in a dealership is enormous. "If I had enough money to own a dealership, I wouldn't be here. I'd be off living the easy life somewhere. As it is," Dick Blanken said, "like most retailers, I'm the ham in the sandwich: I get it coming and going. I'm spending the manufacturer's money when I take on warranty work and recalls, and since he's interested in a fair expenditure, naturally he watches what we're spending. On the other hand, there are the customers. They expect top-flight warranty service after haggling for dirt-cheap prices. Sharp mechanics, one-day service—only the best is good enough for them."

Dick Blanken leaned forward in his chair. "Tell people this," he said. "Tell them I want to make a profit like anyone else. If I didn't have to sell my cars so cheaply to be competitive, I could give the kind of service I think customers deserve. I could loan them a car when theirs is going to be in the shop a few days. I could do the little things that make owning and servicing a car less of a headache. But people shop for the price. No one asks to see my garage, meet my mechanics, find out what kind of equipment I have. Just the price, that's all ninety per cent of my customers are interested in. I had a dentist who bought a Pinto from me. He liked my service. We had a great business relationship. One day his wife was in an accident and totaled the car. He came back here to buy another Ford. He said to me, 'I like your service but another dealer is going to give me a deal for fifty dollars less—will you do the same?' I said, No, I wouldn't; I couldn't do that and provide adequate service as well. He said, 'You've got a great service department, but if you won't knock off fifty dollars, I'm going someplace else.' And you know what? That's just what he did, too."

Said one vexed new-Ford owner, after running the recall gantlet: "If my company made tools like Ford makes cars, we would be out of business."

As one descends from Blanken's second-floor office into the bowels of his cavernous building, the atmosphere changes abruptly. Noise is everywhere: the wheeze of an engine as an accelerator hits the floor while a mechanic tries to diagnose a cough; the grating of stripped gears as a sick transmission tells what ails it. Ricocheting off the walls, the din bounces back with undiminished force. There is an electric atmosphere in the service department, for it is now daily besieged by customers bringing in recalled Torinos and Montegos. The mechanics are not happy. "Give me some work I can make some money on," laments one. "When the factory picks up the tab, my paycheck shrinks."

The scowl that creases the forehead of the average mechanic at the mere mention of warranty or recall work is understandable. Mechanics are paid, not by the amount of time they work, but according to a system that represents only a slight improvement over the old piecework system, whereby sweatshop seamstresses were paid by the number of shirts they could finish in a sixteen-hour day. The bible of this pay system is the "flat-rate" manual, a book that lists every conceivable job known to automotive repair, together with the time each job should take. When the mechanic does a brake job, which the book says should take 2.8 hours, he is paid for, and the customer is billed for, 2.8 hours worth of work—even though putting in new brakes may take him three or four hours if he runs into a snag.

To complicate the system, there is more than one manual. Ford puts out one edition that dealers must use when performing warranty or recall repairs; since the time listed represents money out of Ford's own pocket, this manual tends to scrimp on time. A second manual, used when figuring the cost of servicing or repairing cars brought in by COD customers, as paying clients are called in the trade, allows considerably more time for each job. What this double standard means in practical terms is that, on a good day, the average mechanic taking care of COD customers can earn as much as 40 per cent more than his colleague doing recall work. No wonder, then, that mechanics are less than delighted to see lines of lemons converging on their service department. Meanwhile, for men such as Dick Blanken, the sight of a garage full of cars being fixed up with retainer plates or new rear-wheel bearings means that there will be neither room nor time enough to take on cars whose repair costs would not be subsidized by the manufacturer and that, accordingly, would bring in more money. (Ironically, Blanken's son's car—a Torino whose rear-wheel bearings gave out in Gaithersburg, Maryland—was the first to be towed in for emergency repairs.)

Some dealers have tried to make the best of recall campaigns by capitalizing on the "captive audience" each recall brings in. In doing so, they rely upon the Newtonian law that states that a body—in this case, an automobile—will stay put unless compelled by some force to budge. Converting this law into shop talk, a service manager will tell a customer that his car needs more than just a retainer plate, say—and since the car's in the shop anyway. . . . This line of reasoning is frequently convincing. Moreover, during a period when dealers are battling for the auto-repair market with new high-volume competitors—Sears, Montgomery Ward, and other mass merchandisers—more and more dealers press the argument home. And the fact that a Torino or Montego will be back in the shop twice, once for each recall, gives the dealer two cracks at the "gravy" business—tune-ups, brake jobs, wheel alignments—so frequently lost to other repair outlets. In the wake of a sharp cutback in warranty coverage and a consequent decrease in the authorized maintenance checkups required to keep the warranty in effect, this recall may turn out to be a blessing in disguise.

Contrary to popular thinking, recalls are not a new phenomenon. The first car was recalled back in 1916 when a Buick roadster, bumping along on a road better suited for the horse than the horseless carriage, lost its gas tank. But it wasn't until Ralph Nader arrived on the scene in the early Sixties that federal safety officials began keeping track of such things. Now, more than 700 recalls and 22 million vehicles later (one out of every three cars sold since 1966 has been recalled for one reason or another), "recall" is a household word and one, moreover, that shows no sign of losing its

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An open letter to readers

Norman Cousins

My purpose in writing is to tell you that my colleagues and I have decided to launch a new magazine. The magazine will be published every two weeks. It will be called WORLD. It will be a world review of ideas, the arts, and the human condition.

Ever since I resigned from the Saturday Review, I have been thinking and dreaming about starting a magazine that, in a certain sense, would belong to its readers and editors.

Usually, new magazines call for a prodigious investment. The reason is that magazines are sold to the consumer at less than the cost of manufacture. What compounds this problem is that the standard way of building a subscription list is through sharply reduced introductory offers.

Little wonder that massive investment has usually been necessary to see a new magazine through to the point where introductory-offer readers can be graduated to full-rate subscribers. But outside investment can mean outside control—and this is something we want to avoid if we possibly can.

Our hope, therefore, is that we can find enough readers who are willing to take a chance on us by becoming long-term subscribers from the very outset.

We decided to put these hopes to the test. I am delighted to say that the responses thus far have been favorable beyond even our most extravagant expectations. As a result, we are scheduling our first issue for late Spring.

What about the magazine itself?

We believe that a magazine is essentially a reading, rather than a viewing, experience. In this sense, we will publish for a readership rather than a flippership.

We will address ourselves to people who attach high value to ideas and the creative arts. Our arena, however, will be the world. We will do more than report on books, plays, movies, music and the arts in just the United States alone. We will attempt to review and report on cultural events on a world scale—"cultural" being defined in its broadest sense.

We will write about the human condition at a time when the ability of human intelligence to meet its problems is being tested as never before. Our hope is to see the world as the astronauts saw it—a beautiful wet blue ball possessing millions of factors in the delicate combination that makes life possible. Our dominant editorial concern, then, will be the proper care of the human habitat—protecting it against war, world environmental poisoning, overcrowding, or any of the things that indignify and humiliate human beings.

In this connection, I am pleased to announce that U Thant, former Secretary-General of the U.N., and Buckminster Fuller, architect-philosopher-innovator, have joined the Board of Editors. They will preside over a major section of the magazine to be called "Planetary Management."

We will also give major attention to what we believe will be one of the most compelling issues in the years ahead—the squandering of human resources, far

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of the Saturday Review

more costly than the waste of physical resources.

There is no point in talking about conservation of land unless we also talk about conservation of life.

I think I have said enough to indicate that the new magazine will direct its central editorial energies both to the enjoyment of creative living and to the pursuit of vital ideas. It is an error, however, to try to be too detailed about a magazine in advance of publication. A magazine has to describe itself, issue by issue.

The only thing we can be sure of at this point is that we are going to make plenty of mistakes. If we are lucky, they will be fruitful mistakes and the magazine will change for the better because of them. New magazines are not really invented or created in one piece. They evolve. They are the product of creative interaction between editors and readers.

It may be irresponsible, therefore, to try to tell a reader everything he may want to know about the nature of a magazine, its underlying philosophy, or its capacity for growth. What we can try to do, however, is to tell you something about our hopes, philosophy, and our approach — and to seek your help in achieving our aims.

Some specifics: The rates will be $12 for one year; $20 for two years. For pre-publication Charter subscribers we propose a special three-year rate of $25.

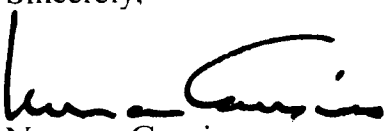
The reason we emphasize three-year subscriptions is that they reduce sharply the astoundingly high cost of processing renewals.

Even more important is the fact that long-term subscriptions will free us to do our main job — which is to try to publish a magazine you will read and respect.

We ask no money now. That can come later. What we do need right now is an expression of your interest.

As I said earlier, in inviting you to join us in what we hope will be an exciting adventure in ideas, we realize we are asking you to take a chance on us. We have high hopes of justifying that confidence. The process begins with the Charter Subscription form attached.

Sincerely,



Norman Cousins

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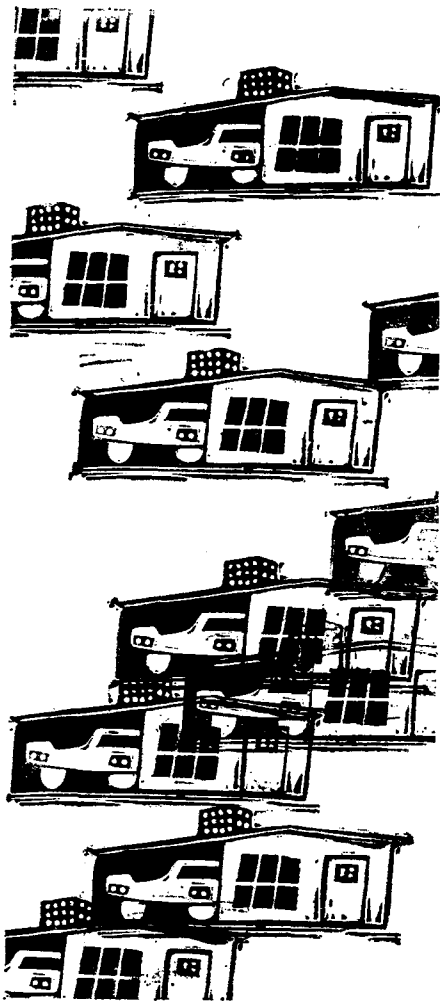
currency. Two weeks after Ford's giant April 25 recall, General Motors was again in the news with another Chevy recall. This time, 130,000 Vegas were recalled for sticking accelerators. On May 25, GM called in 22,000 Buicks and Oldsmobiles for inspection and possible repair of their steering linkages. Thus, in the recall sweepstakes, GM is slowly nosing out Ford.

In the midst of all these recalls, Detroit has not changed its standard operating procedure. Cars continue to roll off the assembly line at the rate of one a minute, with no improvement in quality control. An inspector who had five things to check on each car at a Pontiac, Michigan, assembly plant told a *Wall Street Journal* reporter, "There isn't nearly enough time to do all the inspections. I'm supposed to check shock absorbers, but I haven't had a chance to look at one in a month." Another inspector said he inspects a car trunk closely enough just "to make sure there's no dead foreman in there." The manufacturer has all but admitted such poor quality control exists. When the manufacturer wants to produce a car without defects, he takes it out of the regular assembly line. Thus, cars that are given or leased to celebrities, Big Ten football coaches, and the auto executives themselves are designated "Dealer's Special Orders" and go through a separate line with as many as five foremen walking beside them.

It is impossible to assess the inconvenience that Ford's latest recall caused Tom Fox and thousands of car owners who, like him, purchased a spiffy new car only to discover they had picked out a lemon. In a few cases, fortune and a thoughtful dealer alleviated the suffering. Thus, as chance would have it, a stroke of bad luck brought Fox an unexpected piece of good luck. On a beach outing, his Torino got stuck in sand, and sand is bad news even for strong, non-Torino bearings; Dick Blanken obligingly made an exception in his case and, on May 15—a week after Fox finally received his first recall letter—installed the redesigned, stronger rear-wheel bearings. (The majority of the 436,000 other Torino and Montego owners, on the other hand, can only hope that their bearings will hold out until they get their second recall letter, authorizing them to come in for new parts sometime this summer.) While the Ford Motor Company will be able to write off as a business expense the $30 million involved in its two recalls, Tom Fox cannot write off his phone calls, time lost in finding out what was what from contradictory sources, or his aggravation. Nor will he quickly regain the confidence he felt as he drove his new Torino home on March 28. The uncomfortable feeling one suffers from while driving a car whose wheels may fall off does not go away overnight. □

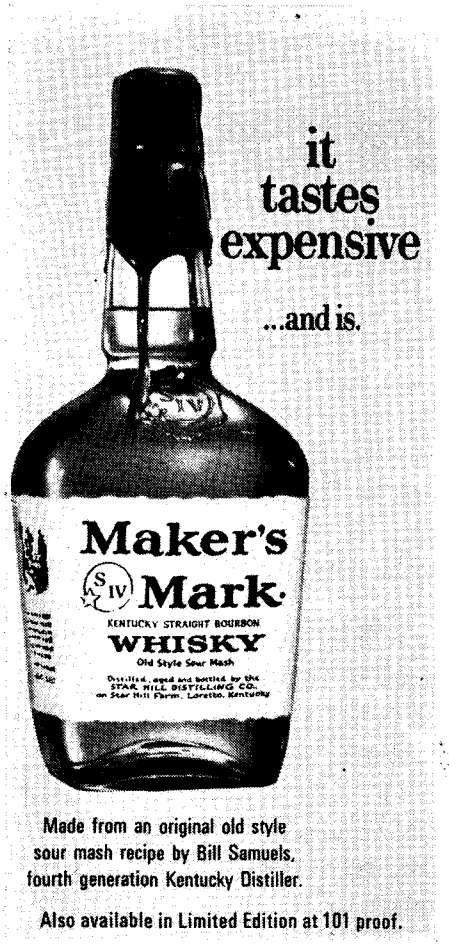


About Those Land Hustlers You've Been Hearing From

BY PAUL HOFFMAN

By now, every man, woman, and child who's ever had his name on a mailing list must have received at least one invitation to a dinner-and-sales pitch from Alligator Gardens, Florida, or Culjones Canyon, Arizona, or some other chunk of Sun Belt real estate. And most, like me, must have chucked them into the waste basket.

But when one came from an outfit called Rio Rancho Estates, I got curious. What are such presentations like? I wondered. And what did I have to lose—provided I didn't sign anything?



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So I mailed back the card and at the appointed hour showed up at Zwaaf's International restaurant on West 52nd Street (formerly Toots Shor's watering hole). I was ushered into a basement dining room, where a projector flashed faded color slides of western scenes onto the screen. About thirty people, ranging in age from their late twenties to sixty, were seated at five tables. At each table was a Rio Rancho salesman. Three of them were women—one in a broad-brimmed hat that made her look like a little league Bella Abzug.

At my table were three other couples in their thirties—two, like me, singles, the third, a doctor and his schoolteacher wife. One of the girls seemed interested only in getting a job with the company. I didn't get a chance to find out much about the others because our salesman, a fiftyish man named Jack Z. Greenberg, spewed a running spiel throughout the evening.

Rio Rancho Estates, it turned out, is an 86,200-acre development seventeen miles from the heart of Albuquerque. A former cattle ranch that borders the Rio Grande, its developer is a division of AMREP Corporation (formerly American Real Estate & Petroleum), which is listed on the Big Board, selling about a point under its 1972 high of 29½, and which has two smaller projects in Florida. Our hosts were the ATC Realty Corporation, a local AMREP subsidiary.

Greenberg spoke glowingly about the wonders of the Albuquerque area—the climate, the clean air, the booming job market, the recreational facilities. "There are only two sports you can't indulge in there—salt-water swimming and deep-sea fishing, unless the earthquake comes and California falls into the ocean." He seemed particularly proud of Rio Rancho's golf course, scheduled site of the Jimmy Durante–Dale Robertson Open.

He also stated the line we were to hear time and again throughout the evening: Albuquerque is hemmed in to the east by mountains and to the north and south by government-reserved land; its only area of expansion is to the west—and Rio Rancho is right in the path. So land values are bound to boom.

He pointed this out on a map among the pile of leaflets on our table. One of them was the offering statement (the real estate equivalent of a stock prospectus), which I started scanning.

"Hey! You're not supposed to read that until later!" Greenberg snapped.

I think he realized then that I was a "no sale."

In response to our questions, Greenberg said that he attended these dinners two or three nights a week, though most were smaller than ours. The invitations were mailed out by the Reuben H. Don-

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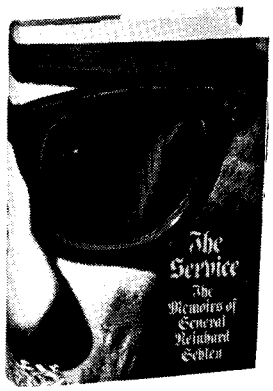

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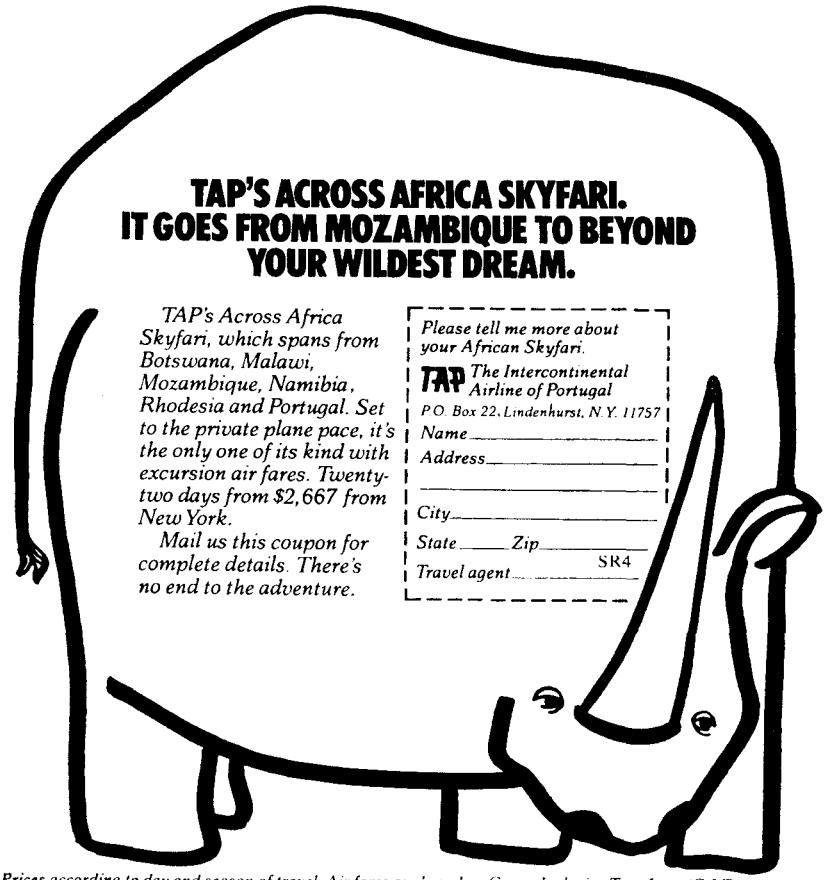

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Most BOSE dealers are participating with us in this offer: Take a pair of 901's home and listen to them for a week. After that, we'll leave the rest to your own judgement.

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*Literature and copies of the reviews are available on request. The BOSE 901 is covered by patent rights, issued and pending.

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nelley Corporation (the *Yellow Pages* people), and he had no idea of how many had been sent or why we were chosen.

Only a small portion of Rio Rancho was already developed, he explained, though gravel and dirt roads had been laid through the entire area. He didn't expect us to pack up and move out there right away; we should look on our purchase as an investment. Within six months of purchase, we could take a five-day package tour to Albuquerque for $450 per couple and, if we didn't like the property, trade it for another or get our money back—no questions asked. Or we could sell it to someone else.

"But wouldn't we be competing with you?" I asked.

Greenberg assured us that wouldn't be the case, since 90 per cent of the lots were already sold.

"How about water?" the doctor asked.

Greenberg said the water table was sufficient to supply one million people for the next 500 years.

The lots, he continued, were mostly a half-acre or an acre, though a few were larger.

"How much do they cost?" my companion asked.

"We'll get to that later," he said.

"But I want to know how much," she insisted.

We were interrupted by Rio Rancho's honcho for the evening, a Mr. Olivieri, a swarthy, perfectly programed organization man who would make Richard Nixon seem appealingly rough-hewn. He introduced the evening's first film—a bit of boosterism called *Albuquerque's West Side Story*, put out by the local chamber of commerce.

When it ended, he asked, "Well, how did you like it?"

There was a smattering of polite applause, led by the five salesmen.

Then the dinner, which was surprisingly good—fruit cup, Salisbury steak, mashed potatoes, green beans, and a delicious cheese cake. No liquor was evident, though I learned later there was a cash bar.

After dinner Olivieri introduced the second film—a straight half-hour commercial for Rio Rancho called *Your Golden Future*. It showed golf courses, rodeos, barbecues, pool parties and picnics, interviews with happy residents relocated from Middle America, and endless shots of Rio Rancho's ranch houses—on lots that seemed far smaller than the minimum half-acre and that reminded me of Malvina Reynolds's "ticky-tacky." When it finished, there was another round of induced applause.

Then Olivieri made his pitch, repeating all the points that Greenberg had made in conversation and *Your Golden Future* had made on film. Meanwhile, a Xeroxed sheet was passed to each table, listing the twenty-four lots that would be up for sale that night. The smallest was three-fourths of an acre for $3,065, the largest, 3.11 acres for $11,430. Ten per cent down would reserve any lot.

As soon as Olivieri had finished, the salesmen jumped up and shouted their "options" for various lots. It sounded like the pledge call at a United Jewish Appeal dinner.

The other couples at our table soon departed without buying. Greenberg gave up on me, but he made a strong pitch to sell my companion a one-acre lot for $5,010—$505 down, $67 a month. What the Xeroxed sheet didn't show was that the payment stretched over eighty-nine months for a total of $6,468—which figures out to be 22½ per cent interest. For most customers that moment of truth would come only when the contract was thrust out for final signature.

Greenberg showed us on a larger map in which of Rio Rancho's twenty-six "units" the lot was located, but there was no plot map to indicate how it fitted into the overall scheme of development. No customer could learn that until he flew to Albuquerque.

By the time we left, only one lot had been "reserved"—the smallest one.

We weren't allowed to take any of the promotional flyers with us, but I, with assumed naïveté, asked if I could keep the offering statement.

"If I didn't let you have that, we'd be out of business," Greenberg said, though his tone clearly indicated that he wished I hadn't asked.

I could see why when I got home and perused the fine print at leisure:

Lots may be purchased for speculative purposes but such purchasers are advised that resale for a profit may be difficult for a number of years in view of the fact that water and utilities may not be available to certain lots for an indefinite number of years . . . and that in trying to make a resale the purchasers may be competing with the company, which has thousands of lots to sell.

Instead of the 90 per cent sold, as Greenberg had said, Rio Rancho, according to the statement, as of March 1 had 71,499 of its 86,176 lots for sale. In the better-developed areas, only 600 of 1,800 residential lots had been sold.

Rio Rancho's water table may be sufficient for 500 years, but its supplier, the Albuquerque Utilities Corporation, has facilities to serve the needs of only 8,000 homes and plans to install new equipment for only another 2,000 to 4,000.

More fine print: *The possibility exists that no water service will be available to many of the lots for an indeterminate number of years. . . . No representation*

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is made that such service will ever be installed or rendered.

Olivieri had said that Rio Rancho lots were selling for far less than others in the Albuquerque area. If so, it would mean that the other real estate developers are even bigger profiteers than AMREP.

Rio Rancho's cash statement for fiscal 1971 showed that it was reselling the land for nearly ten times the original purchase price. Annual sales were $29.7 million—for land that originally cost $3 million. Interest added another $4.1 million in income. Rio Rancho's promotional costs outran land cost by nearly 3 to 1—$8.2 million.

The development's post-tax profits were $8.5 million—or 22 per cent. It had retained earnings of $37.7 million.

A few minutes of calculations showed that each 6,000 acres sold brought profits of about $8 million. And there are 71,499 lots left to go. . . . □

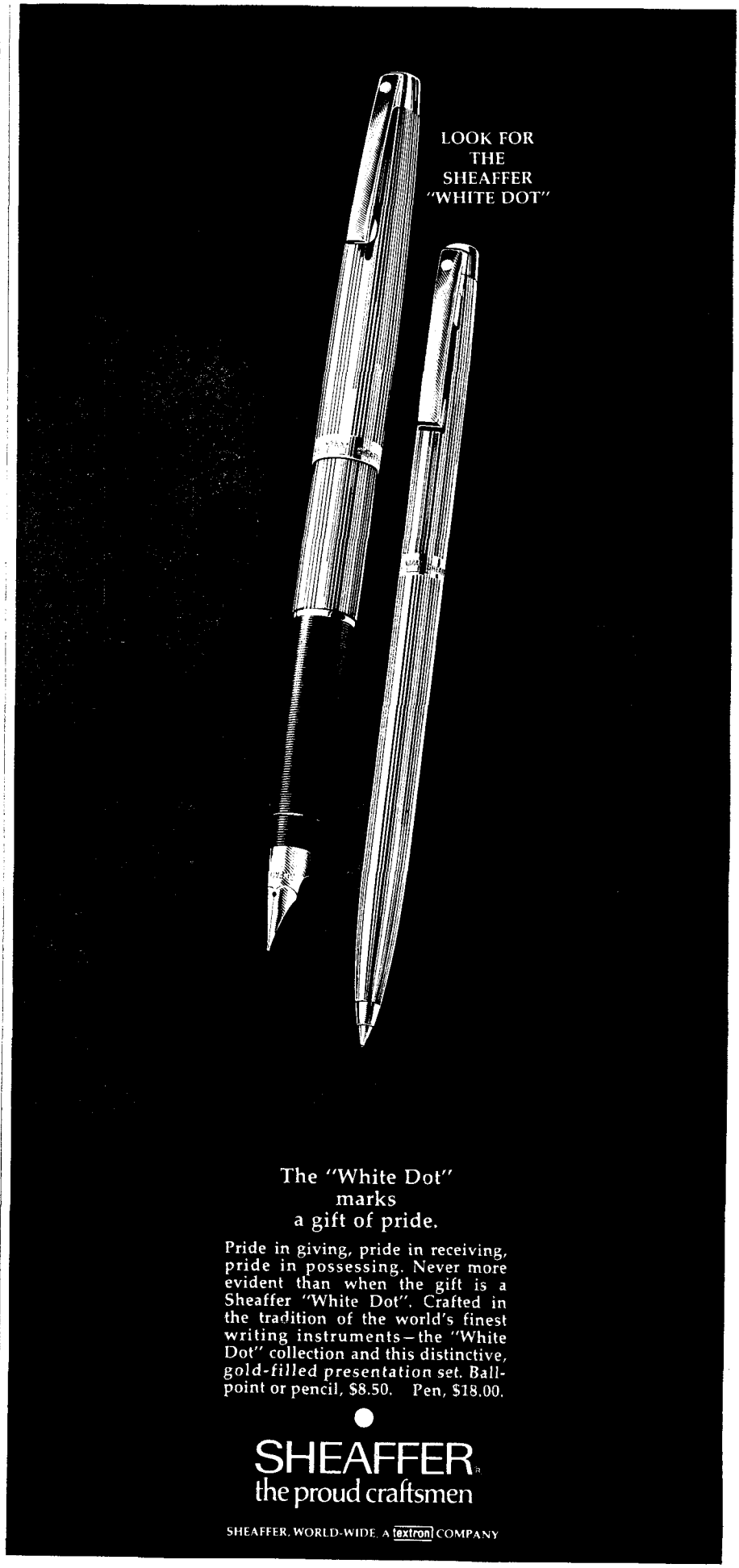
The Best the South Has to Offer This Year

BY ROBERT SHERRILL

To get a national reputation for leadership, a southern politician has only to treat blacks with a modicum of sanity. If the politician then achieves the further distinction of showing that he has not totally sold out to the special interests that dominate his state, he will even occasionally be mentioned for a possible slot on the Democratic party's national ticket.

But only as a vice-presidential candidate. Never as a presidential possibility.

Or at least this has been true until now. In a hundred years, no resident of the South—unless you want to count George Wallace—has seriously been mentioned as a contender for the presidential nomination of either major party. Yet the blockade against southern presidential candidates may be breaking up, or at least it *could* break up on about the ninetieth roll call at a deadlocked Democratic convention. Just a few weeks ago, for example, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield remarked at a breakfast meeting with a dozen newsmen in Washington that, if all the present Democratic hopefuls were to falter, he would be "delighted with giving the Democratic nomination to a new face." Mansfield specified, according to a report in *The Washington Post*, Governor Reubin As-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Foreword by Ernest Gruening

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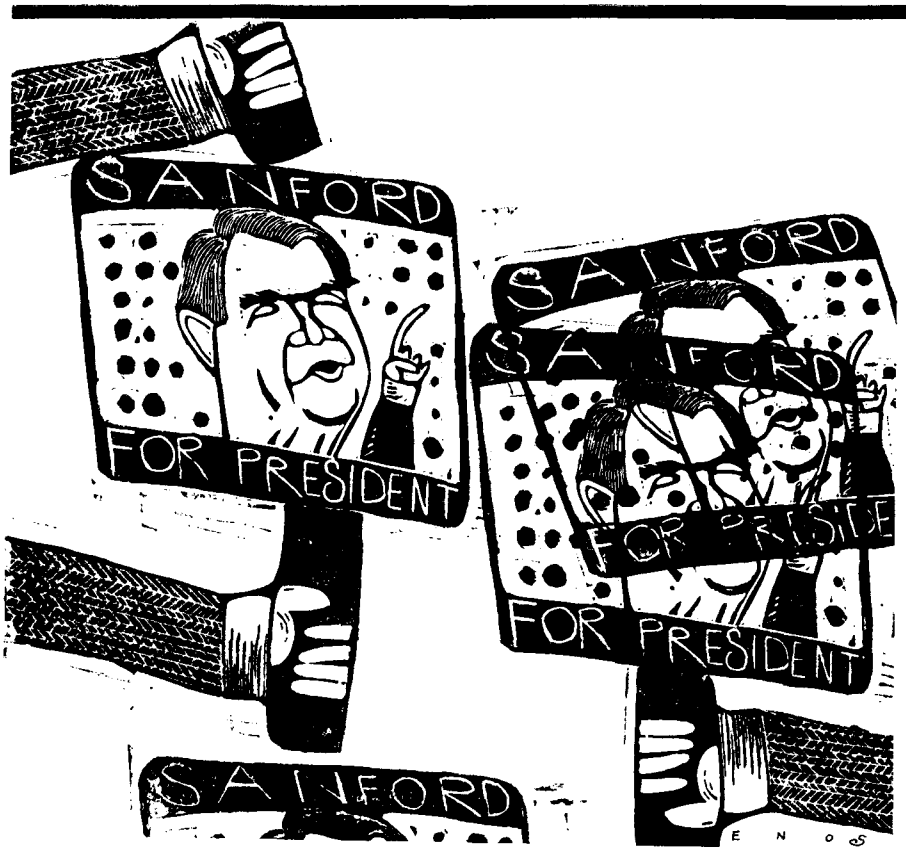

Sanford's campaign demonstrates how difficult it is for a nonincumbent to stay in the presidential running without an abundance of "exposure."

kew of Florida, then added former Governor Terry Sanford of North Carolina.

If that moment comes, says a man close to Sanford, "our only ambition is to be in the wings within earshot of the call." But more likely, if that moment comes, the weary delegates, as columnist Mary McGrory once wrote, might "suddenly take a second look at their host and keynoter" (Askew) and observe with happy relief that "he's better-looking than all of the other candidates except John Lindsay, he's fresher than Humphrey, firmer than Muskie, more fetching than McGovern, and at least as well known as Hartke, Yorty, Mills, and Mrs. Chisholm."

There are superficial and largely meaningless similarities between Askew and Sanford. Both grew up poor. Sanford's father, a hardware merchant, went broke in the Depression. Askew's father abandoned the family the year he was born, and his mother brought up her six children by waiting tables, making beds in a second-rate hotel, and sewing in a WPA project; Askew contributed to the family income from the time he was old enough to shine shoes and peddle papers. Both were distinguished students in college, and both were in the paratroops, though Sanford's was the more dramatic military career because he was old enough to serve in World War II, to jump in the invasion of southern France and Belgium, win a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart in the Battle of the Bulge, whereas Askew didn't get into the service until the war was over. Askew is forty-three. Sanford is ten years older.

The more significant similarity in their careers is that they have shown an impressive degree of courage under political fire. When Sanford ran for governor in 1960, the polls showed he would defeat his rabidly segregationist opponent by a margin of two to one. All he had to do was avoid—as all other southern candidates were doing that year—endorsing the national Democratic program. Instead of ducking out, Sanford went to the national convention and made a seconding speech for John Kennedy—and wound up beating his opponent by only five percentage points.

The civil rights movement that was to sweep the South had its beginnings in North Carolina with the Greensboro sit-ins of 1960. By the time Sanford became governor in 1961, the demonstrators had moved into the street. Violence seemed highly likely. But when the mayor of one North Carolina city turned the fire hoses on demonstrators, Sanford called the mayors of all his cities together and said, "No more of that." And there wasn't. Then when Wallace called for other southern politicians to lead a "massive resistance" to school desegregation orders, Sanford responded that "we don't intend to meet the prob-

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lem with massive resistance but with massive intelligence." He was the first southern governor to call for employment by both private and governmental agencies regardless of race.

Unfortunately for Sanford, his successes in racial crises are a decade old —ancient history to a fickle electorate —while Askew's are still shimmering in the headlines.

When Harry S. Dent, special counselor to President Nixon, worked through allies in the Florida legislature to put on the ballot a referendum asking voters if they would approve a constitutional amendment to outlaw "forced busing," Askew did not veto the legislation (he claimed he did not have the votes to sustain a veto), but he did lay his neck on the block by speaking widely through the state against the referendum. Not one of the major presidential candidates whose names were also on that ballot came out as strongly in favor of busing as did Askew. Seventy-four per cent of the voters turned him down, and he may have been hurt. Nevertheless, Askew has refused to waffle on the issue, and in areas where he does not have to depend on approval from the voters —that is, in making appointments—he has done well by blacks, assigning them to courts and boards all over the state government.

And most noticeable of all, both Askew and Sanford have a magnificent flair for confrontation politics:

¶ When an overwrought crowd went to the governor's mansion and demanded that Askew sign a petition (as had the governors of Alabama and Georgia) to seek a pardon for Lt. William L. Calley, Askew said nothing doing. Right was right, and law was law, he responded in his firmest Presbyterian manner (an ordained elder, he does not smoke, drink, attend suggestive movies even if rated GP, or curse). "I do not think our system has ever taught to kill with impunity, even uniformed enemy soldiers who are defenseless, and such action can never be condoned." The crowd went away mumbling.

¶ The most celebrated legislative achievement of Askew's time in office has been passage of a corporate income tax. As a personal victory, it may be somewhat overrated. In the first place, it is reliably said that the idea for the corporate income tax was not originally Askew's (who, in fact, had voted against such a tax when he was in the state senate) but that of a young aide who put it out as a campaign promise under Askew's name without the governor's knowing it was going out. In the second place, tapping corporate income could hardly be considered a revolutionary idea since, as Askew pointed out, the

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- ☐ Why should you be careful about shipping things back from Africa?
- ☐ What 10 things should you be absolutely sure to check before renting a villa abroad?
- ☐ If an airline cancels your flight and tries to put you on one several hours later, what's the first thing you should do?
- ☐ What cardinal rule do most knowledgeable travelers observe when ordering bottled water abroad?
- ☐ Why do experienced travelers check their credit card bills after returning from abroad?
- ☐ What basic rule do experienced travelers observe before checking in their luggage on a flight?
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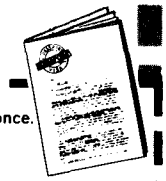

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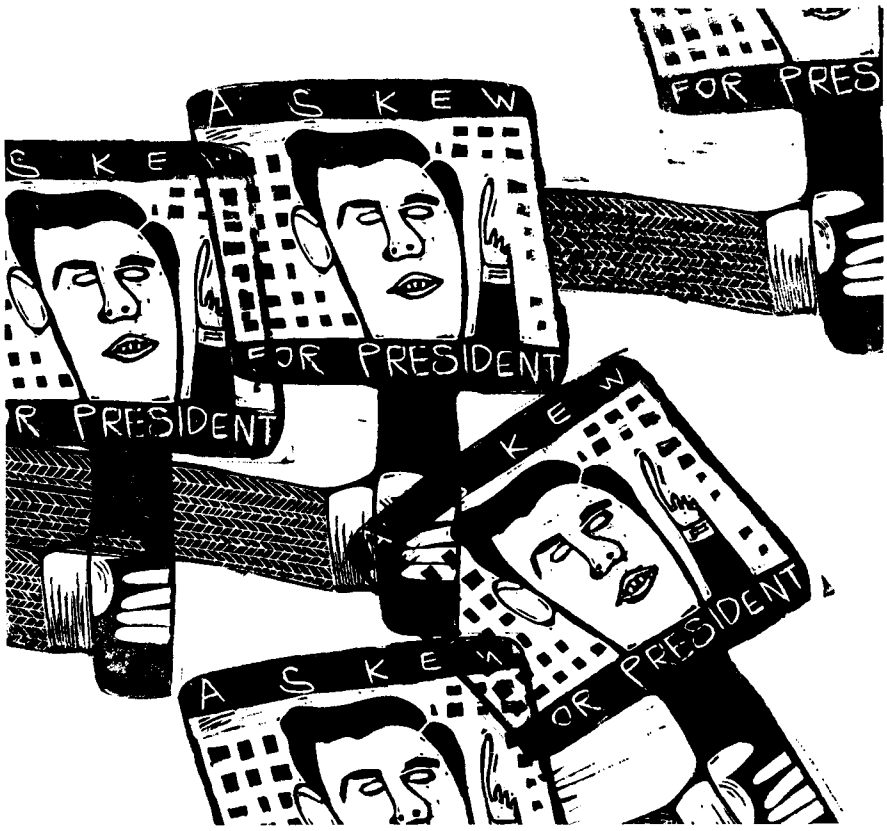

Fresher than Humphrey, firmer than Muskie, more fetching than McGovern and at least as well known as Hartke, Yorty, Mills, and Mrs. Chisholm.

only states not drawing *some* significant revenue from large corporations were Florida, Nevada, Washington, and Wyoming.

Still, the pressures against the tax and the pressures on Askew when he set out to win electorate support for the reform were nothing less than awesome—especially from the giant interstate corporations, such as the Winn-Dixie supermarket chain, whose chairman, J. E. Davis, publicly denounced Askew as "a nut with a Huey Long outlook." His brother, Winn-Dixie vice president R. D. Davis, wrote a letter to Askew suggesting that he double the "s" in his name.

Askew was more amused than irritated by that, but he was infuriated by the tactics of the Associated Industries of Florida (AID)—an industry lobby whose membership is secret. AID charged that, if Askew won passage of his corporate income tax, he would also put into effect a personal income tax. The truth was that Askew couldn't have done that even if he had wanted to, because the state constitution prohibited it.

Instead of wasting time sulking about AID's propaganda, Askew managed to get himself invited to speak at AID's annual convention in Miami, where, after about fifteen seconds of pleasantries, Askew proceeded to tell the assemblage that they were just flat liars—although, being a temperate man, he put it more softly: "It is difficult for me to understand how a majority of the members of this organization could fail to recognize the *lack of truth* [the script he read from had those words underlined] in what is being said about this reform in the name of Associated Industries of Florida."

Afterwards, he went on to spill some of the details of what big industry had been getting away with: While pack-a-day smokers paid at least $55 in cigarette taxes every year, R. J. Reynolds "paid the grand total of $20 for its right to carry on a multimillion-dollar business in our state. . . . Our taxes on *small* businessmen were fifth highest in the country last year. And our taxes on *consumers* were seventh highest. But we ranked forty-ninth then in our taxation of large corporations."

According to old-timers, it was the worst tongue-lashing a special interest group ever got from a Florida governor, and the voters enjoyed Askew's gall so much—besides enjoying the idea of unloading some of the tax burden on the fattest cats—that the referendum backing the tax reform passed by a seven-to-three margin.

Terry Sanford got his baptism in campus confrontation politics after becoming president of Duke University in 1970. He had come to the presidency at the tag end of what had been a rough period at Duke; there had been student strikes, a student sit-in at the president's home, a student take-over of the administration building, gassing of the students by local police—the standard gamut of campus unrest. The Duke administration was so uptight that when Sanford arrived one of the school's vice presidents took him for a tour of what the v.p. called "our Situation Room, where we handle all our demonstrations from."

Sanford says, "I thought to myself, 'That's the silliest damned thing I ever heard. You know, a *war* room on a university campus.'" About a month later Nixon launched the Cambodian invasion, and the president of the Duke student body announced a strike. Sanford responded offhandedly that that was okay by him because "it's just great for students to have that much interest in what's going on." But it wasn't okay with the v.p. with the yen for the war room, and he came over to Sanford's home that night and suggested that Sanford call the governor and ask for the state police to backstop the local cops. Sanford recalls. "I said, 'Now, sit down. I'm not callin' the governor, and I'm not callin' the police, and if they try to come on the campus I'll stand in their way.' Well that shook the hell out of *him*.

"So on the day of the strike, we just got out on the quadrangle and wandered around. It was a nice day. And the student body president got up and said, 'I think we ought to take over the Allen Building.' That's the administration building. My office. So then he saw me in the crowd, and he called on me to speak. I told the students, 'I hope you do try to take over the Allen Building, and if you do, take me with you, because I've been here a month trying to take it over and I haven't been successful.' They all laughed, and that knocked that in the *head*. My position against the Cambodian invasion was stronger than the students' anyhow, or at least every bit as strong."

Of these two very long-shot candidates, Askew has by far the best chances for remaining up in the national eye and benefiting from whatever snarl develops in Miami Beach because he can play the waiting game from within the context of his state administration. He can make a virtue of tending strictly to his state's affairs, only the more controversial of which—such as busing and corporate taxation—ever get noticed by the national press.

Newspapers across the country, from *The Sacramento Bee* to *The New York Times*, have written flaming editorials about Askew's courage in supporting busing as a desegregation device. Simply by such folksy habits as serving apple juice and tomato juice instead of hard liquor at official functions, Askew has won the press's affectionate designation as "Jesus Christ Superstar." But no news-

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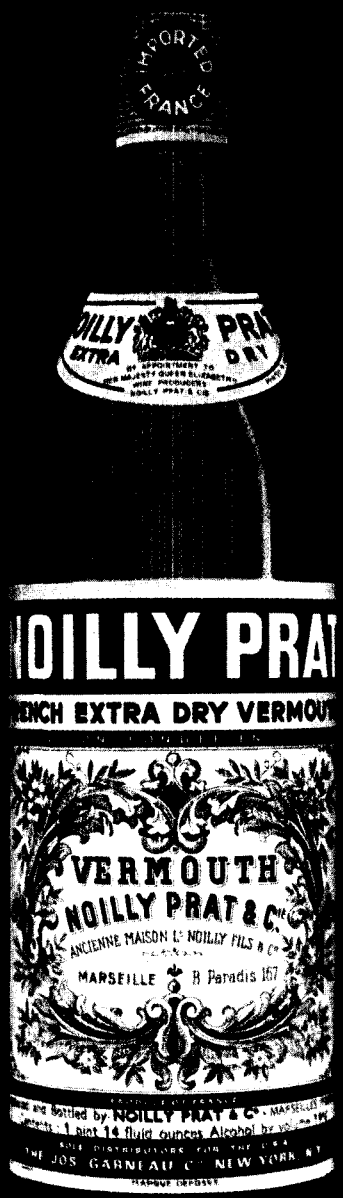
34 words on the Noilly Prat martini by W. Somerset Maugham.



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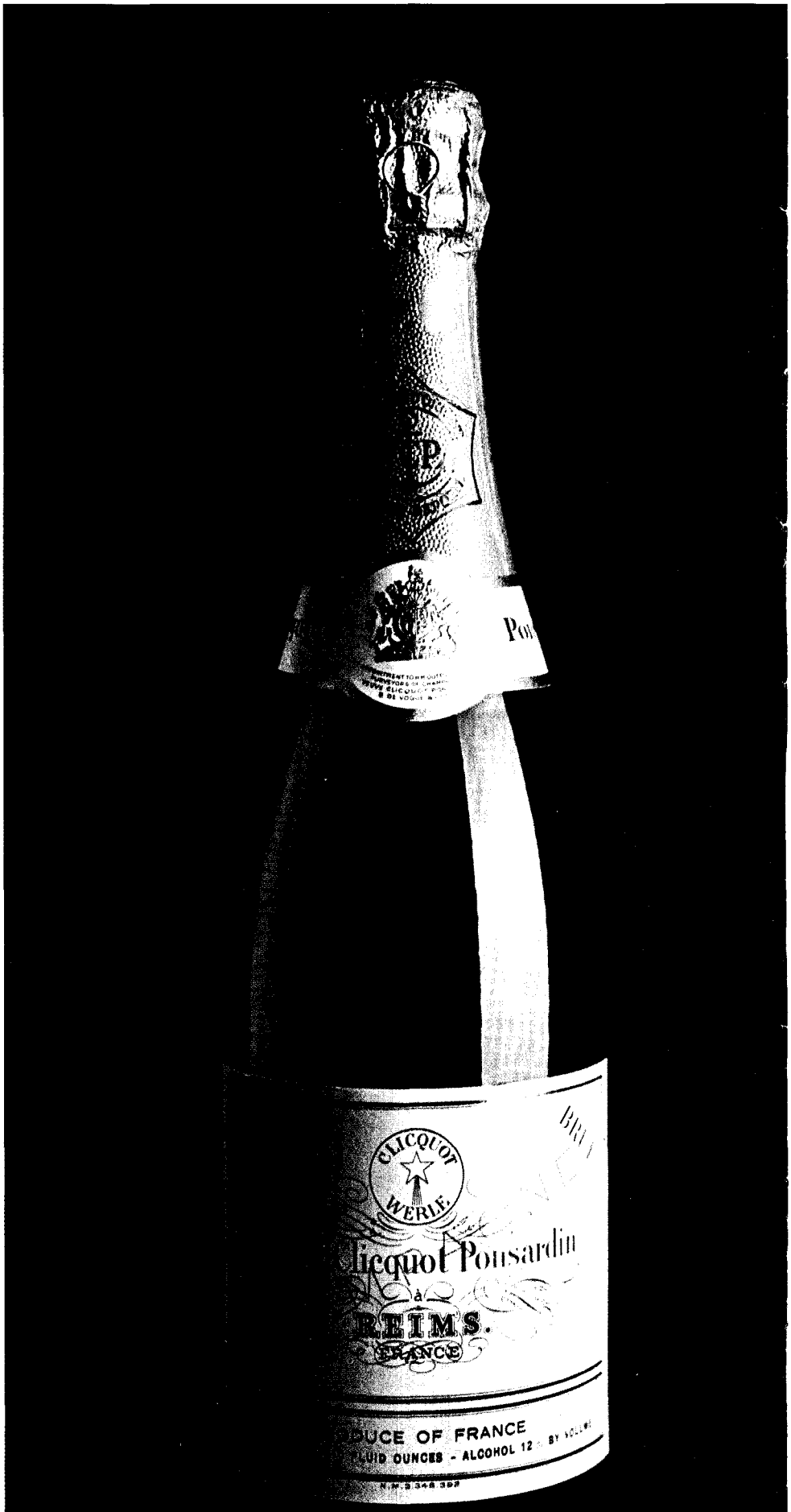

"The Widow"

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papers outside Florida have mentioned a few of the disturbing aspects of Askew's administration, not crooked exactly but at least naïve: his accepting a couple of thousand dollars' worth of free rooms from big hotel chains (including ITT's Sheraton); his appointing a number of heavyhanded political hacks who accept free rides in corporation planes and sell tires to the state without filing the required conflict-of-interest notice; his avoidance of interviews with Florida newsmen, although he is more than hospitable to out-of-state newsmen who can supply ballyhoo but do not ask the most penetrating questions regarding Askew's handling of state business.

His balloon has been happily caught in the preconvention updraft, and he need pay no attention to such little weights, because non-Floridians are not paying attention to them.

Sanford is more exposed. He must present his strengths and weaknesses in terms of national issues, trying with his position statements to attract the attention of a national electorate already groggy from trying to sort out the differences between his closest ideological rivals, Hubert Humphrey and George McGovern.

Indeed, Sanford's campaign is a classic demonstration of the tremendously risky and burdensome task it is for a nonincumbent from the South (or anywhere else) to get and keep a place in the presidential running unless he has had an abundance of what the media likes to call "exposure."

Never mind trying to tap the electorate's memory of past glories. It won't work. As is true of Askew now, there was a time when Sanford was famous for what he did with the industry of his state, not only because he recruited more of it than any other southern governor (something in the neighborhood of a billion dollars' worth) but also because he was tough enough to say "no" to some of the polluting industries that wanted to come in, and to say "no" also to some of the chiseling industries that refused to come in without a tax break.

But those things are no longer much remembered. To impress the home folks as well as non-North Carolinians, Sanford had to start from scratch. The scratching began with a group of students at the University of North Carolina and at Duke, who urged him to enter the North Carolina primary. It was a "children's crusade" reminiscent of the movement that launched Eugene McCarthy in 1968; but perhaps because only the first children's crusade is looked upon as news-worthy, this one got scant attention from the national press. In its way, however, it was impressive: To get Sanford's name on the presidential preference ballot, the students needed about 10,000 signatures. They got 25,000.

Sanford was not coy about the movement. After the briefest resistance, he went along. Actually the desire to run for President had been with him a long time. "I suppose in the back of my mind there's been the feelin' for years that somebody oughta run, just to say the war's over."

Enthusiasm for Sanford's candidacy was not generally shared, however, by the North Carolina Democratic establishment. Muskie at the time was still in the running, and the Democratic machinery was pushing him with surprising unity. The influential Raleigh *News and Observer*, among others, indicated it thought Sanford had taken leave of his senses. Indeed, his candidacy was viewed more seriously outside North Carolina. Hodding Carter's *Delta-Times* of Greenville, Mississippi, quickly endorsed him for the presidency, and the Philadelphia *Enquirer* called him "a welcome entry" and hoped that his candidacy would serve as a cue for "some of the more frivolous entries . . . to withdraw."

Only when Muskie dropped out of the primary did the North Carolina Democratic establishment swing behind Sanford, not with the hope of putting him in the White House so much as to save their state's reputation. With Muskie gone (neither Humphrey nor McGovern was on the ballot) Sanford was their only hope to keep North Carolina from voting so heavily for Wallace that it would be seen as just another cracker-bitching southern state.

Sanford whirled through the state like a dervish, but time was against him. Time and too many other things. He had only a month in which to run for the primary. By the time he got into the race, all the professional campaign mechanics had been hired to manage other key state races. Sanford was left with amateurs; his press secretary, for example, was a young man who had just finished his Ph.D. work at the University of North Carolina.

There was the identification problem; Sanford had been out of political office for seven years. And there was the further problem of desertions by old allies, most importantly the blacks. Black leaders who in past years could have turned their people solidly behind Sanford now privately told him, "We can't hold them." Many were going to Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm, who came into the state four times denouncing Sanford as a "has-been" and "a stalking horse for Hubert Humphrey." The defections to Chisholm were crucial to his showing.

The results were, by Sanford's own estimate, "damned embarrassing." Wallace took 50 per cent of the vote, Sanford 38 per cent, Chisholm 7.5 per cent.

Did Sanford win or lose? The answer pinpoints the whole problem of a long shot. He lost in the sense that the substance of his candidacy depended on his achieving the impossible. A clear numerical victory over Wallace would have given him the national publicity he needed. Fame depends on the obvious, and Sanford's real victory was too subtle to count with the publicists. The point is lost when you have to explain that almost singlehandedly he had held Wallace to 50 per cent of the vote in a southern state, whereas all the big guys, back in the days when they were fresh and running strong—Muskie, McGovern, Lindsay, when even Jackson was thought to have a chance—all ten of them together could only hold Wallace to 41.6 per cent of the Florida vote. And what's the use of arguing that in nearby Tennessee neither Humphrey nor McGovern (with a dab of help from Chisholm and Muskie) could prevent Wallace from running off with 68 per cent of the vote? By one measure Sanford had won, but it was not the kind of victory you could sell.

Of course, both Sanford and Askew are the subjects of considerable vice presidential conjecture. Last month in *The Washington Post* David Broder described George McGovern's interest in them as potential running mates: "If Kennedy rejects the vice presidency, McGovern said in an interview, he would be inclined to pick 'a moderate candidate who had the confidence of the Democratic regulars (but) whose views are not too different from my own.'

"That could mean, he said, Florida Governor Reubin Askew or ex-Governor Terry Sanford of North Carolina."

But whatever happens to these two men, one thing seems certain: They won't accept the second slot. Askew says privately that he is available for a presidential draft but that he would absolutely refuse to consider a vice presidential bid. Sanford is with him on that. With a wry smile he recalls how, in 1968, when a number of persons were pushing him for vice president, he called Humphrey to tell him, "I'm not lookin' for the job, don't want it, just want to help you. He said, 'Oh, Muriel and I think you are such a wonderful . . .' I said, 'Don't give me that damned crap that you're givin' all the possible vice presidential candidates. I really *don't* want it.' "

He still doesn't, but even more so. He adds, "I'd rather be president of Duke than vice president of the United States, and I'd rather be unemployed than be in the Cabinet."

The South, which always used to settle for the vice presidential sop, seems to be brewing a new revolt. □

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Editorial

Night Thoughts on the "Pietà"

On a recent Sunday at the Vatican a young Hungarian took an iron hammer from under his coat and assaulted the sensibilities and dreams of Western man. His was a cruel act—possibly political, certainly sophisticated, and more subtle in its conception than the mass murders committed by Charles Whitman and Charles Manson, or the crude assassinations performed or attempted by Oswald, Sirhan, Ray, Bremer.

These violent acts may sometimes appear to have been gratuitous, but they can also be read as messages to mankind, messages that share a common intent—to say that society is false, that man is lonely, that we are estranged from God. The young Hungarian, as he maimed Michelangelo's *Pietà,* shouted that *he* was Jesus Christ. And the figure he struck was, not the more accessible recumbent Christ, but the embracing mother.

When these things happen, intelligent people everywhere wonder why. What will a man not do in order to signal his fellow men without words?

The man with the hammer swung at a work that is beloved by most people of sensitivity. His act inspires a variety of feelings in them, depending on the myths they live by. The believing Christian feels that a temple has been desecrated, that Christ and his mother have been attacked. People who love art feel that an irreplaceable work, the crowning effort of Michelangelo's youth, has been mutilated and that the sum of man's artistic treasures has been reduced.

Some political radicals may feel differently, of course. They may argue that to revere an image of suffering while neglecting the very real human suffering all around us is a form of idolatry, of superstition. Some anarchist artists may even find the destruction of a masterpiece exhilarating, as though the dead weight of tradition had finally been lifted from their shoulders.

But those of us who are wishy-washy, what do we feel? Christ himself had no patience with us and said, "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." I may be lukewarm about many political and religious issues, I may prize individual perceptions more than dogma of any sort, but nonetheless I feel . . . so many things.

A father remembers that long ago, as a college boy, drunk and disorderly in Rome, he spent his day at the Vatican paying cultural and religious dues and gazed upon the *Pietà* in a moment of sobriety and respect. It came to him then that this work of Michelangelo was *from the man's own hands* and that, although those hands had long since decayed, their heat and texture, the pressure of one man's energy, still vibrated upon the marble. The college boy had, that day, an experience with history, with art, and with a man he could love. He reflects tonight that his child will never know that precise experience.

The newspapers no longer remind us that a young man named Charles Whitman climbed to the top of the tallest tower in Austin, Texas, and fired bullets at moving figures below. Such a man achieves instant (if fleeting) fame and . . . effect. He gets us, through what we love, with a bullet in the flesh, a slug in some cranial cavity. And it doesn't much matter whether he knows not what he does; he accomplishes more than his tiny mind, or ours, can reckon.

So one Laszlo Toth approaches the marble figures of a dead Christ and a living Virgin Mother. For almost two thousand years we have most diligently contemplated the mystery of Christ's sacrifice, and we have studied with particular fascination the image of this son lying in his mother's arms. I'm only speculating, but perhaps Toth hoped, by lifting his hammer and planting it squarely in the middle of the Virgin's nose, to project himself into that mystery, to become part of that perfect union.

Or his blow may have been a way of saying that marble is not so alive as he is alive; that Christ is *not* so present as he is, except as Christ lives in him. Or perhaps Toth was trying to say that motherhood is a torment to mother and son alike and lethal to the man. There is no summing up of the variety of things that this man meant to tell us in his violent act that was, paradoxically (at least in its focus upon stone rather than flesh), gentle. He did not put the hammer to my head, but I felt the blows.

I must learn from the pain. Friends of mine say that the man's act was exclusively political, that esthetics must bow to social change, even if in the process the beautiful must be destroyed, as in Paris during *les événements*, when students scrawled across paintings "No More Masterpieces." So long as human beings do not eat, we must break up ecclesiastical plate and buy bread.

But, again, what about us, the lukewarm? Or am I alone in feeling that when the artistic, the delicate, the celebrative things in life are gone, then I too vanish . . . like the shade of the man who was a lawyer in Moscow in 1917 and liked to go to the ballet and give small enamel pins to his wife on their wedding anniversaries? Like the lady in Warsaw who kept a shop of pretty things and one ugly morning found a tank standing on the ruin of her little clocks and Dresden figurines? Like the young art critic in Dresden who was hiding "degenerate" paintings from the Nazis in his apartment, then went off to the Wehrmacht, and died of ice on the Russian front while the paintings perished in the flames of British firebombs? Like the shopkeeper in Shanghai whose wife wore a pair of jade earrings until the Cultural Revolution, when they were ripped from her ears after she and he were dead in a ditch. Do we go that way?

These were all little people who were denied the pursuit of private pleasures and ideals by the crush of public wars and ideologies. They were all mere individuals, no match for the armies of Communism or Fascism, incapable of sustaining their ties of affection to beauty when overwhelmed by chaos and destruction. Laszlo Toth was an agent of destruction, but he is also a mere individual, as are we all. As Christ said, "I am in my Father, and you in me, and I in you." If that is so, then Laszlo Toth is me, and in me is the same rage, the same loneliness, and I must struggle to understand those shared emotions.

The *Pietà* should not be restored. The battered face and broken arm can never be obscured from my children. The *kouroi* on the Acropolis are no less touching for the ravages of time and Turks. I remember how those bodies were loved, though they be headless, limbless now. No cosmetics to mask Toth's rage; over time, man will know that this was us as we are now.

Richard Atcheson

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Letters

A Voluptuous Tomorrow

Re: Alain Robbe-Grillet's "For a Voluptuous Tomorrow" [*SR*, May 20]. Pornography has little to do with any basic human sexual desire or need for pleasure, certainly as little to do with it as have the varying taboos and rules about sexual expressions throughout history. Sexual behavior has provided a convenient arena instead for the expression of other human motives and conflicts, for issues such as power, dominance, control, mastery, adequacy, identity, property, proofs of masculinity and femininity, substitutes for emotional intimacy, and so on. Studies of homosexual and sadomasochistic behavior in prisons, of frigidity and impotence, and of many other forms and variations in human sexual behavior of both so-called normal and deviant types amply document that what is observed has little to do with basic human sexuality and a great deal to do with other aspects of human need and experience. As with our fantasies, our behavior is not always to be taken literally.

Mr. Robbe-Grillet is not correct in indicating that actual perpetrators of violent sexual and sadistic acts do not indulge in pornographic outlets as well. Some most certainly do. Even the Marquis de Sade reveled not only in acting out his impulses but in writing and reading about such material. Also, I have seen in my practice individuals who enjoyed some kinds of pornography but acted out in entirely different (from a literal standpoint) ways. Exhibitionism is a harmless trait compared with the possible range of acts, but the degree of hostility that not infrequently exists in underlying psychodynamics is at the very least damaging to its possessor. The use of the term "catharsis" by Mr. Robbe-Grillet involves some loosening of its meaning. In a therapeutic sense catharsis involves opening up and pouring forth emotional contents and relieving the tension and associated symptoms. It does not of itself have anything to do with gaining insight or changing any of the problems that generated the tension in the first place, nor does it prevent a subsequent build-up and need to repeat the release in the absence of other efforts to change.

To propose pornography as a beneficial outlet for lowering the risk of worse kinds of behavior is really to substitute one kind of control for another. Both attitudes take a limited view, the more so when neither is willing to tackle the question of even distinguishing what is really to be regarded as pornography, or what different images do convey. Both sides on the control issue, in their own way, serve to reinforce the concept that the dark side of the human psyche is somehow inevitable and immutable. Every conceivable kind of image *may*, indeed, pass through the human mind, but that is not to say that it necessarily will, must, or needs to, do so, or that, even if it does, it merits being indulged and reinforced or that it does no harm.

L. J. Pasnick, M.D.
Santa Ana, Calif.

Women are beginning to realize that this kind of pornography is a symptom of hatred of women and an inability to see us as anything but nonpeople. When Alain Robbe-Grillet writes about sex and uses the term "man," he is really and truly referring only to men. What about women? Do we want to see ourselves as the objects of hatred and perversion?

Abby Pagano
New York, N.Y.

Although sadistic and other types of pornography do not affect a person's "blood nor his brain," they do affect his mind-spirit-self. Here is where the real impact is made. I would hate to live in a world where the majority of persons considered men such as Hitler or Stalin "virtuous men," as Robbe-Grillet contends, and where "the most fully developed man of all" was considered to be the person who included pornography as an important element in his life.

Robert A. Patterson
Seabrook, Tex.

The fact that the man enraptured by seeing the suffering girl would not wish to commit the act is rather beside the point. The fact is a human being, in fiction or in photograph, becomes an object that (or who) is not related to but manipulated and discarded. It is the attitude that is dangerous, and the more a society tolerates anonymous sex, or sexual relationships without commitment, the more it opens itself to the neglect of human worth and need.

The Rev. W. D. DuCharme
Livonia, Mich.

Alain Robbe-Grillet bravely and precisely plucked a simple tune of truth on the most rusty and suppressed instrument in all of Americana. He should certainly be

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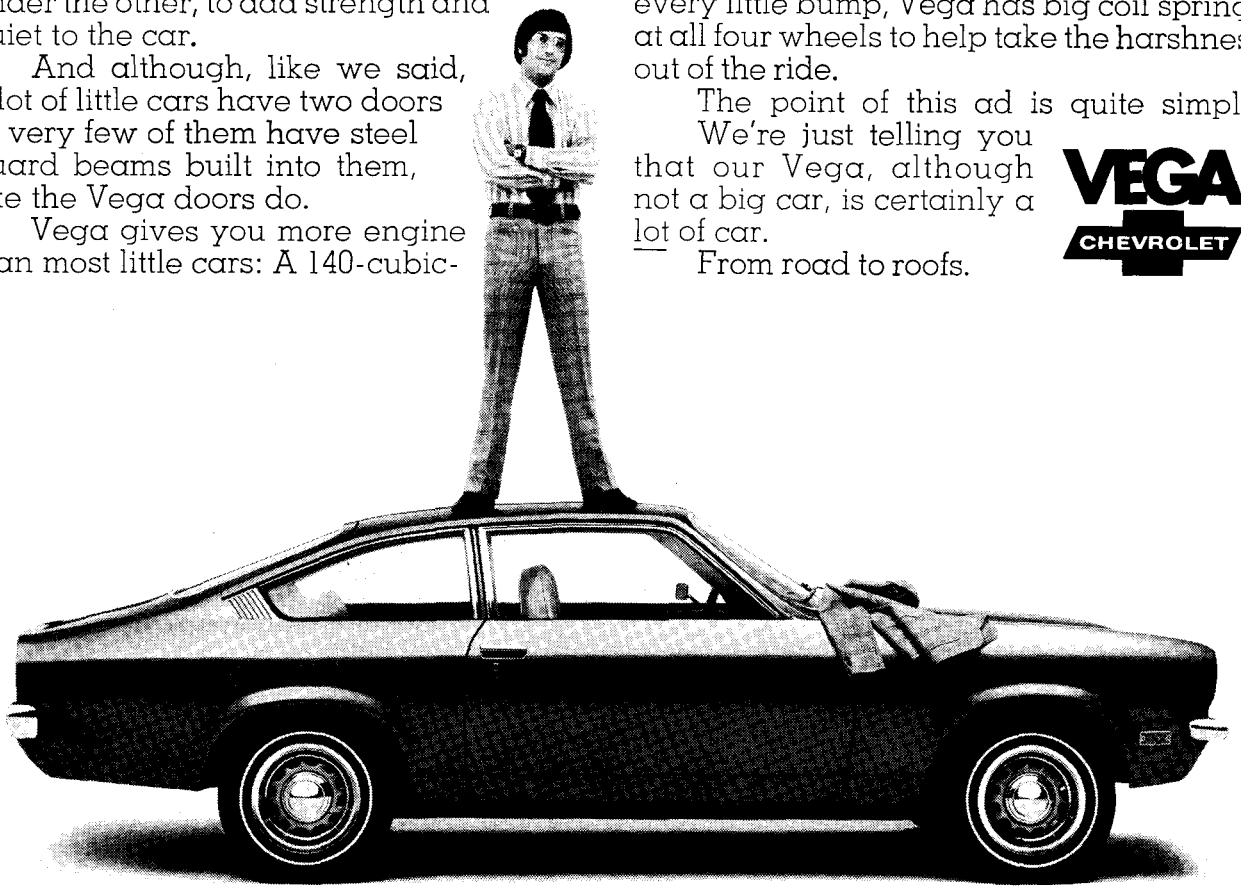

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SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1992)

BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN:
STEAMBATH

The way I talk . . . Don't you see that's just a little blink of an eye in terms of the universe, the job I got to do? The diameter of an electron is one ten-trillionth of an inch. And you're telling me I shouldn't talk dirty. . . . Let me relax a little.

commended for the cogent insight that freedom of pleasure is not to be tolerated by virtue, especially in America.

It has been continually pointed out by all who observe the clientele of so-called smut shops that the most frequent visitor is the man in a business suit, a citizen of respect. This fact is ignored, and all admission of personal attraction for the prurient is repressed as these same fine citizens speak to one another of the inexpressible evils of pornography. There is no social evil greater than the irrational, pointed restraint put upon all persons by its virtuous guardians who eschew individual moral decision making.

Walter S. Boone
Valdese, N.C.

I do not believe in censorship. Pornography should be available to those whose sexual prowess is so inadequate that they feel the need of its stimulus. However, I do not believe reputable magazines should encourage its dissemination by publishing articles as disgusting as Robbe-Grillet's.

The therapeutic value of pornography to those with sexual hang-ups is surely open to question. One would think, from the standpoint of good taste alone, that *SR* would refuse to publish such tripe.

You asked for reader comment. If you are asking whether we want pornographic articles in *SR*, my answer is No!

Marie Marshall
Gamaliel, Ark.

The Real Women's Movement

Re: "The Women's Movement—Tokens vs. Objectives" [*SR*, May 20]. Amitai Etzioni appears to have made the mistake made by so many who are not really in touch with the movement—that of missing its real aims. He claims that the movement is at this time more dedicated to changing the image of women and that he fears this orientation will continue. I tend to think that he has not contacted NOW and considered the twenty-six task forces working on the full range of women's problems. He seems to be unaware of the intense efforts of most women's groups devoted to facilitating the ratification of the equal rights amendment. As a member of three women's groups, I can sincerely say that I have never discussed the passive role of women in sex. I do not intend to have many husbands. This is triviality. The real movement is based on changing the legal and political system.

Barbara Bednard Fairell
Champaign, Ill.

The Pittsburgh Symphony Lives

Although we have the greatest respect and admiration for Thomas Schippers and the Cincinnati Orchestra ["Schippers!" May 20], we would like to point out that the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra was completely sold out by season subscription for the first time in its history for the 1971-72 concert year now ending, doubling the total number of subscribers.

We have added an additional series of twelve concerts on Saturday night for the coming season to take care of those concertgoers who would attend only if a ticket were turned in by a subscriber.

We have also been sold out for our seven special concerts. Our series for the county of Allegheny have been well attended. One hundred twenty thousand young people attended our youth concert series.

Far from dying, the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra is alive and well and growing.

Mrs. Jerome Apt, Jr.
Women's Association of
the Pittsburgh Symphony Society
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Fiber Sculpture

I found Mimi Shorr's article "Fiber Sculpture" [*SR*, May 20] great and the kind of informative writing in the arts the public should read. May I add some historical information?

Before and during the International Fiber Symposium in Los Angeles the question of "where it all began" was of great interest. During that time I had our Instructional TV unit record ten long dialogues between exhibition artists and other well-known personalities attending. From the tape between Sheila Hicks and Claire Zeisler we learned that Claire was first exploring dimensional form in 1953-54. Meanwhile, research in *Craft Horizons* showed that Alice Adams was developing woven forms around 1957. Also, Ruth Asawa, a sculptor working in numerous media and techniques, first did knit-wire forms in 1947, and she held a major exhibition of her work at the San Francisco Museum of Art with more than ten large-scale pieces in 1953.

All of these predate Lenore Tawney. Let me say Ms. Tawney certainly is among the foremost and certainly is the one who added the mystical and ephemeral quality found in many contemporary works.

Marcia Chamberlain
San Jose State University
San Jose, Calif.

William Meredith

Re: "A Eulogy for John Berryman" [*SR*, May 20]. I believe William Meredith teaches at Connecticut College in New London, not at UConn at Storrs.

Cynthia Conrad Gordon
Chapel Hill, N.C.

A NOTE TO THE READERS

Norman Cousins, our former associate, has announced his decision to launch a new magazine to be called *World*. Undoubtedly, a number of *SR* readers will also want to keep up with Mr. Cousins's new publishing venture. An announcement appears in this issue. We at *SR* offer Mr. Cousins and his associates our good wishes and congratulations.

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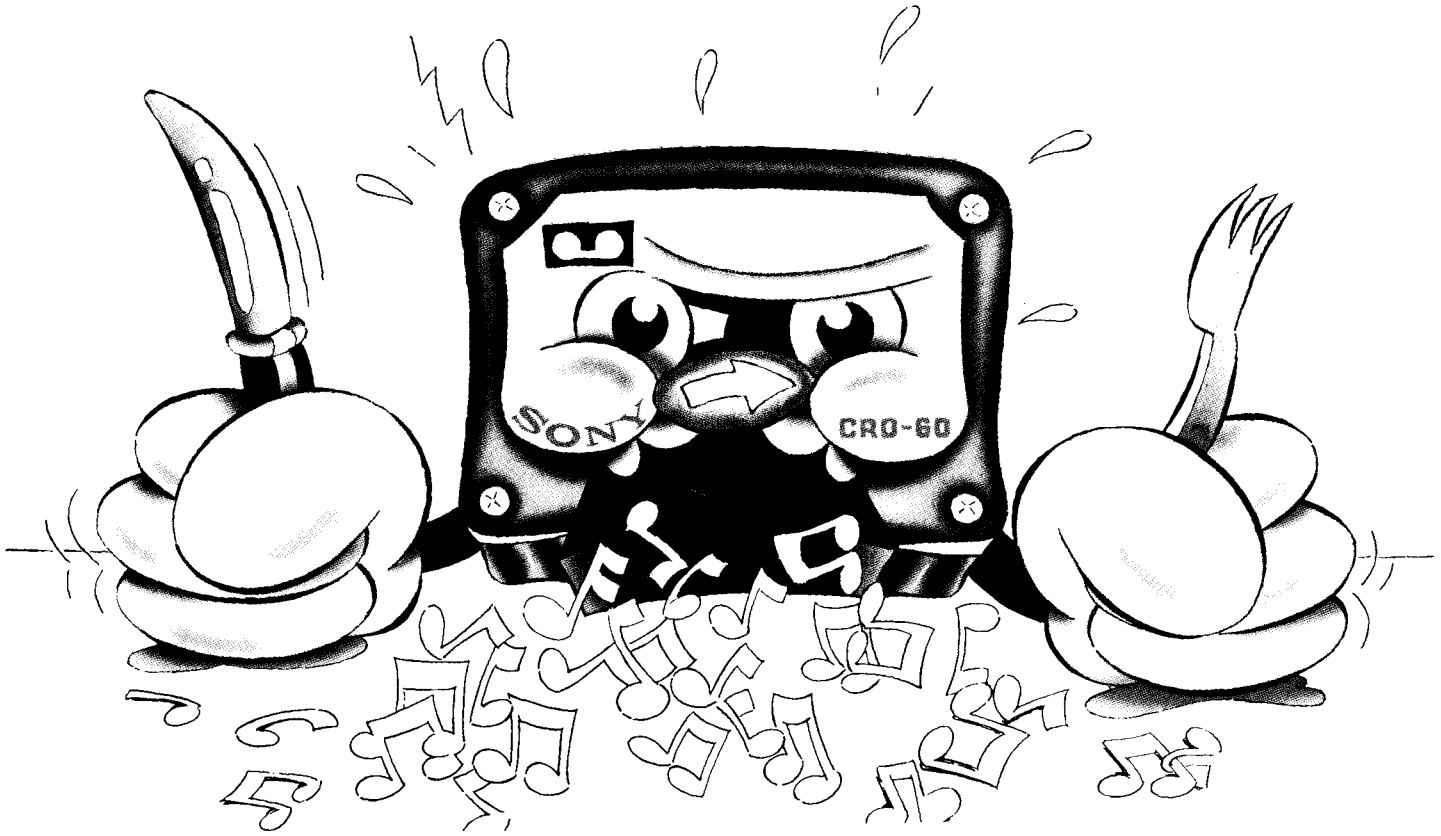

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Saturday Review of
THE ARTS

LEARNING THE WAYS OF WOOD

BY JACK FINCHER

Some craftsmen make fine furniture for love, some for money. At twenty Michael Bock wants both.

Michael Bock centered a piece of cherry wood under the drill bit and briskly screwed a clamp to either end. "It's not the wood that boggles me," he said. "I understand the wood. I know which way it splits, how to cut it, what to do to make a notch right." He flipped a switch, set the drill to whirling. "I work with it, not against it." Frowning, he lowered the heavy head of the drill and slowly chewed out a long, tight pigtail.

"Design is the battle. I have a picture in my mind of the piece I'm going to do. I start working on it. Then I just keep carving it down until I get it right. Then I make one and straighten it out in my head, so I know I can do it again. And when I do it again, I do it different, only better. I couldn't work any other way." Raising the drill, he slapped off the clamps as if they were shackles and lifted free the wood to inspect the neat, round hole against the windowed wedge of sky outside his San Geronimo, California, shop.

"It's not perfect," he said, a sunburst of a smile spreading the width of his cheekbones. "But it's almost perfect."

To Michael Bock it is as warming as the flame tones of wood itself, this notion that, in wood, perfection is impossible but worth pursuing. "I'm striving toward it in my work, but I'll never get there," he said as he slid a peg into the cherry-wood hole. "No matter how perfect you get a part, it's

Jack Fincher, a journalist and screenwriter who lives near San Francisco, often comments on youth culture.

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"The time it takes is just unbelievable...." But there's always a chance for the great American long shot.

always going to shrink unless you machine it out of metal. If I was into that, I'd be a machinist. Wood moves. Wood's alive. If I ever do get there, I'll have transcended furniture."

In pursuit of all that wood means to him—unattainable perfection, the comforts of good craftsmanship, the tactile poetry of tool and hand, the joy of making something your own—Michael has committed himself to an ancient skill that is regaining its lost strength. Makers of fine furniture began collecting around palaces and mansions as soon as wealthy people decided they wanted more than a plank to sit on. The Industrial Revolution and mass production sent the craft into decline. Now, however, young recruits like Michael are joining the cadre of artist-craftsmen who by their labors—unsung and often unbought—not only kept the tradition alive but elevated custom-furniture making to a fine art. Indeed, contributions from some of the best of these older men are currently on view in an unprecedented showing at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C.

A "Woodenworks" exhibit at the Renwick Gallery of the Smithsonian presents the furniture of five artist-craftsmen, each represented by ten examples of his work. The furniture of George Nakashima of New Hope, Pennsylvania, reflects a distillation of Japanese and Early American design. On the other hand, the functional designs of Arthur Espenet Carpenter of Bolinas, California—whom Michael Bock has taken as a mentor and master—display a whimsical kind of humor. Both Sam Maloof of Alta Loma, California, and Wendell Castle of Scottsville, New York, acknowledge their debt to the late Wharton Esherick (whose work is also displayed in the show), but each has worked out designs that are in some ways unique. "Woodenworks" will be on display at the Smithsonian until July 9 and again at the Minnesota Museum of Art in St. Paul from October 12 through December 31.

Many younger artist-craftsmen practice a sort of fundamental religion around their work. They extol the purity of the all-wood hinge. They preach the sanctity of the handmade notch. They proclaim the everlasting primacy of natural woods in their unvarnished state and damn as unholy the ply-and-veneer that is all too common in even the most expensive factory furniture. They want to make things that are, in Michael Bock's words, "useful, easy to live with, pleasing to see and touch." They want to do more than touch some part of the world. They want to shape it, rub it with the grain, bring out its hidden gloss. They work in drafty lofts, abandoned barns, and renovated garages. They perform frequently under the most primitive conditions, often while moonlighting on nonunion building projects. The offering is slim. By and large, Michael barely manages to make ends meet, with a $350 sale here, a $600 sale there, and plenty of time in between for sanding and reflection.

In those bleak moments he has de-

In a workshop he built, Michael Bock uses a sander, chisels, and clamps (above) to shape the wood that comforts him. At right, some of the results. His wife, Patty (far right), doesn't build furniture, but she runs their lives, brings in extra money, and gives a good haircut.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED LYON

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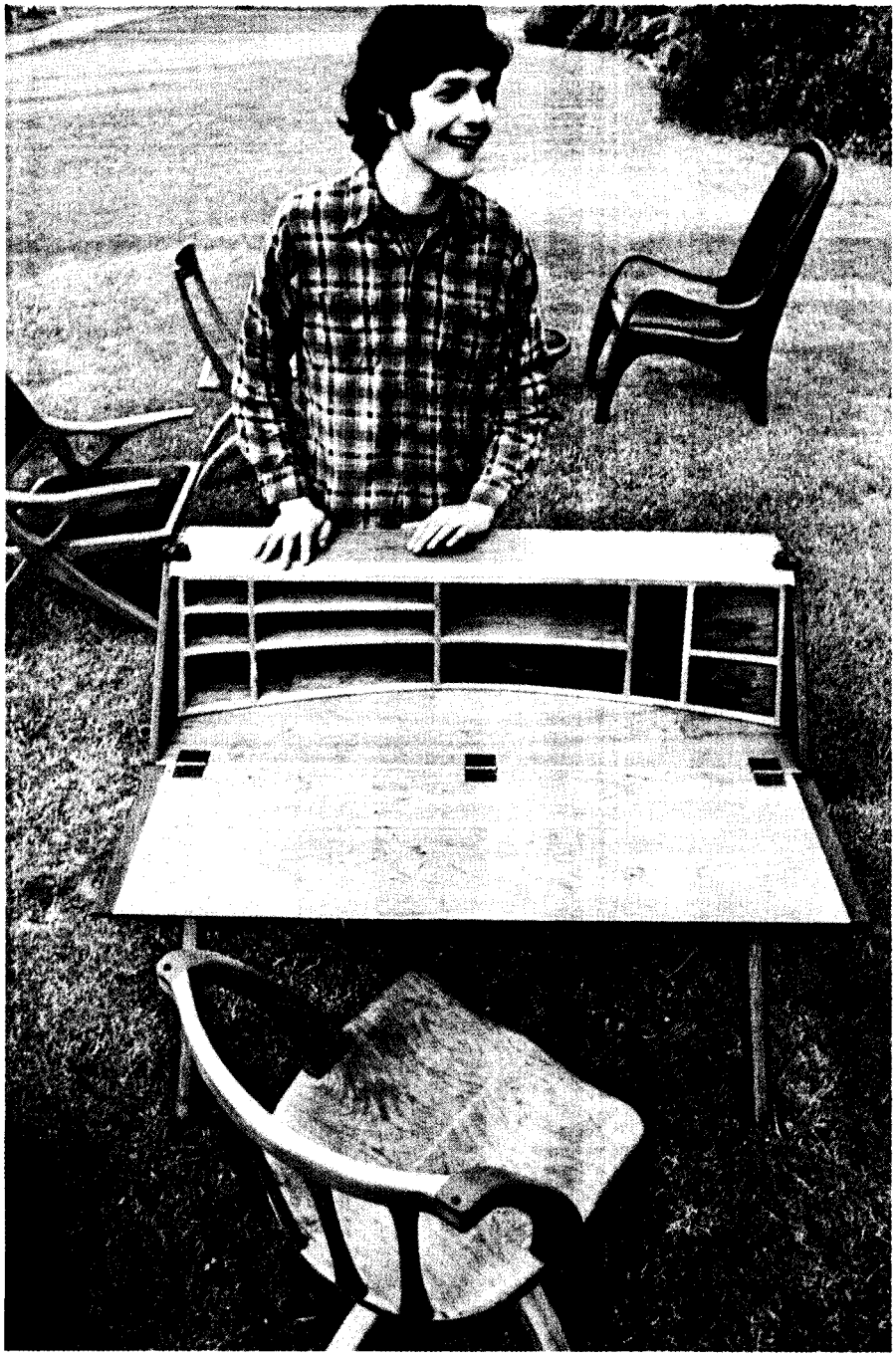

cided that the question of his survival involves a basic American problem: an indifference to, and ignorance of, the kind of quality that for as little as half again as much money can transcend craft and become art. He yearns to see tables and chairs earn the respect that the nation appears to reserve for the custom-built sports car.

Maybe individually designed, handmade objects will always sell to a limited market of art lovers. Still, at twenty Michael Bock has constructed and sold fine furniture for more than two years—twenty-eight lovingly wrought pieces of it. Listen as he talks about his marketing experiences and explores in the process the hard terrain of the Yankee trader's heart that abides in him: "I designed a slab table for an old friend. It could be raised and lowered, so you could use it as both a dining table and a coffee table. It took me two months just to plan the mechanism and the look of it. My friend's wife is a wealthy woman, and the subject of money never came up. When they learned it was going to cost them fourteen hundred dollars, they backed out. She said it was just too much to spend on a table. I tried to explain, you know, that it was not just a table."

He paused to spin the new swivel chair he was making. Originally there had been too much play in the all-wood swivel. Michael had solved that by cannibalizing the transmission bearings from an old Volkswagen bus; now it spun perfectly. Satisfied, he began to apply oil to its thick, curving surfaces. "Oiling does more than bring out the grain," he said. "It makes the beauty of the wood leap out at you, like dipping a photograph in developer."

Suddenly he added, almost angrily, "It's outrageous, the money I need. That small stack of cherry wood in the garage cost us eight hundred dollars. This special router bit costs thirty-five dollars. I mean you've got to have the tools. This guy I know of lacked one simple tool. It costs fifty dollars. He made a crib that sold for four thousand dollars because it took him *six months* to make without that tool."

He shook his head. "The time it takes is just unbelievable. You know how much sanding went into that box over there? Twelve hours. The dovetails I made by hand. That's another twelve hours. With the machine I just got, it takes forty-five minutes. On that box I figure I made three-fifty an hour. You're not going to get rich at this."

There is, of course, today as yesterday, the great American long shot. An-

other young custom-furniture maker that Michael knows has fallen in with a West Coast rock musician and emerged with a contract to do all the cabinetwork for the man's new recording studio.

That hope for the main chance and hard work are what Michael and Patty Bock and their sheep dog, Guido (the whimsically designated president of their company, Guido Productions), live on. While Michael hustles the odd commission, Patty—a onetime model and postman—cooks, sands, sews professionally, manages the garden, and generally keeps them on an even keel. Except, of course, for those nadir days on which Michael ponders his survival. Then, in his words, he "blows out." Says Patty: "When things *really* go wrong, like the day we lost the four-

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teen-hundred-dollar order and the truck broke down, Michael just gets on his bicycle and rides off."

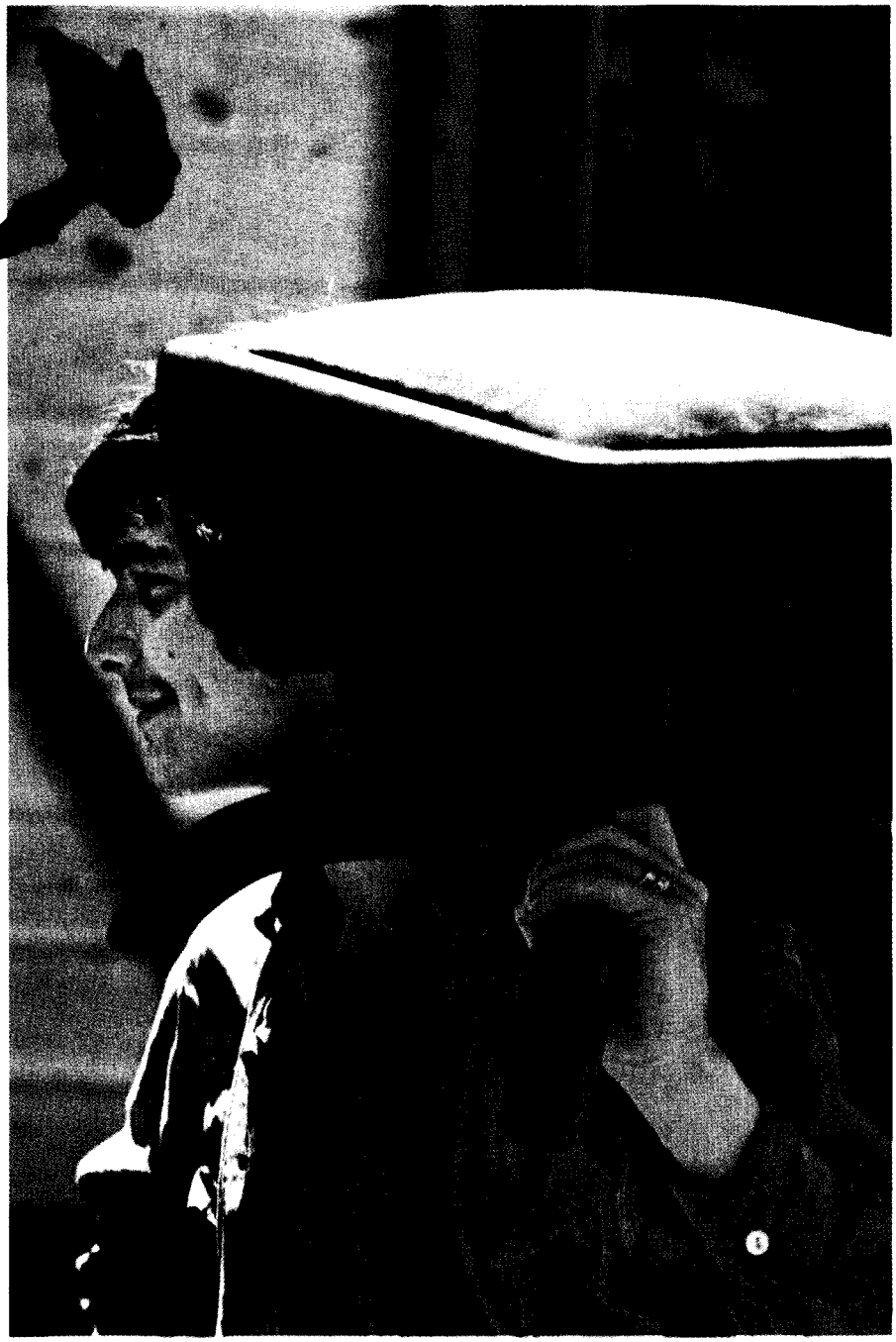
He leaned back in a kitchen chair that he'd made and sipped a cup of freshly ground coffee. "I really like working on that bicycle. That's why I got a new one, Swiss frame, Italian parts. I realized how crummy all the parts were on my first one. Just shoddy. You tried to adjust the bearings, and you never could because they were just not precision." He was silent a moment. "I haven't ridden my bicycle lately. Things have been going well."

Michael is one of five children born to the German wife of a Viennese eye surgeon practicing in Northern California. As the first son, he was burdened by his parents' high hopes: Even if you don't play cello like your father, you can, like your father, go to college and become a professional man. Michael has been a woodworker since his father built a small workshop onto the back of the family garage, and he had his own ideas about what he wanted to learn. In the fall of his senior year of high school, the pressures they generated boiled to the surface in behavior he gropes to describe, to explain, to understand, in a torrent of phrases:

"I was really into going around and exploring the world and seeing what was happening. Just putting myself in situations that would bring out other parts of my character. Like, a lot of the time when I make furniture, I jump up and down on it to see how strong it is. If it breaks, it's no good, because it'll break eventually anyway.

"I made this bowl once. I glued all these wooden rings together, and every time I added a ring I'd drop the whole thing on the floor. If it broke, I'd put it back together again and drop it on the floor again. Finally, I got it to the point where it was together. That's what I was doing to myself, I guess. I was seeing where I would break."

He dropped out, helped a friend build a cabin on the Northern California coast, went to Mexico and helped another friend erect a dispensary in a small village miles from any road and from the twentieth century and its problems. Upon his return a painful dialogue ensued with his father. Michael dug in his heels: He wanted to build furniture. At length his father reluctantly suggested he apprentice himself to the furniture maker Arthur Carpenter, who is better known by his middle name alone, Espenet. Espenet, as it happened, had all the apprentices he could handle. Michael persisted. He got himself a commission to build a desk, Espenet gave him the run of his shop, and Michael set about learning his craft with the kind of youthful confidence that inspires a cello student who has just learned his scales to tackle the Dvořák Concerto in B minor. Michael is still learning.



"You're not going to get rich at this," Michael grumbles, but there are other satisfactions. One is going with Patty to the workshop of Espenet, his teacher (right), and laying hands on a redwood slab table.

"What an incredible amount of experience you need! It will be ten years before I'm really professional." Michael feels there is no body of information that a student of furniture making can acquire in a systematic way. Most books are aimed at the weekend carpenter, and most commercial furniture manufacturers today use plywood or particle board with veneer and thus have ceased to be repositories for the kind of knowledge Michael sought.

He watched Espenet, asked questions, and tried the tools and techniques he saw. He learned precision, notching boards with router bit and template for a tight joint; he learned

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to saw, not just in a straight line, but with the grain as much as possible, since the strength of wood follows the grain. If the wood curves, he learned, you don't work against that; you follow the curve and take the segment you need.

Most important, he learned about the nature of wood. Wood expands and contracts. If he tried to bind it into a form against its nature, it would rebel —buckling, splitting, protesting. For instance: A panel door for a cabinet must fit closely, while swinging free. If it is of one solid piece of wood, changes in weather might make it expand and jam, or contract and leave a gap. Michael learned to set the door panel in a frame, leaving space for the wood to move. To the eye, the door remains a simple shape, but within its frame the panel moves restlessly, like something alive.

When Michael first started, he wanted to make something original,

"something I had never seen before," but he soon learned that the wood itself forced him back to ideas that had been around as long as anyone can remember.

On his first project, the desk, he turned a profit of $500 in two months. Convinced at last, his father proposed a businesslike agreement: He would stake Michael, after his graduation, to a start in furniture making with the money that had been set aside for the boy's college. He would also purchase an old house, of Michael's choosing, which Michael and Patty would rent from him, remodel, and build a shop onto.

The day-to-day operations of Guido Productions remain at best precarious. "When we got married last August, we had thirty-seven hundred dollars," says Michael. "Now we've got about thirty-seven dollars. There's money coming in, so I'm not worried too much. But I really get desperate after a week if I don't have anything to do. That's why, when I have work, I always drag it out, make it seem like I've got a lot."

At such times, Michael confesses, even he can be lured by the siren song of mass production. Recently he built a pair of dining chairs and discovered what Henry Ford could have told him fifty years ago: It is as easy to make two as one. That set him thinking. With just a little help you could make eight as easily as two. If the joints were cut differently, you could make thirty. If you sanded less, hired one man to cut out pieces and another to run them through a machine, you could make 300 a week easily. And if you built a bigger shop and used cheaper wood. . . .

Michael stops in mid-melody and laughs, breaking the spell. "There's just no end to it. The point is, You have to *know* when to stop. Maybe I should have done lap joints in the seat instead of bridle joints. And then I think, No, I like those bridle joints. I can't"—he laughs again in joyous embarrassment—"I just like those bridle joints!"

On a visit with his disciple, Espenet agrees. "The only way to keep from getting too big is just not to do it. Control your distribution. Keep it local. I think there's lots of room for craftsmen to survive if they keep small, sell directly, avoid the costs of advertising, and rely on word of mouth. I do, and I have a year's backlog of orders. Sure, I may lose some business, but the quality of my work doesn't suffer."

All well and good for the established giants, but what of the prospects for such newcomers as Michael? At Sterling Associates, a gallery in Palo Alto, California, specializing in one-of-a-kind furniture by leading contemporary craftsmen, the mood is cheerful but cautious. Sterling has just finished a market survey.

"We know the market is out there," says Cynthia Sterling Williams, who runs the gallery with her husband, "but it's a select percentage of people in a very high income bracket, usually professionals, most of them doctors. It's monied, but it's not big. It's a collector's market. Young marrieds don't want to buy a fine piece of furniture and save to build around it. They want a houseful—now."

In the next moment she finds perhaps another answer, at least for Michael's generation.

"Of course, people are changing. Young people particularly. There was a high school boy in here the other day asking the price of a small table. When I told him three hundred fifty dollars, he said, 'Gee, that's not so much.' " □

If You Want It, Where Can You Get It?

Buying a piece of handcrafted furniture is like commissioning a piece of sculpture. For the ultracautious, selecting an existing work from a crafts gallery may be a safe, albeit expensive, alternative—but the middleman's markup can make it expensive.

If, on the other hand, there is in your area a craftsman whose work you admire, a single visit to his studio may be all that is necessary to establish a mutual understanding of tastes and needs. Proximity need not be the main consideration, since most craftsmen will be happy to supply a prospective customer with photographs of their work and, when things get serious, a sketch of the proposed masterpiece.

Even with the elimination of the middleman, handcrafted furniture is expensive—for furniture. But as one convert points out, "You go out to buy a work of art and come home with the world's most comfortable rocking chair. You need a filing cabinet for sheet music and end up with a piece of free-standing sculpture—in which you file sheet music. You can get very hung up on the stuff."

There are hundreds of woodworkers and galleries across the United States. Here is a sample list of some of the best. If none of the locations below is in your area, a note to the gallery or craftsman nearest you may elicit the name of someone closer to home.

Edward Zucca, R.R. No. 1, Park Street, Putnam, Connecticut 06260

Jon Brooks, Pine Road, New Boston, New Hampshire 03070

American Crafts Council, 44 West 53rd Street, New York, New York 10019

Shop One, 221 Alexander Street, Rochester, New York 14607

Wendell Castle, 18 Maple Street, Scottsville, New York 14546

George Nakashima, 293 Aquetong, New Hope, Pennsylvania 18938

Alan Lazarus, 1908 Hanover Avenue, Richmond, Virginia 23220

Harry Nohr, 307 High Street, Mineral Point, Wisconsin 53565

Sam Maloof, P.O. Box 51, 9553 Highland Avenue, Alta Loma, California 91701

Arthur Espenet Carpenter, Lower County Road, Bolinas, California 94924

Sterling Associates, 348 Waverley Street, Palo Alto, California 94301

Michael Bock, P.O. Box 192, San Geronimo, California 94963

Evert Sodergren, 3775 University Way, Seattle, Washington 98105

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THEATER IN '72

The best theater of the season was created by subsidy.

BY HENRY HEWES

To a greater extent than ever before, the best of the 1971-72 season originated in the steadily enlarging sector of our theater loosely labeled "nonprofit." If we take the Drama Critics Circle voting (see theater section) as an indication of relative value, the proportion is as follows:

Originating at Nonprofit Institutions	Pts.
New York Shakespeare Festival *Sticks and Bones* *That Championship Season* *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel* *Two Gentlemen of Verona*	113
Chelsea Theater Center *The Screens* *Kaddish*	37
The Royal Shakespeare Company *Old Times*	34
Chichester Festival *Vivat! Vivat Regina!*	11
Royal Court and Arena Stage *Moonchildren*	10
La Mama Experimental Theatre Club *Godspell*	3
Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center *The Ride Across Lake Constance*	2
Negro Ensemble Company *Sty of the Blind Pig*	1
Stratford Festival, Canada *There's One in Every Marriage*	1
Communications Project—The Extension *And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers*	1
	Total 213

Originating at Commercial Theaters	
The Real Inspector Hound	17
Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death	9
The Prisoner of Second Avenue	2
Twigs	1
Wise Child	1
	Total 30

What is even more significant is that out of some fifteen attempts to transfer a successful work from its nonprofit birthplace to Broadway, only one was financially remunerative in any substantial way. Furthermore, that one, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, was produced on Broadway under the nonprofit auspices of the New York Shakespeare Festival, which used some of its benefits to move *Sticks and Bones* to Broadway, where it is kept running at a small loss each week.

It should also be pointed out that Roger L. Stevens has operated similarly in bringing two Kennedy Center productions (*Lost in the Stars* and *The Country Girl*) to Broadway. Because the government gives the Kennedy Center no producing funds, Stevens raised private contributions rather than invested money to create a revolving fund for original productions at the center. And, like Papp, Stevens has apparently felt that there is justification for using some of that capital to underwrite the showing of the organization's finest products to Broadway audiences. One can argue that the expenditure is important because the contribution helps sustain America's professional theater center. Certainly, if Broadway were to dwindle much further than it has, the whole American theater industry might disintegrate.

Now it has become apparent that a healthy Broadway needs to offer, each season, a number of such subsidized plays. What remains to be worked out is the means of making this possible. A $5-top ticket price is essential. This will require Broadway theaters to work out a special formula that will make it possible for plays to operate at two-thirds their present minimum costs. The building of a committed audience of theatergoers who will support this kind of work will be necessary. The Theatre Development Fund, with a minuscule annual budget of $175,000, has made an admirable beginning in this respect and presumably could, with a much larger budget, develop a corps of theatergoers large enough to guarantee a three-month run to any play it selects.

Why is this subsidy necessary? Because, without it, Broadway will deteriorate from a democratic mixture of entertainment and culture into a small group of theaters offering only comedies and musicals. Certainly, without most of the aforementioned nonprofit institutions' contributions, the season would have been a disaster.

Esthetically it was a strange year, with even the best work being more promising than fully achieved. Yet it was a season in which more good new playwrights than usual emerged. Jason Miller's *That Championship Season*, which is scheduled to be transferred to a Broadway playhouse in the fall, won this season's Drama Critics Circle Award for the Best Play. The drama offered a deliberately unpleasant but often funny series of altercations between some typical middle-American bigots. Some critics felt that, like the TV series *All in the Family*, it might be giving comfort to theatergoers who shared to some extent the bigotry it purportedly attacked, but all agreed that the play was beautifully performed and that it stunningly caught the flavor of a crassly powerful segment of our society, a segment that is, one hopes, on its last legs.

Trailing Miller by only one point and receiving a Drama Critics Circle Citation was David Rabe (pronounced to rhyme with Abe), who had had his first exposure last May—too late to be included in the Circle's 1970-71 voting. Rabe's second work, *Sticks and Bones*, was an uneven and often incomprehensible work. Yet it succeeded in doing what no other play about the Vietnam War has done. Uncompromisingly and relentlessly it gave us glimpses of contemporary American society seen with the special vision of a returning soldier. The soldier is welcomed, but his vision is so disturbing that he is asked to commit suicide. The most intense moments of the conflicts between him and his complacent family furnished deeply stirring drama.

There were those who felt that Rabe's earlier play, *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*, was in some respects superior to *Sticks and Bones*. Indeed, a second production of *Hummel* by the Theatre Company of Boston, with Al Pacino playing the title role, strengthened this view because it more strongly focused on the young man who found a false sense of manhood in the army and as a result brought on his own ignominious death in a Saigon brothel.

Miller and Rabe were only two of the many unestablished dramatists to be helped by productions of their works at the New York Shakespeare Festi-

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Willa Kim's poetic and humorous costume designs for "The Screens" won her the Joseph Maharam Award.

Robert U. Taylor's Maharam Award-winning setting for "The Beggar's Opera" offered a splendid variety of playing areas.

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An outstanding crop of new playwrights completely dominated the season.

val's Public Theater complex. Equally exciting was Richard Wesley, who came to the Public Theater from Harlem's New Lafayette Theater with *The Black Terror*. This drama about the dilemma of a black militant man and a woman whose love for each other is overridden by the insoluble differences between his rational radicalism and her emotional espousal of the cause, constituted a frightening and moving statement about the potentially tragic present situation.

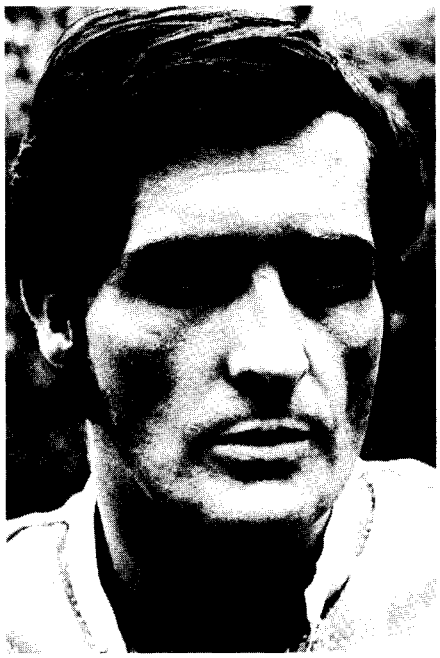
Perhaps the best writer among this season's crop was Michael Weller, whose *Moonchildren* placed fourth in the voting. In his comedy about college kids inventing ways to protect themselves against involvement in an unsatisfactory environment, Weller proved himself adept at creating imaginative put-on dialogue and characters whose inner lives emerge with subtlety.

Finally, there was David Wiltse, whose *Suggs* was staged at the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center's Forum Theater. Wiltse's deceptively entertaining comedy about a man trapped and destroyed by the New York City mystique made a sadly true statement about the quality of contemporary New York living.

Although the New York Shakespeare Festival was the greatest single source of theatrical excitement this season, the Chelsea Theater Center of Brooklyn also rose to a new glory. Straining its financial and physical resources, producers Robert Kalfin and Michael David attempted an uncut five-hour production of Jean Genet's *The Screens*, which was voted the Best Foreign Play of the season. Willa Kim's costumes, which won her the Joseph Maharam Award for outstanding costume design, reinforced both Genet's poetry and his humor, but many critics felt that the performance never established a rhythm and that, except for a few striking scenes, the production amounted to little more than an illustrated reading of the text. Yet the size and profundity of the work is overwhelming, as it follows a large cast of characters through an Arab uprising. As in other Genet plays, the task of most of the characters is to be more totally the persons and professions circumstances have made them than people ever are in real life, and in *The Screens* the playwright merges the world of the living with the world of the dead to enlarge the landscape of his considerations. The Chelsea Theater Center has retained the costumes, and *The Screens*, one would hope, will be produced again, perhaps in a shorter version.

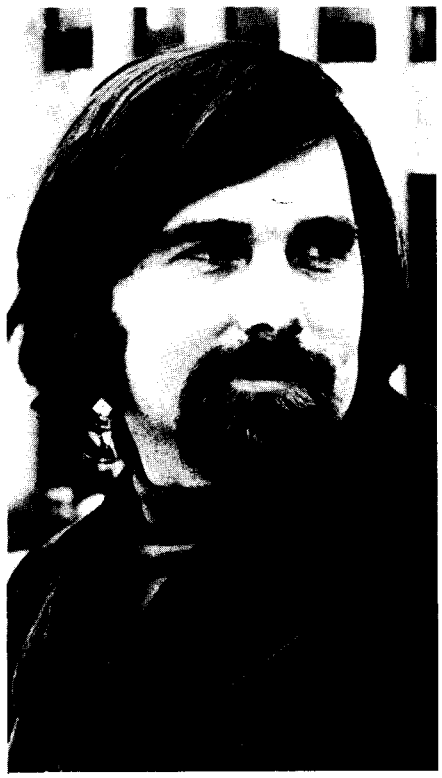
The Chelsea also came up with two other ambitious productions, both of which moved to Off-Broadway playhouses. One was Allen Ginsberg's *Kaddish*, featuring a remarkably vivid performance by Marilyn Chris, as Ginsberg's psychotic mother, and an interesting use of multiscreen projections by Video Free America. The other was a refreshingly lusty revival of *The Beggar's Opera* in Robert U. Taylor's atmospheric unit set. (see page 35).

As usual, the La Mama Experimental Theater Club offered an eclectic mass of projects, the most impressive of which was Andrei Serban's stunningly pure re-exploration of Euripides' and Seneca's *Medea*. The Judson Poets' Theater and its merry pastor-composer, Al Carmines, busted out with three often-inspired musicals, *Wanted*, *Joan*, and *A Look at the Fifties*, all of which were spiked by the talent of Lee Guilliat, a singing actress whose intensity and sense of humor perfectly

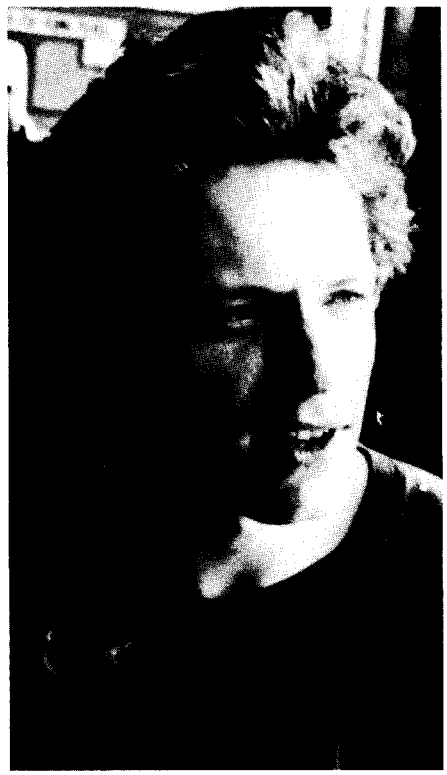


Jason Miller–"That Championship Season"

Richard Wesley–"The Black Terror"



David Wiltse—"Suggs"



Michael Weller–"Moonchildren"

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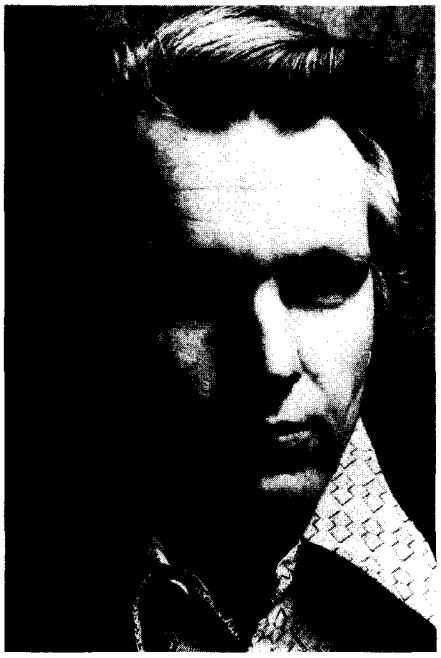
matched those of Carmines. And Robert Wilson, whose *Deafman's Glance* was the rage of Paris last summer, offered *Overture for KA MOUNTAIN AND GUARDenia Terrace*, a beginning of the Byrd Hoffman School of Byrds' next work that required audiences to attend two three-hour sessions, one of which started at 6 a.m.

The Open Theatre also presented a few performances of a "work in progress." Called *The Mutation Show*, it was a constantly interesting extension of the group's technique, and despite its unfinished construction this study



David Rabe–"Sticks and Bones"

of freakishness within socially prescribed norms received the top Obie Award as the Best Theater Piece of the season.

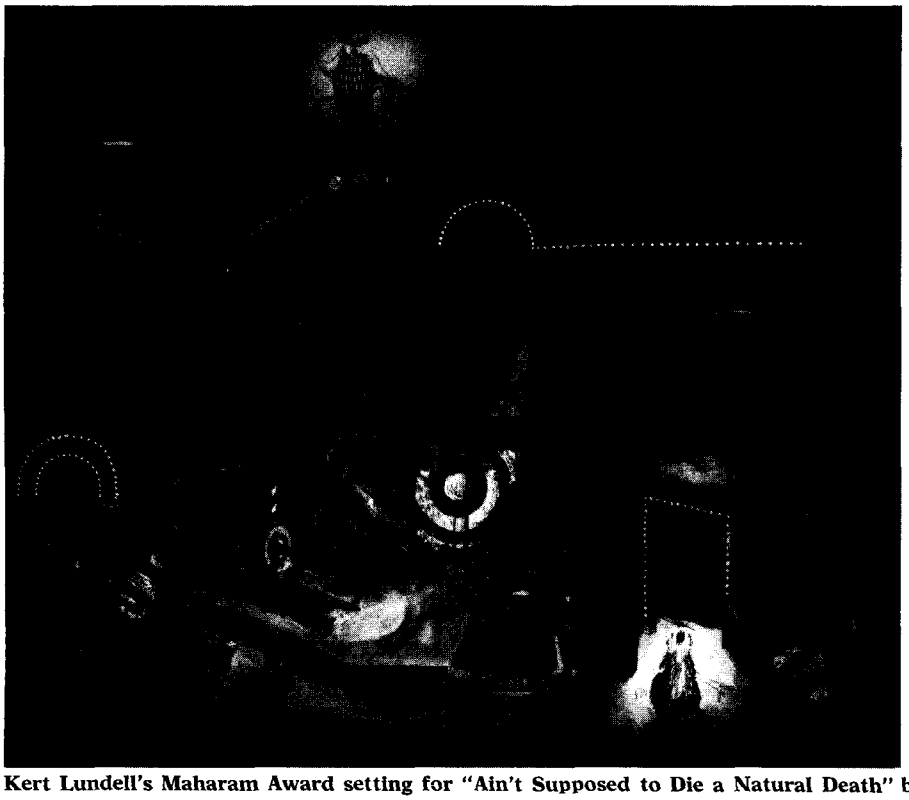
Impressive, too, was the Negro Ensemble Company's production of *Sty of the Blind Pig*, Philip Dean's haunting study of slow-dying black atavisms. And the Company Theatre from Los Angeles brought its *James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre* to the basement of the Guggenheim Museum, where it provided a surprisingly pleasant mixture of theater, personal sexual therapy, and audience-involving games.

Some of Off-Broadway's more noticeable achievements included the premiere of Tennessee Williams's latest play, *Small Craft Warnings*; an overstretched but nevertheless often very funny lampoon of drama critics, *The Real Inspector Hound* by Tom Stoppard; and Fernando Arrabal's uninhibitedly impassioned effort to dramatize the horror of Spanish prisons, *And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers*.

On Broadway Melvin Van Peebles impressed some of the critics with *Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death*, a raw, strident, and colorful musical describing Harlem life, and followed it with a more good-natured show about a Saturday night party called *Don't Play Us Cheap*. There was also a "street cantata," *Inner City*, which introduced the fervent Linda Hopkins. And Micki Grant's *Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope* delighted almost everybody with a series of musical numbers that expressed both the black man's pain at being unjustly treated and the capacity for love and friendship that may give him a spiritual superiority over most of the rest of the population.

Other highlights of the season included Sada Thompson's protean portrayal of four different women in *Twigs*; Aileen Atkins's offhand Elizabeth in *Vivat! Vivat Regina!*; Raul Julia's delightful amorality and Jonelle Allen's impulsive vitality in the dynamic and outrageous *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; Phil Silvers's personal comic style in *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*; the self-intoxicated fun Robert Morse had in drag in *Sugar*; Vincent Gardenia's fiercely absurd delineation of a "benevolent" brother in Neil Simon's inconsequential smash hit *The Prisoner of Second Avenue*; Maureen Stapleton's utterly honest playing of the harassed wife in the revival of *The Country Girl*; and Blythe Danner's fresh beauty in Ellis Rabb's melancholy version of *Twelfth Night* at the Drama Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center. Incidentally, the center's final production of the season, *The Crucible*, used the stage in a way that indicates the potentiality for more effective future use of its Beaumont Theater.

Finally, one must mention the sensitive staging of Peter Hall and the beautiful setting by John Bury for Harold Pinter's excursion into memory, *Old Times*, as well as the emotional power of, and the thrilling Kurt Weill–Maxwell Anderson score for, *Lost in the Stars*. These highlights were welcome compensations in a generally troublesome and transitional season. □



Kert Lundell's Maharam Award setting for "Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death" by Melvin Van Peebles (right)

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AMERICAN SUMMER MUSIC FESTIVALS

EAST AND SOUTH

New York
New York City
May 29-September 4
Naumburg Symphony
Free concerts by Naumburg Symphony and soloists at Central Park Mall

June 5-September 20
La Puma Opera
Workshop performances at Lincoln Center's Damrosch Band Shell and Central Park Mall (Various evenings at 7)

June 21-August 13
Guggenheim Memorial Concerts
Free concerts by the Goldman Band in Central Park, Damrosch Park (Various evenings at 8)

June 27-July 8
Metropolitan Opera
Free performances in city parks of *Tosca* and *Don Giovanni* (Evenings at 8:30 June 27, 28, 30; July 1, 4, 5, 7, 8)

July 24-August 19
Lincoln Center Mostly Mozart Festival
Concerts, recitals, chamber music at Philharmonic Hall; soloists include Browning, Dichter, Serkin, Tureck, Guarneri Quartet (Various evenings)

July 25-August 12
New York Philharmonic
Free concerts in city parks conducted by Boulez, Lewis, Martinon; soloists include Bolet, Dichter, Graffman

Katonah
June 17-August 27
Caramoor Festival
Opera: *The Coronation of Poppea* (Monteverdi), *The Prodigal Son* (Britten); concert performances of *Acis and Galatea* (Handel) and *Requiem for Bellini* (Donizetti); chamber music: Guarneri Quartet, New York Pro Musica. Soloists include Bachauer, Brooks, Forrester, Dichter, Parkening, Tureck, Velis (Friday and Saturday evenings, Sunday afternoons)

Chautauqua
June 29-August 27
Annual Summer Festival
Opera: *Barber of Seville, Marriage of Figaro, Flying Dutchman, Bartered Bride, Otello, Midsummer Night's Dream* (Britten); chamber music; recitals

Saratoga Springs
July 3-August 26
Saratoga Performing Arts Center
Summer home of New York City Ballet and Juilliard Acting Company (July) and of The Philadelphia Orchestra (August); also special events from June to September 4 featuring popular performers; soloists include Brubeck, Cash, Cliburn, Firkusny, Liberace, Perlman, Serkin, The Association, others (ballet: Tuesday-Saturday at 8:30 p.m., Saturday at 2 p.m.; nine concerts: Wednesdays and Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.; special events at various times)

Woodstock
July 2-September 3
Maverick Sunday Concerts
Gilbert and Sullivan recital; chamber music: Curtis String Quartet, New York Pro Musica, Berkshire Quartet, Philharmonia Trio, Dorian Wind Quartet; recitals: Bar-Illan, Johannesen, Nelsova (Concerts at 8:30 p.m.; opera at 8 p.m., Sundays at 3 p.m.)

Glens Falls
July 13-August 26
Lake George Opera Festival
Opera in English: *The Threepenny Opera* (Weill), *The Rape of Lucretia* (Britten), *Postcard from Morocco* (Argento), *Black Widow* (Pasatieri), *Tosca*, Mozart Gala (Most weekdays and all Saturdays at 8:15 p.m.; matinees at 2:15 p.m.)

New Jersey
Holmdel
June 14-September 10
Garden State Arts Center
Concerts; recitals; ballet; pop performances (Weekdays at 8:30 p.m.; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 p.m.)

Connecticut
Falls Village
July 1-September 2
Music Mountain
Chamber music: Berkshire Quartet; soloists (Saturdays at 3 p.m., Sundays, July 2 and 30, at 4 p.m.)

Norfolk
July 1-August 25
Yale in Norfolk
Opera: *Of Mice and Men* (Floyd), *Ariadne auf Naxos* (Strauss); concerts; chamber music (Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 p.m., Sunday, July 2, at 8:30 p.m., and Sunday, August 6, at 3:30 p.m.)

Massachusetts
Lenox
June 30-August 20
Berkshire Festival at Tanglewood
Oratorio and choral works: *The Seasons* (Haydn); *Four Sacred Pieces* (Verdi); *Te Deum* (Berlioz); Ozawa and Boston Symphony; soloists include Bachauer, Dichter, Ohlsson, Serkin, Weissenberg, Zukofsky, others (Fridays at 9 p.m., Saturdays at 8:30 p.m., Sundays at 2:30 p.m.)

Maine
Bar Harbor
July 8-August 19
Bar Harbor Festival
Opera: *Pagliacci* (Leoncavallo), *The Old Maid and the Thief* (Menotti); chamber music; recitals; ballet (Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.)

New Hampshire
Center Harbor and Meredith
July 9-August 19
New Hampshire Music Festival
Opera: Concert performance of *The Marriage of Figaro*; concerts; chamber music; recitals (Thursdays and Saturdays at 8:30 p.m., Sundays at 8 p.m.)

Rhode Island
Newport
July 27-August 12
Newport Music Festival
Opera; chamber music; ballet; recitals (Daily at 11 a.m., 5 p.m., and 9:30 p.m.)

Vermont
Marlboro
July 8-August 13
Marlboro Music Festival
Informal concerts at Marlboro School of Music, with Pablo Casals and others; Rudolf Serkin director (Fridays: July 21, August 4, August 11, Saturdays, Sundays)

Pennsylvania
Philadelphia
June 19-July 27
Robin Hood Dell Concerts
Concerts: Philadelphia Orchestra; recitals: Peerce, Perlman, Peters, Serkin, Sills, Van Cliburn, Watts, others (Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at 8:30 p.m.)

Ambler
June 23-August 6
Temple University Music Festival
Opera: *La Traviata* (Verdi), *Così fan tutte* (Mozart); concerts: Pittsburgh Symphony; ballet: Vienna State Opera Ballet, also Fonteyn; Pennsylvania Ballet, Aztlan Mexico Ballet, Viirsky Ukrainian Group; recitals (Monday-Saturday at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 7:30 p.m., campus matinees at 3 p.m.)

Virginia
Vienna
June 16-September 10
Wolf Trap Farm Park
Opera: *Roméo et Juliette* (Gounod), *Treemonisha* (Joplin), *Marriage of Figaro*); concerts: Philadelphia Orchestra, New York Philharmonic; ballet: City Center Joffrey Ballet, Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater, New York City Ballet; jazz, pop, and folk performances (Evenings at 8:30 and matinees at 2:30 p.m. on various days)

North Carolina
Brevard
June 30-August 13
Brevard Music Festival Opera: *Così fan tutte, Cavalleria Rusticana, Gianni Schicchi* (Puccini), *La Traviata,*

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Gondoliers (Sullivan), *My Fair Lady* (Loewe), *Student Prince* (Romberg); concerts; recitals; soloists include Turini, De Larrocha, Peerce (Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15 p.m., Sundays at 3.30 p.m.)

Florida
Sarasota
June 5-June 24
New College Summer Music Festival
Concerts; chamber music
(Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.)

MIDWEST

Illinois
Chicago
June 20-September 30
Ravinia Festival
Concert performance of *Tosca*, *Roméo et Juliette* (Berlioz), *War Requiem* (Britten); concerts: Chicago Symphony Orchestra; chamber music: La Salle String Quartet; recitals; ballet: City Center Joffrey Ballet, New York City Ballet, others; soloists include Dichter, Firkusny, Istomin, Perlman, Watts (Monday-Saturday at 8:30 p.m., Sundays at 7:30 p.m., matinees at 2 p.m. June 24, 25; August 26)

Michigan
Detroit
June 18-August 13
Detroit Concert Band Summer Festival
Free concerts by Detroit Concert Band and soloists (Wednesday-Saturday at 8:30 p.m.)

Rochester
June 29-August 27
Meadow Brook Summer Festival
Opera: Concert performance of *Aïda*, Gilbert and Sullivan excerpts; concerts: Detroit Symphony, New York Philharmonic; ballet: Pennsylvania Ballet; soloists include Arroyo, Hines, Istomin, Maderna, Perlman, Whittemore and Lowe (Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays at 8:30 p.m., Sundays at 6:30 p.m.)

Ohio
Cincinnati
June 24-July 22
Cincinnati Summer Opera Festival
Opera: *Mefistofele, Die Fledermaus, Madama Butterfly, Marriage of Figaro, Turandot, La Traviata*; Salute to Verdi (concert) (Wednesdays, Fridays at 8 p.m., June 24 at 7:30 p.m., July 2 at 2 p.m., July 9 at 7 p.m.)

Oberlin
July 5-August 6
Oberlin Music Theater
Students and young professionals perform *The Tales of Hoffmann, L'Heure Espagnole, Pagliacci, Tosca, My Fair Lady* (Wednesday-Saturday at 8:30 p.m.)

Wisconsin
Fish Creek
August 5-August 19
Peninsula Music Festival
Concerts: recitals; soloists include Frank, Johannesen, Masselos, Nelsova, Tregor, others (Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday at 8 p.m., August 8 at 3 p.m.)

SOUTHWEST

Arizona
Flagstaff
July 12-August 6
Flagstaff Summer Festival
Musical comedy: *The Fantasticks*; concerts; recitals; chamber music; dance; soloists include Fallot, Kynaston, Ricci (Various evenings)

New Mexico
Santa Fe
July 7-August 26
Santa Fe Opera
American premiere of *Mélusine* (Reimann); *La Grande-Duchesse de Gérolstein, Madama Butterfly, Don Giovanni, Pelléas et Mélisande, Salome* (9 p.m. Wednesday, Friday, Saturday in July and Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday in August)

Listeners enjoy the music in casual comfort on the lawn at Tanglewood.

FAR WEST

California
Concord
July 28-August 13
Concord Summer Festival
Concerts; jazz; pop performances; soloists include Dave Brubeck Quartet with Gary Mulligan, Mary Costa, Ella Fitzgerald, The World's Greatest Jazz Band, others (Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings)

Saratoga
June 24-August 27
Music at the Vineyards
Chamber music; recitals (Saturdays and Sundays, June 24, 25; August 5, 6, 26, 27 at 3:30 p.m.)

Redlands
June 27-August 25
Redlands Bowl Summer Music Festival
Opera: *Pagliacci, Bartered Bride*; concerts; recitals; ballet (Tuesdays and Fridays at 8:15 p.m.)

Los Angeles
July 11-September 16
Hollywood Bowl
Concerts: Los Angeles Philharmonic; recitals: ballet; concert versions of *Aïda, Rigoletto*; soloists include Dichter, Milnes, Perlman, Ricci, Sills, Watts, others (Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.)

Carmel
July 21-July 30
Carmel Bach Festival
Concerts; recitals (Daily at various times)

Monterey
September 15-September 17
Monterey Jazz Festival
Jazz concerts (Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons)

Colorado
Central City
July 1-August 14
Central City Music Festival
Marriage of Figaro, Falstaff (Verdi); concerts; chamber music; recitals (Daily, except Mondays, at various times)

Alaska
Anchorage
June 15-June 29
Alaska Festival of Music
Concerts; recitals; chamber music; ballet (Various days at 8:30 p.m.; June 28 at 3 p.m.)

CANADA

Ontario
Stratford
June 29-August 26
Stratford Festival
Opera: *The Threepenny Opera* (Weill), *Patria II* (Schaefer), *Orpheus* (Charpentier); chamber music; recitals; soloists include Firkusny, Perlman, Janigro, Cliburn, Peters, others (Chamber music at 11 a.m. Saturdays, recitals at 2 p.m. Sundays, opera daily at 8:30 p.m. in July, at 9 p.m. on August 23, 25, 26)

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RECORDINGS IN REVIEW

BY IRVING KOLODIN

A New Standard for Mahler's No. 8

Mahler: Symphony No. 8. Georg Solti conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the Chorus of the Vienna State Opera, the Singverein Chorus, the Vienna Boys Choir, and sopranos Heather Harper, Lucia Popp, and Arleen Auger, altos Yvonne Minton and Helen Watts, tenor René Kollo, baritone John Shirley-Quirk, and basso Martti Talvela. London stereo, OSA 1295, $11.96.

As the world has finally come to comprehend from the appearance, during the last few years, of more and better recordings of this great score, it is not one work but two. There is, in the first instance, the blood-tingling, ear-filling setting of "Veni, Creator Spiritus"; and then there is the much more reflective, soul-solacing musicalization of the final scene from Part 2 of Goethe's *Faust*.

By my reading of their content, Part 1 brings to a culmination all Mahler's involvements with orchestra and chorus that began, really, with *Das klagende Lied* nearly thirty years before. With his impulse to the tonally grandiose finally fulfilled, he could turn away from the strivings and the strainings that had obsessed him in the Sixth and Seventh symphonies. With the unattainable finally behind him, he could look ahead to those miracles of intimacy and eloquence that broke new musical ground in *Das Lied von der Erde*. It is no secret that *Das Lied* is, in everything but name, Mahler's Ninth Symphony (a designation he deferred out of the superstitious fear that Beethoven and Bruckner had both died after writing nine symphonies).

To offer an unequivocal endorsement of any recorded version of a work on so monumental a scale as Mahler's Eighth would be to suggest that one among the four men responsible for the best versions available—Leonard Bernstein, Rafael Kubelik, Bernard Haitink, and, now, Georg Solti—knows more about it than the other three combined. I am not prepared, without more familiarity than present circumstances permit, to give so exclusive a verdict on behalf of any among them.

But I have no hesitation in stating that the just-issued Solti version sets a new standard of excellence in several crucial respects. He neither overdrives the stupendous climaxes of the hymn nor sentimentalizes the praise of "Das Ewigweibliche" in the *Faust* excerpt. His group of solo voices is the most evenly matched, both for sound and for sense, of any on the four recordings. His sense of the work's length is closer to eighty minutes than to the ninety suggested in the score, a respect in which it is almost identical with Bernstein's. To be sure, both men require a side more than Kubelik does in his version, but how DGG manages to squeeze this music into seventy-two minutes is a secret I would rather not know. Haitink offers the standard Amsterdam approach that, at approximately seventy-six minutes, is on middle ground between Solti-Bernstein and Kubelik.

The logistics of bringing Solti and the great Chicago Symphony together with the preferred Viennese vocal elements was a carefully planned objective of the orchestra's 1971 European tour, the results a justification for any effort expended. Now and then the London engineers overplay their love of sonority by giving one or another of the vocalists (baritone Shirley-Quirk in particular) closer access to the microphone than he either requires or deserves. But these are the equivalent of dust specks on an otherwise spotless mirror—inequities that stand out only by reason of the surrounding excellences. Whoever next challenges the awesome task of doing justice to the Mahler Eighth will have to reckon not only with equaling or excelling Solti's profound grasp of the work's architecture but with contriving an aural experience superior to this one's staggering richness and tonal definition.

A Sampling of the Bing Gala: More Favor Than Flavor

Verdi: "Tacea la notte placida" (*Il Trovatore*). Martina Arroyo, soprano; with Richard Bonynge conducting. **Puccini:** "Tu, tu, amore? Tu?" (*Manon Lescaut*). Montserrat Caballé, soprano, and Placido Domingo, tenor, with James Levine conducting. **Strauss:** Final Scene (*Salome*). Birgit Nilsson, soprano; with Karl Böhm conducting. **Mozart:** "Dove sono" (*Le Nozze di Figaro*). Leontyne Price, soprano; with Francesco Molinari-Pradelli conducting. **Strauss, J.:** "Chacun à Bing's goût" (*Fledermaus*, text by John Gutman). Regina Resnik, mezzo-soprano; with Kurt Adler conducting. **Verdi:** "Invano Alvaro" (*La Forza del Destino*). Richard Tucker, tenor, and Robert Merrill, baritone; with Molinari-Pradelli conducting. **Verdi:** "Già nella notte densa" (*Otello*). Teresa Zylis-Gara, soprano, and Franco Corelli, tenor; with Karl Böhm conducting. Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. DGG stereo, 2530 260, $6.98.

As a sampling of the musical matter that kept a Metropolitan Opera audience in an almost continuous state of excitement from 8 p.m. on April 22 until 1:30 a.m. on April 23, this generous serving of nearly fifty-seven minutes of exceptional operatic effort has the faults of all samplings. Somebody, identity not clearly specified, had to make the election of contents serve Mammon (a salable product for the charitable purposes intended) as well as art (the best content of the gala itself).

Where the choices inclined to Nilsson's *Salome* excerpt, Caballé and Domingo generating musical incandescence in the duet from *Manon Lescaut*, or Regina Resnik performing her inimitable stint with John Gutman's words for "Chacun à son goût" (of which the text is intelligently included in the album's verbal matter), there could be no quarrel either with flavor or with favor. These *were* inimitable matters of this gala and can readily be recognized as such even by one who was not present. For the rest, however, it would be my judgment that name value rated higher than absolute quality. Certainly no record, not even one cautiously designated "Volume I," would be the poorer without Franco Corelli's first effort on any stage with the love duet from Act I of *Otello*, or the debatable histrionics of Merrill and Tucker's kind of *Forza* duet. As for the absence of the Pavarotti-Sutherland *Lucia* duet, it is understood that Lon-

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The phone company wants more installers like Alana MacFarlane.

Alana MacFarlane is a 20-year-old from San Rafael, California. She's one of our first women telephone installers. She won't be the last.

We also have several hundred male telephone operators. And a policy that there are no all-male or all-female jobs at the phone company.

We want the men and women of the telephone company to do what they want to do, and do best.

For example, Alana likes working outdoors. "I don't go for office routine," she said. "But as an installer, I get plenty of variety and a chance to move around."

Some people like to work with their hands, or, like Alana, get a kick out of working 20 feet up in the air.

Others like to drive trucks. Some we're helping to develop into good managers.

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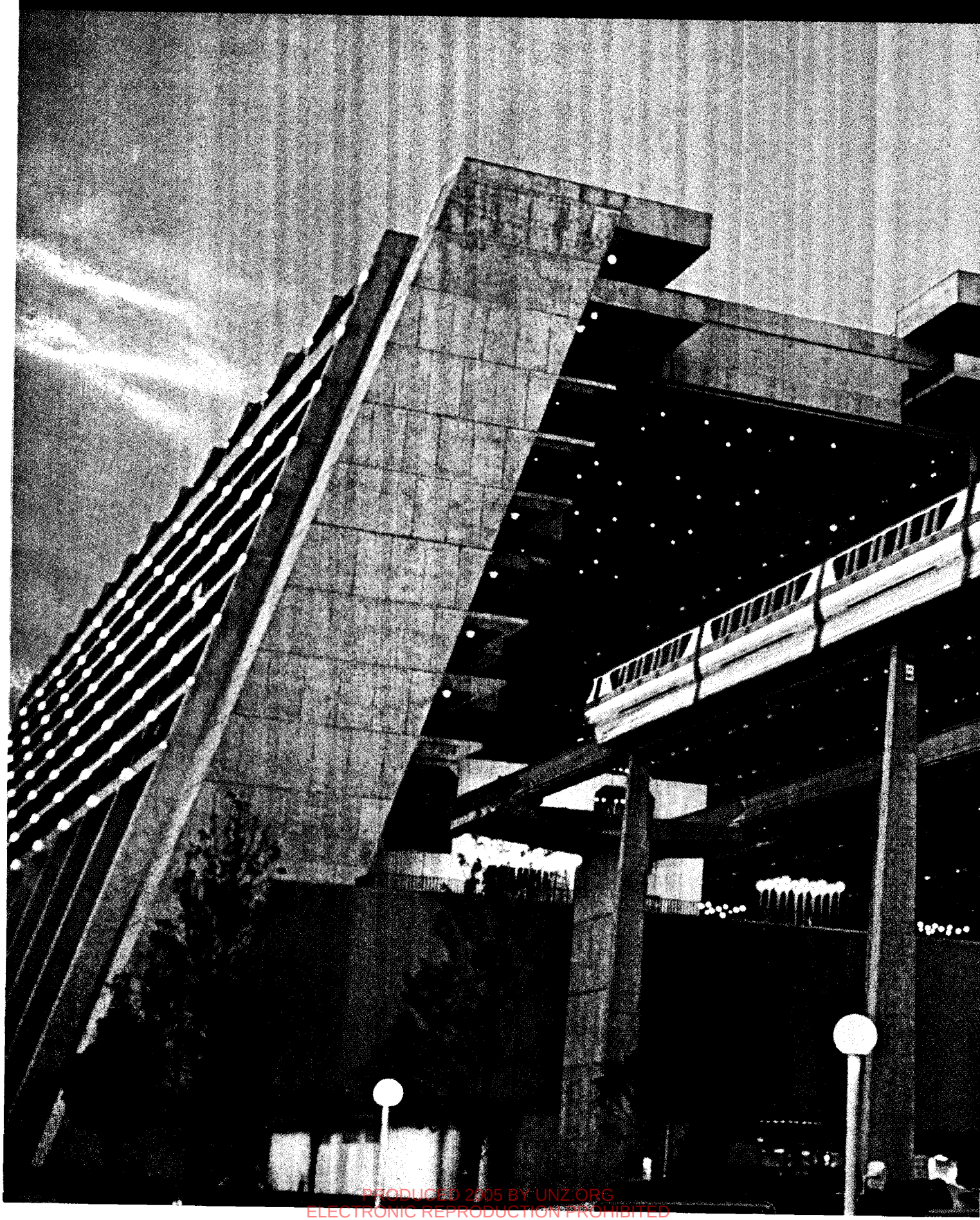
What is U.S. Steel doing to



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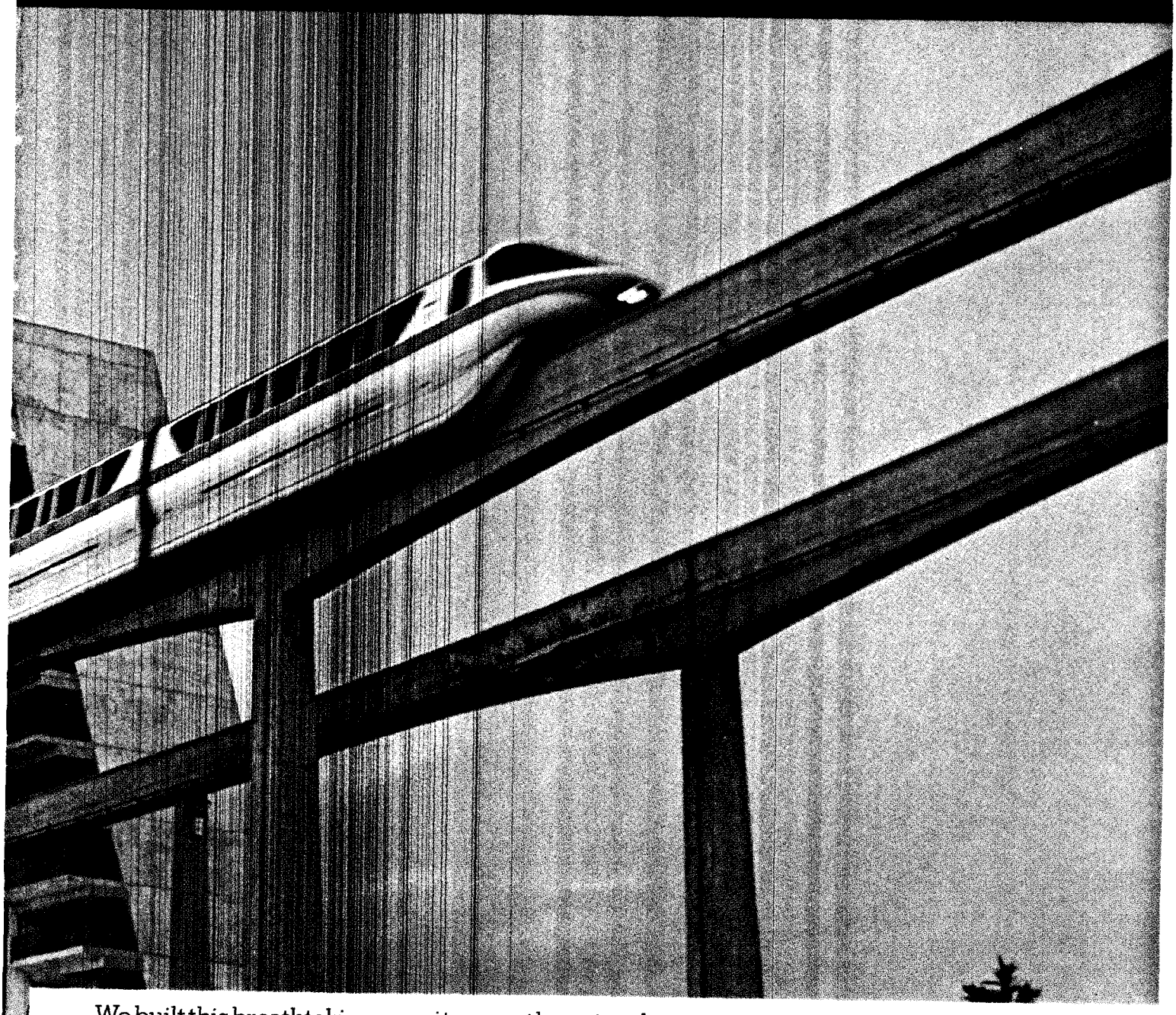
find new ways to build?



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Complete with wiring, built-in air conditioning, a full bath, balcony, the finished units were ready to live in, except for the furniture.

Some were placed into the framework of this fourteen-story hotel, like drawers in a chest. Others were stacked 3-high, like blocks... to form low-rise garden units.

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The three great Ronricos.
You need never make an ordinary rum drink again.

RONRICO DAIQUIRI. 1 tsp. sugar, ½ oz. lime juice (or daiquiri mix), 1½ ozs. Ronrico White Label Rum. Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.
RONRICO ON THE ROCKS. Pour 2 ozs. Ronrico Gold Label over ice, garnish with twist of lemon or slice of lime. RONRICO DIABLO AZUL. 2 ozs. orange juice; 1½ ozs. Ronrico White Label; ½ oz. Leroux Crème de Noyaux; ½ oz. Leroux Brandy. Mix—pour over cracked ice. Add float of Ronrico 151°. Garnish.
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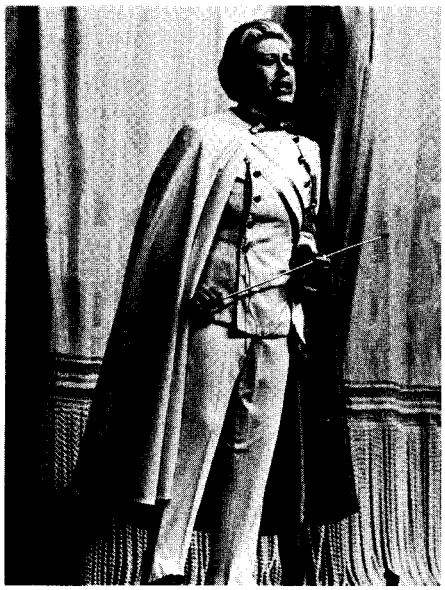

Regina Resnik—"performing her inimitable stint with John Gutman's words."

don entered strenuous objection to its inclusion, suggesting that, even when it comes to charity, commercialism may raise its Janus face.

Basically, the cautious approach to the whole question of doing justice to a historic event has let the real "record" of what went on securely in the hands of the black marketeers. Certainly, if someone with improvised equipment could produce the WHOLE of the gala on a single reel of tape running at 3¾ ips, companies commanding the world's best recording techniques could have done at least as well.

A Primer of Spain's Inimitable Folk Music

Castilla la Vieja: "Rondo de enamorados," "A lo pesau," "Campurriana," "Baile procesional," "Romance," "La Pascua," "Jota Castellana," "Montañesa," "Navideña." Galicia: "Muiñeira," "Alalá," "Pandeirada," "Cantar do arrieiro," "Foliada de Allariz," "Canto da pedra," "Foliada de Riotorto." Islas Canarias: "Folias," "El gueyero," "Lo Divino," "Malagueña," "Arrorró," "Seguidillas," "Tango herreño," "Tanganillo," "Isa." Leon: "Arada," "Corrido," "Canción ronda," "Arrorró," "Charradas," "De major el centeno," "El menudillo," "Rondo sanabresa." Navarra: "Jota navarra," "Lili bat," "Lo ló," "Jota de Cintruénigo." Andalucia: "Sevillanas," "El Romero," "Fandangos Alosneros," "Villancico," "La trilla," "Fandangos de baile." Asturias: "Tocata de gaita," "Asturianada" (I, II, III), "El barquero," "Baile vaqueiro." Extremadura: "Rondo festera," "La Rama," "De cuna," "El quita y pon," "Toreras," "Canción," "Ronda de Bodas." Valencia: "La despertá," "Per la valenciana," "Nana," "Albaes," "De batre," "Folies." Aragon: "Jota," "Ronda de la Santa Cruz," "Jota," "Jota a dúo," "Seguidillas de Leciñena," "Jota de baile." Cataluña: "Toc de Castell," "L'escriveta," "Nadalenca," "Canco," "Goigs de Sant Clement," "A Gironella." Islas Baleares: "Mateixa," "De Llaurar," "Pasacalle," "Sa ximbomba," "De segar," "Bolero," "El cuantre," "De bressol," "Ses Panadés," "Sonada de xeremie," "Jota de sa potada." Castilla la Nueva (principio): "Seguidillas," "La Cuaresma," "Malagueña," "Seguidillas de ronda," "Rueda." Vasconia: "Fandango," "Ariñ-Ariñ," "Bertsolaris," "Ator-ator," "Lo-Kantak," "Zortziko," "Santa Agueda." Murcia: "El Mayo," "El Aguilando," "Nana," "Malagueña huertana." Everest 3286/4, $11.96 (four discs).

No one acquainted with the uniquely insinuating music of Spain, whether expressed on the popular level of its zarzuelas or the highest sophistication of Falla, Montsalvatge, or Joaquín Rodrigo, could doubt that there was, buried in its soil, the roots of a folk music unsurpassed for richness and variety. What one could reasonably doubt was that there was, short of H. G. Wells's *Time Machine*, a way of recapturing those vagrant blossoms in anything like their original pungence or typical aroma.

A true assessment of the range and inclusiveness of the 101 examples gathered on these eight sides would be the province of such a specialist as Walter Starkie. But in the absence of immediate access to such expertise, this lay devotee of the Spanish sound feels obliged to alert all those of similar susceptibility to the rare order of pleasure contained under the unpromising title of an *Anthology of Spanish Folklore*.

The immediate, rough parallel that comes to mind is the four volumes of the *Chants d'Auvergne* that have delighted generations of music lovers since they were first put into circulation by Madeleine Grey. The roughness of the parallel is, however, apparent in the raw vigor and earthy strength that characterize these examples from every part of Spain. What Marie-Joseph Canteloube de Malaret added in refinement and poetry to the materials of the Auvergne brought about one order of artistic result. Here a somewhat similar kind of anonymous folk expression remains "unimproved" by the skills Canteloube acquired at the Schola Cantorum.

It is gratifying to report that, for once, Everest has not failed in its responsibilities in documenting the background of a great project for which it stands sponsor. We learn, by a talent for reading small print, that these eight sides are derived from 648 subjects recorded in 115 localities in a fifteen-month period during 1958 and 1959. What has been happening in the dozen years since with this material that was "produced in conjunction with UNESCO" is not clarified. Much more important is that it is now available in "electronically simulated stereo" of exceptional clarity and tonal fidelity at what must, by any standard, be described as distinctly a nominal price. The booklet includes English texts.

Trios of Chopin and Smetana

Chopin: Trio in G minor (Op. 8). **Smetana:** Trio in G minor (Op. 15). Beaux Arts Trio. Philips stereo, 6500 133, $5.98.

Just as the trios of Beethoven and Brahms, Mendelssohn and Schumann are typical of the deep, broad channel in the mainstream of music charted by will and intellect, so these works of Chopin and Smetana are absorbing examples of the by-ways and backwaters available to those whose compass was not the mind but the heart. Neither work is a stranger to the recorded literature, but it is a new kind of pleasure to have them back-to-back in performance as loving as they are understanding.

It is Axiom I of the Chopin canon that he did not begin to function fully until he hit upon those free forms—prelude, étude, ballade, call them what you will—he invented himself, or (in the case of the nocturne) adapted from the example of John Field. To that "axiom" this work of 1828, written when Chopin was all of eighteen, offers a full and final refutation. It is, needless to say, not Chopin at his most original: That measure of self-discovery was still to come. But it is completely expressive of the musical discrimination, artistic motivation, and meticulous workmanship that characterize his best work. Thus one must conclude that musical aristocracy was a hereditary rather than an acquired trait with the son of the Alsatian-born Nicholas Chopin and his Polish wife.

By the mid-1850s the possibilities of the piano-violin-cello trio had been explored not only by Beethoven and Brahms, Mendelssohn and Schumann but by one other stylist closer to Smetana than any of them. That, of course, was Franz Schubert, whose C-major Symphony Smetana knew so well that he could play every note of it by heart on the piano. It was out of love for such musical spontaneity and a unique command of the Czech folk idiom that Smetana achieved a result that made his G-minor Trio as distinctive as Chopin's. The recorded quality does total justice to both the materials and their performance. □

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THE GREAT CUBAN FIASCO

A report on the films the U.S. government confiscated

BY MARJORIE ROSEN

Is this any way to run a film festival?

To All Patrons
All handbags and packages must be opened by our staff before seating. This measure is being taken for your safety. —We hope that you enjoy the films! Thank you, Cuban Film Festival Committee.

An ominous portent it was. I was queasy. Yet there was a certain excitement and enthusiasm at the opening night of the Cuban Film Festival that stink bombs could not squelch. Nor could telephone threats or shotgun blasts from anti-Castro exiles doom its American premiere run at New York's Olympia Theatre from March 24 to April 2.

Nothing and no one could, that is, except our esteemed government, which, moments before the second-day audience was to be admitted, managed a supreme festival interruptus. As scores of ticket holders waited patiently to be frisked and taken to their seats, government representatives (under the direction of U.S. Treasury agent Eli Slotkin and Foreign Assets Control Director Stanley Summerfield) swept in with search warrants. Proclaiming that the event violated our Trading-with-the-Enemy Ban, they stole the spotlight, the headlines, and even the movies—at least those of the seven features and fifteen documentaries that they could uncache and carry. And confiscate.

And so the Cuban Film Festival became a nonevent. The problem was that it had not been granted an import license. Michael Myerson, its coordinator, had brought the films in from Canada in the fall of 1971 without declaring them at customs. His organization, American Documentary Films (for the past six years providing us with outspoken leftist films) had, however, been publicizing the event for four months. Ads and news items had appeared in national papers; a press conference had been held in December at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Nevertheless, only three weeks prior to the premiere was the festival committee informed of a need for a license. An application was duly filed. And denied.

Then the fun began. In fact, it was another *Catch-22*. Meyerson tells of this conversation with Assets Director Summerfield:

MM: "Why won't you give us a license?"

SS: "Because you refuse to reveal your sources."

MM: "If we reveal our sources, will you grant it?"

SS: "No."

MM: "Why?"

SS: "Because you're breaking the embargo."

It was the old dog-chasing-tail syndrome. The ADF was targeted. Even though they opened their books, correspondence, and bank records to government scrutiny, they were damned if they did and damned if they didn't. It is a paradox, too, that while the films were gifts—and therefore, in the most utilitarian sense, the ADF was *not* trading with the enemy, since no money was exchanged—Myerson says that the government, by its own admission, *does* allow major television networks, museums, and universities to purchase films from Cuba. This sanctioned trading with the enemy, Summerfield contends, is redeemable because it is "in the national interest." Obviously, then, eradicating the middleman and allowing the public direct access to such material, without elitist selectivity or censorship, is *not*.

Because ADF feels that the government, by strong-arming them to reveal their Canadian sources, is infringing on constitutional freedoms, it is bringing the Treasury Department to court. The suit, and the festival's future, are still pending, although a screening was scheduled for Congress late in May. At recent congressional committee hearings on Cuban-American relations, Senators Hughes and Kennedy gave keynote addresses in which they supported the festival, and Senators McGovern, Fulbright, Bayh, and Mayor Lindsay wrote letters or signed petitions in its behalf. So far to no avail.

As a result the Cuban Film Festival, which was to tour the nation after its New York run, has become a dismal shambles. More to the point, the original incendiary elements, the films, have been all but obscured.

What are they about? Are they worth the hassle? As worldwide and highly acclaimed festival winners—and presumably "art"—could their potency shake the comfortable values of audiences, transmogrifying red-eyed film buffs, Spanish-speaking housewives, and *cuchifrito* operators from New York's West Side into flaming Castroites? Could the Cuban vision of life, as reflected in these films, be so appealing that it would corrupt and endanger apple-pie America?

No.

But then mightn't I be unfair? I came to these movies with apolitical bourgeois eyes. Caring not whether the films were Communist or capitalist, I sought instead to discover how they might represent their people today. How they might entertain me. And how they might move me.

Perhaps those expectations would have seemed strange to Cuban filmmakers—strange, or irrelevant, or counterrevolutionary. For when the Cuban Film Institute (ICAIC) was organized on March 24, 1959, according to its director Alfredo Guevara, its first statement of purpose was: "Cinema is an art." But its next, and apparently more exuberant, objective was to present films as "a new weapon, a new instrument of work, one that is useful, above all, in understanding ourselves."

To understand themselves, the Cubans employ "instruments of work" like *First Charge of the Machete* (1969). Here director Manuel Octavio Gómez presents, by taking the machete as his emblem, a documentary-style history of the 1868 Cuban rebellion against Spanish rule. There are no subtly drawn human beings, just cardboard characters reeling off grievances against the oppressor. And numerous battle scenes. The film, glorifying "how we learned to use machetes and out of those crude work tools fashioned a dreadful weapon," is essentially an ode to this instrument, the great destroyer-liberator. Throughout the picture a lone singer wanders, chanting a mournful *fado*:

Kill or be killed, such is the soldier of life
His weapon is a machete
His moment is a farewell. . . .
There are forty men of the blade,
There are forty palm trees denied,
There are 400 reasons to kill the enemy,
There are 400,000 machetes
Slushing through air and through the flesh.

Is this art? Speculate for a moment on whether the festival circuit would have lauded American films had we presented a semidocumentary on the history of napalm. Or dramatized the iron beauty of the M-16. Where is the poetic vision of that? Is not art "universal"? Could the international film community be following the Third World press and suspending—or altering—artistic judgments for the sake of political protest?

In contrast to *Machete*, an attempt

Marjorie Rosen has published film criticism in *New York* and is now writing a study of a neglected aspect of the movies.

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to deal with personal relationships is made in *Lucia* (1968), and the last part of the film allows us a glimpse into the life of Cuba today. The program notes tell us that it is about "the participation of Cuban women in three historic moments of Cuba's struggle for liberation"; yet it is in truth about their continuing victimization.

Three different females, all named Lucia, symbolize three stages in Cuban liberation. Lucia I, during the 1895 war for independence from Spain, is a love-starved spinster whose Spanish fiancé desires, not her yearning body, but her family's coffee plantation. Used and then spurned by him, she develops into a murderous, half-crazed revolutionary. Director Humberto Solas, who has been hailed by Cubans as "Cuba's Eisenstein" has a lovely eye and a rich surrealist imagination, which is at its best in this first segment; Lucia I's loneliness and anguish would be touching were it not for the distracting scenes of rebellion and for the overly obvious, protracted preaching of political dogma.

Lucia II, a Europeanized child of the bourgeoisie, is revolutionized by Aldo, her lover, during the 1932-33 overthrow of the bloody and oppressive Machado dictatorship. She leaves her parents and does her small part for the underground by writing "Down with Machado" in the ladies' john of the cigar factory where she works, but marriage soon relegates her to the role of kitchen radical. This section of the film is less satisfying than the first. Lucia II is colorless and passive and never fully developed as a character, although her historical position is more relevant—that is, closer to a modern woman's—than Lucia I's. When her husband dies, she picks up her suitcase and leaves. Is she returning to her rich parents? Or going out to fight for the Cause? Solas, unwilling to get too close, explores her as neither victim nor participant but only as a shadow of her more solidly developed mate.

With Lucia III he gives us, finally, an unrestrained, comedic view of peasant life in Cuba today, but again he resists detailing it. So, while we are grateful for seeing Lucia riding to the mines with her female co-workers and for the view of town meetings, we are also disappointed that just as the film comes to life without the constrictions of propaganda, it ends. Too soon.

Flawed as it may be, *Lucia* is nevertheless an absorbing and extraordinary effort. If you stop to consider how steeped the country is in *machismo*, the film is a remarkably venturesome study of the role of women in Cuban society. Although none of the Lucias is truly liberated, our Victorian heroine does turn her back on convention to have an affair with her Spaniard; 1932's Lucia does give up wealth to stand by her idealistic and doomed man; and modern Lucia does live in a society where work, as Carlyle long ago suggested, is the dignity of the soul. Cleverly, director Solas makes Lucia III the easiest character for the Cuban viewer to identify with. Unlike her historical counterparts, she is neither wealthy nor educated, neither a cipher nor a shadow, but deliberately the most vivacious and appealing of the trio. When her husband bullies her, she is at first amused and tells her friends, "He says he's the revolution—what can I do?" But a handsome teacher feeds her frustration and discontent, and the couple part; neither has the strength, however, to stay apart for long.

Conversely, her husband Tomas cuts such a ridiculous figure that he becomes a figure of farce. He is possessive of his wife the way capitalists are possessive of their property. "I want you to obey me," he orders. "That's what a wife is for. You're mine forever." The good comrades of the community warn him, "Times have changed. You can't treat your wife like a slave." But Tomas, the oppressive buffoon, won't listen. By setting him up this way, Solas presents Cubans with a useful profeminist philosophy they find hard to reject, despite their deep-rooted heritage of male supremacy. The audience laughs at the caricature of foolish *machismo* without feeling threatened; more important, they learn from the comic situation without having to sit through meaningless, boring rhetoric. Humor here is a useful tool.

Even in Cuba, home of "machismo," women's liberation is the subject of one major movie.

It is also an essential ingredient of *The Adventures of Juan Quinquin* (1967), an often-charming guerrilla-style spoof of spaghetti Westerns, which fluctuates between broad slapstick and serious revolutionary exposition. Actor Julio Martinez gives us an engaging Juan, the prerevolutionary flim-flam man, a jack-of-all-trades who ekes out a meager living as altar boy, carny man, bullfighter, and tiller of the soil until he is forced by boisterous, cartoonish imperialists into becoming a revolutionary Everyman.

Director Julio Garcia Espinosa must be credited for opening up this situation to wildly silly comedy. At one point Juan gets caught in the machinery of the sugar mill; at another he escapes the clutches of the Evil Homosexual mill owner by jumping out a window and onto a waiting horse. By interspersing far-fetched fun with political moralizing and mawkish contrivances, however, the film becomes a disorienting experience.

Nevertheless, ICAIC releases only one or two feature films a year, and no Cuban director worth his weight in sugar cane would let slip by the most remote chance for revolutionary preachment. As *Juan* proceeds, we see that it is not to be just a Good-Guys-and-Bad-Guys burlesque. Godardesque titles and pop comic strips flash like fence posts to steer our minds toward business in the midst of pleasure. Then the serious stuff: Juan's sidekick Joseph and a pretty girl who shelters him from the enemy are killed. Finally, our hero responds. He is thoroughly radicalized.

And we are thoroughly exhausted. For these imperialist eyes, neither the spoof nor the guerrilla theorizing work. Sadly, I might add, for Juan's genuine charm had given me hopes for something more. Even as a clown-hero, our involvement in him is not sustained. He no more indicates the evolution of the guerrilla mentality than would Gene Autry with Pat Butram by his side. He is no more an integral part of Cuba's vision of life today than the glossy Elliott Gould radical in *Getting Straight* was part of ours.

Memories of Underdevelopment (1968) also deals with a protagonist not essentially of present-day Cuba, but it is possibly the only film at the festival that in part succeeds in maturely dissecting the feelings and involvements of its nonhero. Sergio, however, is a characteristically safe subject for intimacy, for he is a dinosaur of the old regime, an intellectual misfit brooding about life and his own inertia. Electing to stay in Cuba in 1961 while his bourgeois friends and family flee, our existential nonhero wanders through the story, musing about his simple-minded peasant girl, Elena: "I try to live like a European and Elena forces me to feel the underdevelopment." Her slovenliness, her primitivism, her not being able to learn or relate concepts are for him signs of underdevelopment—in women and in nations. But Sergio is equally unable to relate to changes in his country. Only a year later, stripped by the government of his wealth, does he mutter, "I can't understand what's happening. I'm old now, like rotten fruit . . . , like an elegant vegetable with monstrous leaves and no fruit."

Director Tomás Gutierrez Alea handles, surprisingly, Sergio's situation relatively gently, treating him more as an aberrant child than as a menace to the regime. As Sergio becomes more of

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a misfit, we cannot help but sympathize. And herein lies the film's unusual dichotomy: The careful elaboration of Sergio's struggle (or lack of same) to survive becomes a subtle assault on Cuban intolerance. After all, he *did* opt to remain in Cuba, hoping the government would eradicate the underdevelopment that so repelled him. Unfortunately, he was (spiritually) eradicated first.

Director Alea, like his brother filmmakers, weakens the dramatic and artistic content of the protagonist's decline by bombarding the viewer with endless political dialogue and repetitious propaganda. This is the most objectionable and gratuitous distraction of Cuban cinema. Yet it is quite deliberate, for according to Alfredo Guevara, head of ICAIC, the primary task of Cuban film is to "educate this public to understand nuances, educate them to the full significance of the political, social, and historical problems of the treatment of character."

> Cuban directors seek "to demystify the cinema, to work, in a way, against our power, to reveal all the tricks."

Just as deliberate is the Cuban filmmakers' tendency to maintain distance from their subject matter. Says Guevara, their intent is "to demystify the cinema for the entire population, to work, in a way, against our power, to reveal all the tricks, all the recourses of language, to dismantle all the mechanisms of cinematographic hypnosis. All the cinematographic movement supports this. We have a television program once a week called *24 a Second*, in which we explain the movie techniques, all the tricks that the cinema uses, especially the commercial cinema, to strike at the sensitivity of the spectator, to grip the spectator, and eventually to mock him."

Film historians might equate this special abhorrence of commercial cinema with the sorry state of Cuban movies before ICAIC was set up. Crude pornography, American imports, and trashy imitations of Hollywood musicals were then the chief fare. The public loved it. "This is a public that still looks for this kind of product," admits Guevara, "that feels lost without it, even though it knows better politically." Commercial European cinema is still with the people. But Cuban national cinema is perhaps its exact antithesis—ruthless in disseminating dogma, tedious in reiterating it, and short on entertainment-for-entertainment's sake. Emotionalism, involvement, and sentiment thus become the demon tools of commercialism and the prime targets of wary Cuban directors.

However, these same men are not above using obtrusive technical gimmicks or structural tricks to expound their own philosophy. Such tricks, it is interesting to note, would never be permitted in Russia; there the doctrine of Socialist Realism forbids all experimental high jinks, dismissing them as "decadent formalism" bound to confuse the masses. Cuban esthetics, oddly enough, is comprised of a strange blend of Marxist slogans and avant-garde techniques, derived in part from the fact that Cuba's intelligentsia before the revolution was strongly influenced by the Parisian art world. And because, for the general populace, "art" was heretofore virgin territory, it has been easy for many people to embrace the new forms by which filmmakers promulgate their ideology.

Only in the Cuban short subjects and nonmilitant documentaries do we truly glimpse without philosophical or historical constrictions the people of the nation today. The three shorts I saw were immensely affecting. *For the First Time* (1966) is a tiny jewel that explains the function of the Cuban mobile movie units, trucks bringing films to schools by day and to peasant associations and distant villages at night. Children and adults who've never before seen a movie are asked what they think a movie is: "It's something important and very beautiful," replies one woman. "I think it might be a party or a dance or something," says a child. One girl simply bursts out crying. Then Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times* (interesting choice in its subtle condemnation of capitalism) is screened for a virgin audience, and the camera captures spontaneous impressions. Wizened old men and four-year-old babes alike light up with laughter and sympathy. The Little Tramp (circa 1936) speaks the universal language.

No proselytizing here. Simple and straightforward, in a matter of minutes (twelve), director Octavio Cortazar speaks poignantly—of poverty, of education, of uniting a people through art, or propaganda, if you will. And without hours and reels of endless tedium.

Cyclon (1963), another excellent short, dramatizes the country's mobilization against the greatest reactionary of all: the elements. We see the peasants picking cotton and potatoes, feeding the pigs. We see the machines. Then the cyclone, and the grim floods that follow it. And the aftermath—death, wreckage, the homeless and the hungry, poor people without resources who must rebuild their lives. Director Santiago Alvarez in twenty-two minutes involves us with the pathos of those who are—once again—victims. This film, too, speaks for itself.

History of a Ballet (1962) is a twenty-minute short explaining the ethnic origins of the national dance, the yimi-yah. The teeming throngs of dancers, the passionate chanting of the music, the peasants who make the Yoruba celebration a part of their lives, are all a joy to watch. And while this is a limited aspect of Cuban life, it imparts to us a sense of the nation's vitality, its cultural pride. The film, which takes us out to the people with enthusiasm and without political platitudes, captures, finally, a sense of connection between Cuba and her Latin American neighbors.

Cuba is anxious to reach out to the other Latin countries with its films; indeed, Guevara speaks for Cuba when he says, "We have always wanted this to be the basic starting point of our work. Latin Americans speaking to Latin Americans. We do not direct ourselves only to a society that is building socialism, but also to a continent that fights for liberation as well as for socialism."

Although Latin Americans may react favorably to the Cuban cinema of depersonalization and dogma, their own films are generally more unrestrained and honest in dealing with present-day realities. Gianni Amico's *Tropici* (Brazil, 1969) is, for instance, as pointed in its comment on poverty, as angry in its condemnation of the symbols of capitalism—like Krupp, Volkswagen, American gas, cars, tires, and banks—but it involves us with the people. The film follows a fictional couple, Miguel and Maria, on their migrant trek in search of work. The futility that they and their two small children experience becomes a searing indictment of the social order. When Miguel gets a job on construction of the São Paulo Hilton, and the family settles into a nearby shantytown, the contrast between the hotel and the slum is certainly more harrowing and enlightening than all the Cubans' historical and ideological acrobatics. While *Tropici* is by no means a perfect film, it does depict pain, poverty, and the need for change in eloquent and real terms. Therein lies its success.

Yet I wonder how the Latin people would react to the rigidly structured, distancing, and ascetic Cuban vision? I wonder, too, how Americans would react. And I think it unfortunate—no, *criminal*—that these films, be they art or propaganda or entertainment or trash, cannot be shown. Let audiences bring to them what they will and take from them what they can. *But let the films be shown!* □

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Kandinsky at the Guggenheim

A NEW VIEW OF VASILY

The Russian painter is still esteemed for his early abstractions. Now his later work is looking better than ever.

BY DAVID BOURDON

A pair of feet in scuffed brown shoes takes three giant strides across the movie screen. An octopuslike creature with plastic skin slowly inflates until its wormy, pink head and blue-and-green tentacles bob high above the floor. A pair of large, white disks, representing human profiles, glides like colossal aspirins across the stage. Meanwhile, dancers dart in and out, cerise clouds (filmed in fast motion) churn wildly as they speed across the horizon, strobe lights flicker, amplifiers emit roaring drones and, finally—a few bursts of blinding yellow light.

This phantasmagoria appeared recently in a technologically updated, but altogether too gimmicky, adaptation of *The Yellow Sound*, an experimental theater piece written by the Russian painter Vasily Kandinsky in 1909, long before there were such things as Dada theatricals and psychedelic light shows. *The Yellow Sound* received its much-belated world premiere at New York's Guggenheim Museum, in conjunction with the opening of a summer-long exhibition of 133 of Kandinsky's oils, watercolors, and prints.

Of the half-dozen or so most innovative painters of the early twentieth century, Kandinsky is probably the most difficult to understand and the hardest to warm up to. Much of his work still grates on the senses, appearing unresolved, too didactic or capricious. The only consensus about Kandinsky is that sometime between 1910 and 1913 he produced some of the earliest totally abstract paintings, and that he is primarily important for the pivotal role he played in the transition from representational to abstract painting.

By most accounts, Kandinsky was an aloof, intimidating intellectual who indulged in mystical ruminations and theoretical writings. He was seldom moved by external events, yet managed to be in a lot of exciting places at the right time. Born in Moscow in 1866, he was past forty when he started making his first important paintings in Munich. In 1911 he cofounded the Blue Rider, which for the next few years flourished as one of the most important art associations in Germany. At the outbreak of World War I, he returned to Russia, where he occupied himself during the revolutionary years by devising innovative (but never adopted) programs for art education. When the Russian art bureaucracy started taking a dim view of abstract art in 1921, Kandinsky returned to Germany, where he taught at the Bauhaus until it was closed down by the Nazis in 1933. By then in his late sixties, he sought refuge in Paris, where he remained until his death in 1944.

Kandinsky's career is usually divided into three periods, corresponding to the years he spent in prewar Munich, at the Bauhaus, and in Paris. The early period in Munich has always received the most attention and widest acclaim, because the paintings he made there so vividly demonstrate his evolution from realism into abstraction. Few of these paintings now look as abstract as they must have appeared then; in fact, many of them are quite recognizably landscapes. The swatches of arbitrary color and the energetically kinky lines are like shorthand notations, sketchy summaries of steep mountains, winding rivers, domed church towers, galloping horses, and reclining figures.

Still, it is easy to understand why these works became so significant to the American Abstract Expressionist painters of the Forties and Fifties. They claimed Kandinsky as an ancestor and, in doing so, provided their own work with a pedigree.

But it is the paintings of Kandinsky's later periods, particularly the predominantly geometric works produced at the Bauhaus that, taken as a whole, now look stronger and the most fully realized of all. To many viewers these pictures still look "unresolved," almost incoherently structured, with too many disparate elements careening every which way. But a number of these pictures are quite intricately balanced, and some display a sprightly wit. *In the Black Square* (1923) features a lopsided black border, a trapezoidal framing device that makes all the elements within spatially ambiguous. Inside the border Kandinsky has concocted a zany arrangement of straight

"The Yellow Sound" (below) is a little-known theater piece by Vasily Kandinsky, the famous Russian artist who helped pioneer abstract painting. "In the Black Square" (right, top) was painted in 1923, when he was teaching at the Bauhaus in Germany. "Fragment" (right, below) was painted in Paris in 1943, the year before his death.

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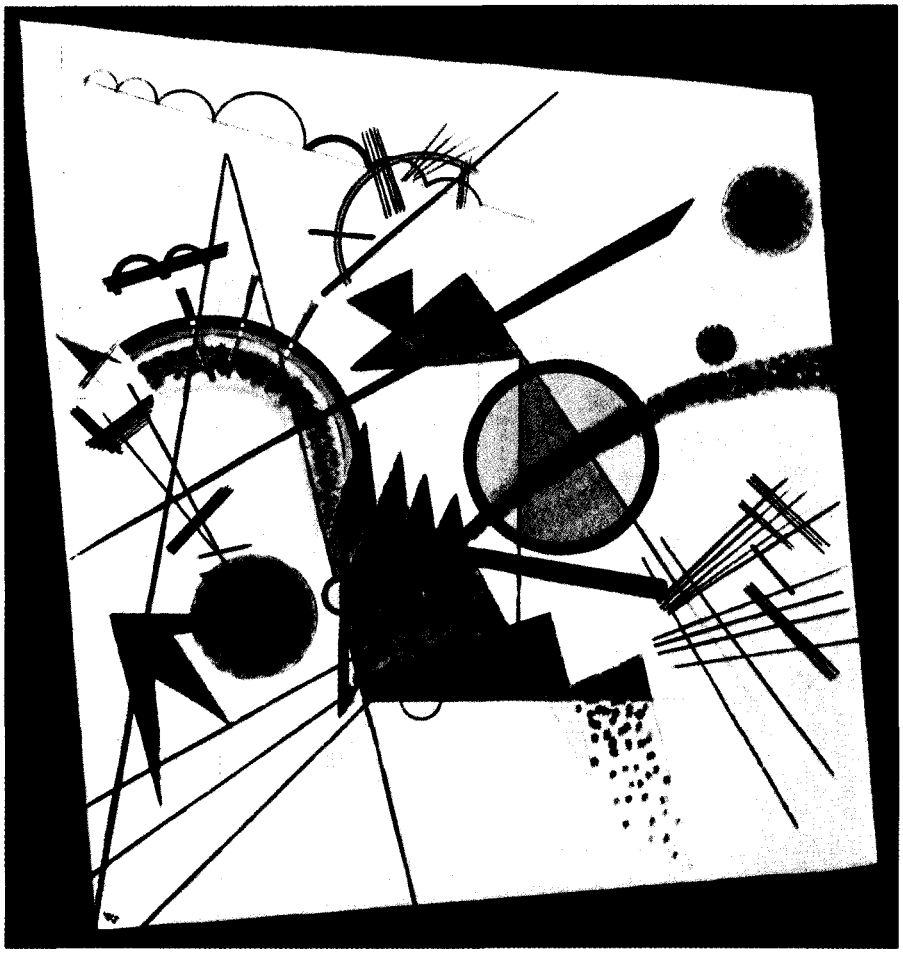
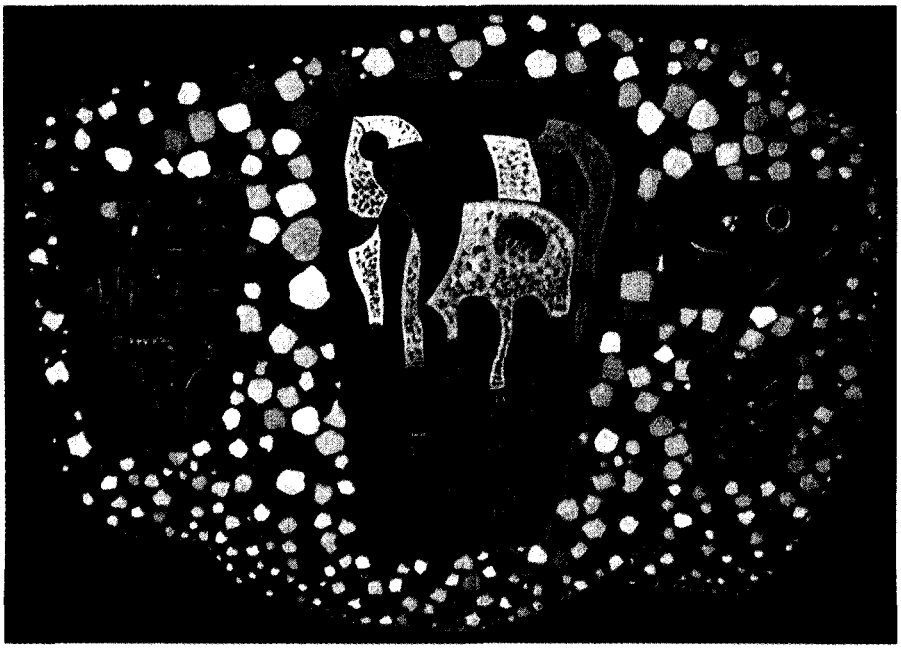
and converging lines, curves with hard and soft contours, and arpeggiolike clusters of triangles and semicircles. There is almost no uniformity in the application of the paint, which varies from neatly drawn lines that would seem at home on an engineer's blueprint to evenly colored triangles and smudged, sooty-looking areas of black. The entire thrust of the composition veers toward the upper left, which may or may not relate to Kandinsky's theory that forms placed near the top of a picture appear lighter and freer than if placed below, and that forms placed on the left side appear to be more "adventurous" and going "into the distance" while those on the right suggest a certain "fatigue" and an inclination to be going "toward home."

During the so-called Paris period, Kandinsky's work became increasingly surrealist. His precise, geometric configurations gave way to wavy, biomorphic forms, and his canvases fairly swarm with bizarre amoeboid and embryonic figures. His compositions became more uniformly patterned but, at the same time, more fragmented. He expanded his range of colors, making them more subtle and idiosyncratic, and he displayed an unflagging nerviness in the way he used them, as when he contrasted chalky, almost luminous tints of yellow and green with somber shades of purple and brown.





By this time Kandinsky had long since stepped aside from whatever place he occupied in the forefront of modern art, but he was still producing highly original, if eccentric, paintings that were bringing his already confounding body of work to an even more bewildering conclusion. One of the most ominous works of his last years is *Fragment*, which was painted in 1943 when art materials were so hard to come by in occupied Paris that Kandinsky found himself having to prepare his own pigments and even to paint on small pieces of cardboard and wood. *Fragment*, which is possibly an elegy, shows an irregularly shaped mosaic resembling flagstone, interrupted by a few panels that suggest windows, or graves seen from above. The center panel contains a monstrous, segmented creature with elephantlike trunk and tentaclelike limbs. Whatever the creature is (or was), it could reproduce itself, as indicated by the fetus.

The current exhibition, which is drawn from the Guggenheim's own collection, is certainly comprehensive. But it is also a disturbing reminder that in recent years the Guggenheim has disposed of its "surplus" Kandinskys, in what is euphemistically known in museum parlance as "de-accessioning." Since the museum was founded in 1937, it has always owned more works by Kandinsky than by any other artist. Eventually, according to the Guggenheim's director, Thomas M. Messer, "the ratio of Kandinsky's works in the collection as a whole began to seem excessive." Consequently, in 1964 the museum sold fifty of Kandinsky's oils for $1.5 million; last year it sold an additional thirteen oils and thirty-three watercolors for $2 million. The $3.5-million sum may sound handsome, but it will soon sound ridiculously low. Even now it would not suffice to buy back those very same works in a still-rising market. Needless to say, there is no guarantee that the Guggenheim will succeed in balancing its collection with works of comparable quality by equally important artists. Admittedly, the Guggenheim's "carefully pruned" selection of Kandinsky's works is still one of the best in the world. But it is not as peerless as it could have been. □

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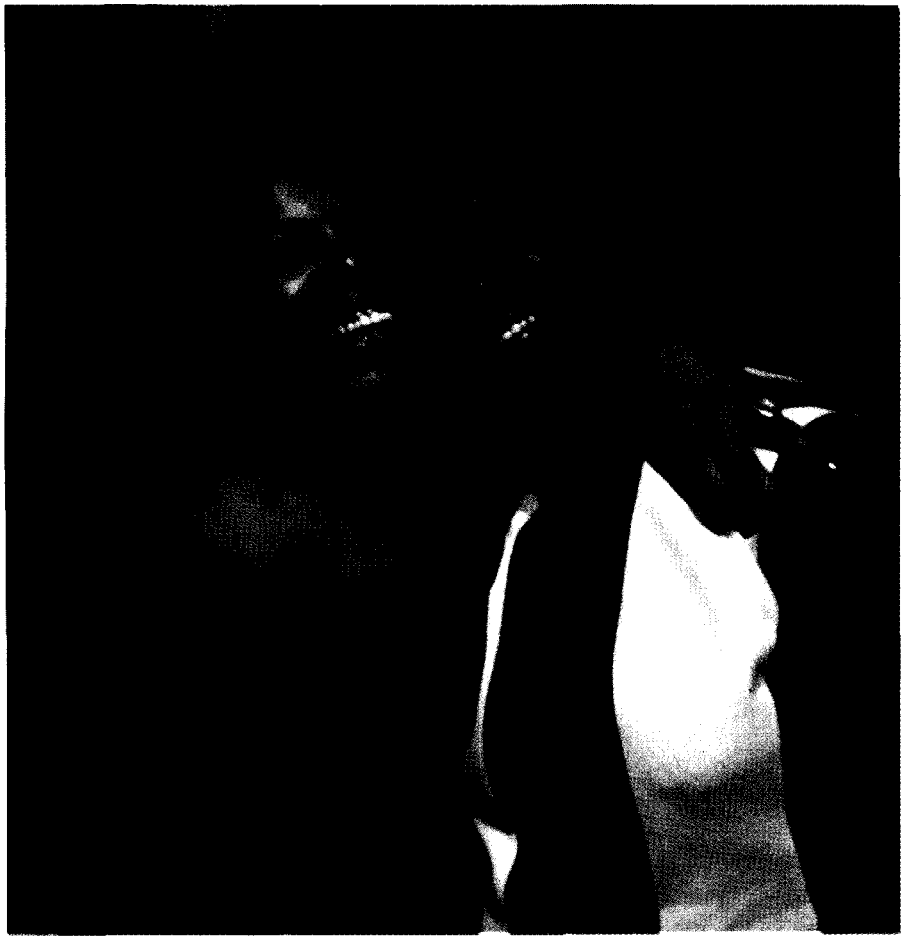
UNRAVELING ROBERTA

A suburban, peace-loving woman at home, a stick of dynamite on stage, Roberta Flack is today's biggest new singing star.

BY ELEANOR MOORE



Roberta has a laugh with her mother but grows pensive as she talks politics (right).

Roberta Flack is centerstage, snaking into the introduction to "Reverend Lee." "This is a song about a very *big, strong, black, sexy* Southern Baptist minister who thinks that he has his program all together. Until he runs up against a lady who shows him he *ain't* got it together! His name is Reverend Doctor Lee. . . ."

Hips and eyes rolling, Roberta swings through the verses about Satan's seductive daughter, tugging at times to keep her oversized Afro wig from flying off her head. In a final ecstasy she hits the moaning refrain, "Rever-end Lee, Reverend Lee, oh, do it to me, Reverend Lee, do it, do it, do it to me. . . ."

"Reverend Lee" © 1970, Lonport Music Corp.

Twelve years ago Roberta Flack was studying operatic vocal technique. As a joke, she belted out a popular tune for Wilkie Wilkerson, her voice teacher. Wilkerson was stunned: "I said right out, 'Roberta, you should be singing this sort of stuff instead.' She was hurt. Destroyed. She ran out crying, and I didn't see her again for over a month." But when Roberta returned, she started singing that sort of stuff earnestly enough to gain an underground following at Mr. Henry's, a Washington nightclub. Within the past three years she has gone from cult to commercial, to hits, awards, and TV specials. This year she won *Downbeat*'s reader poll as the nation's number-one female vocalist (an honor Ella Fitzgerald held for the previous eighteen years). In the spring she won a gold record and gained national prominence with a number-one hit single, "The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face." In fact, she has become such a big star that her July 8 New York concert will be held in Yankee Stadium.

Roberta must be unraveled like a big and fuzzy ball of yarn. Backstage she takes off her huge wig and becomes an enigma. When you first meet her, she's full of soul and "sugahs," but like most of us, she isn't at all what she seems. One explanation for her complexity is her many talents. She was recently at a New York recording studio, helping a friend (Wayne Davis) pull his first album into shape. More than mere producer, she was musician, on-the-spot lyricist, arranger, and queen psycho-coaxer of the best performance the group could give. Back in the control booth, sipping brandy and smoking cigarettes, she said, "Honey, this'll probably be the easiest interview you ever had to do. I don't talk except *all* the time."

So pack up for a visit to her Arlington, Virginia, home to lie back and listen.

"You're lost, okay. What street? Ellie, I'm *never* home, so I have trouble finding the house myself. Drive back to the railroad station, call me back, and I can give you directions from there."

Roberta lives in a mazy, white, middle-class suburb of Washington. "It's nice, but not too fancy, just like me." At home she is freewheeling and anecdotal, the jiviest lady on the block.

Entering the Flack house for the first time is like taking a dip in a whirlpool. Flurries of motion careen and tear about. Roberta's love for animals knows no bounds, not even local zoning laws, which restrict homeowners to three pets apiece. Her present flock numbers nine. There are cats: Persians, Siamese-Manx combos, a calico,

Eleanor Moore is a young freelance writer who is currently working on several stories about show business personalities.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD HOWARD

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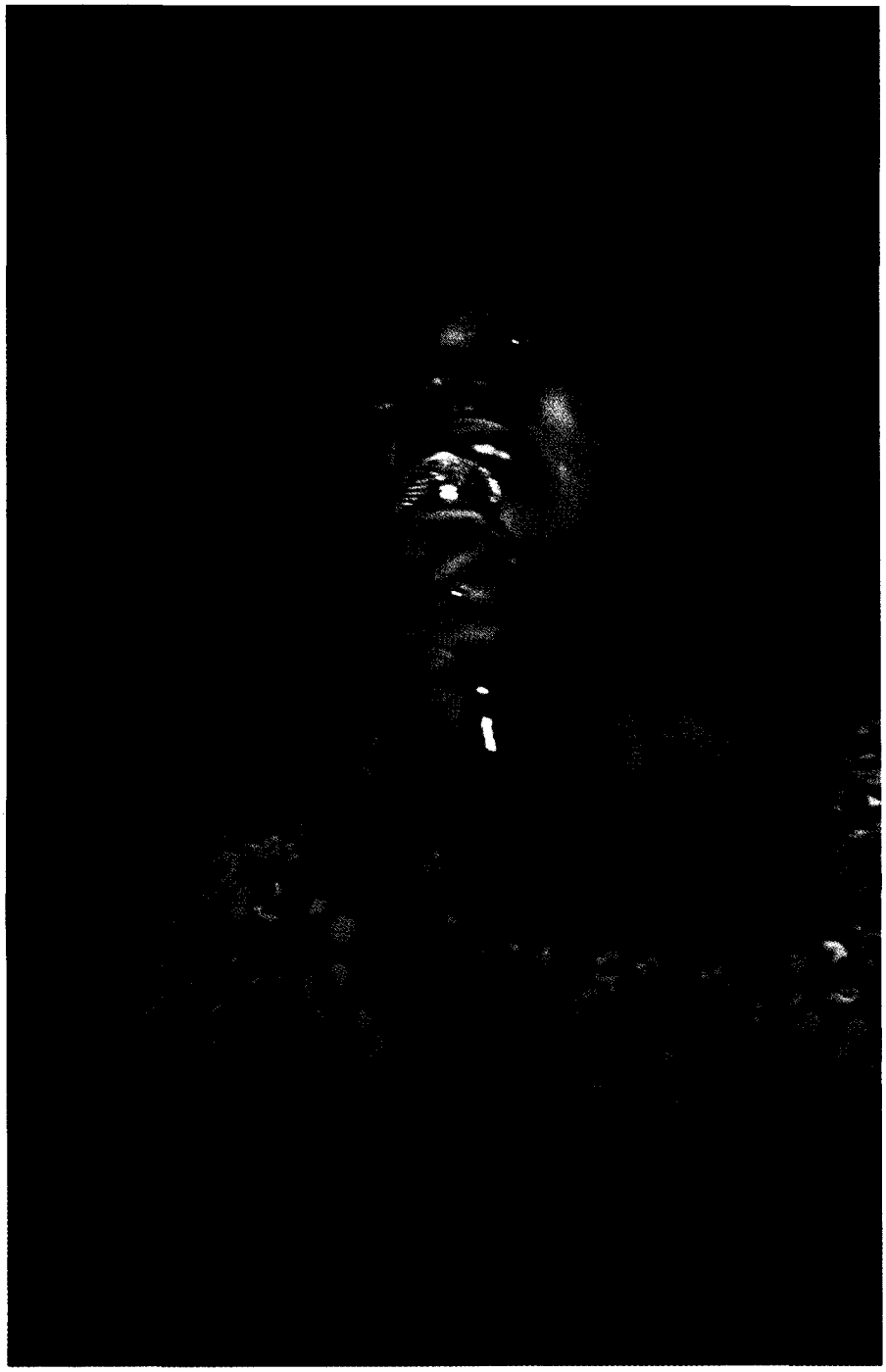

During the recent Roberta Flack Human Kindness Day, the singer entertained the thousands of people who had congregated in Washington, D.C., to pay her their respects. The backdrop behind her was painted by local school children and decorated with hearts, faces, and letters.

and an alley. There are dogs, too, harder to describe. One was supposed to be a Saint Bernard, but the vet laughed at Roberta when she brought him in and told her, "On a good day he'll look like a collie behind the left ear."

The animals are a brood of supercharged subject changers, and Roberta feels most comfortable when she's changing the subject. "O.J.," she shouts at an orange cat, "what have you done to Ellie's pants? Oh, child! Let me find you my Miracle Brush. Gets rid of hair in a minute." Roberta, come back! When she returns, a string of grand and petty catastrophes begins to pile up on the long-distance line. A guitarist has lost his arrangements. Mr. Kelly's, the Chicago jazz club, is threatening Roberta with a lawsuit. Someone in San Francisco is talking about a mutual friend's recent suicide. Each call receives the attention it deserves and always an instinctive blend of down-home wisdom and affection. To her San Francisco caller she offers, "I love you very much. Give yourself time to get over this, and then just keep on stepping, keep on stepping."

Roberta admits with some embarrassment that she has just returned from the Golden Door, that rich-lady diet spa in California.

"But that's where Lady Bird Johnson went!"

"Shut up, girl! I'll tell you one thing. I promised myself and ten other influential white people, including God, that I would never spend two thousand dollars to get somebody to starve me to death. I felt so bad. I thought about all the children and all the animals in the world, and I said, 'This is so bad. It goes against everything I believe.'"

The Golden Door is a million nutritive miles from the Washington ghetto in which Roberta grew up. "We were

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not poor in spirit. This is the typical black answer these days, but it's true. It's taken me this long in my life to realize that! Even if all we had to eat was beans and corn bread, we had plenty of it, and I never went hungry. If I did, food was replaced by something else, which I got from my mother and father."

It was a Mrs. Hightower in her church who first recognized Roberta's musical talent and who sponsored piano lessons with the best teacher in Washington. But it was Roberta's father who literally found the family's first piano—in a junk yard. He brought that old upright home and painted it a high shade of lime-green, not too far off from the shade of Roberta's present living room. The smell of rat urine ("junk-yard dew") rising in waves whenever the keys were hit, Roberta still remembers vividly: "It was putrid. But how he loved that piano!"

What now? Roberta's band arrives to practice some new Stevie Wonder material (she stayed up most of last night arranging it). She sits at a big, black grand made in Vienna that dominates her living room. This piano is classier than the old upright, but at least some bits of the past remain unchanged. For instance, Roberta's mother—who lives with her and minds the pets when Roberta is on the road—is out in the kitchen, cooking up a soul-food storm.

Roberta is clucky and professional with her band (three dogs are standing on the terrace looking in, tails wagging up-tempo): "We don't even have it down, baby. Later we can get into dynamics. . . . Don't make corrections on the piano! . . . We're going to do this number one more time, then we're going to eat, cuz my mother wants to feed you. She's tired and wants to take her girdle off."

After dinner Mrs. Flack plays hymns on the piano, becoming very hammy, a parody of the sensitive, spiritual church performer, fluttering her eyelids. Roberta cracks up, but she's also touching her mother's shoulder lovingly. They're passing notes between them. It's a silly moment as the mother plays to amuse her famous daughter.

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"I'm not a violent person. As strongly as I believe in the black struggle, I know that my best bet is to express this through music."

But beyond the clowning and laughter are hints of the strength and understanding that have brought Roberta this far.

Hints, glimpses, a swirl of motion, unfinished sentences—all of these scattered bits of Roberta's life begin to form a coherent picture on the concert stage. She is no longer trying to change the subject; she has *become* the subject. She sits at her piano, bouncing up and down in the glad spots, weaving her expressions around the music, dropping her eyes for the love and sadness, punching a big note by raising a finger or a fist. She is always reworking her material, changing it, modifying the phrasing here, quickening the beat there. In person she's a much fuller performer than on records, because you can see her, you can watch that mobile face and body, and sense the bringing-it-home blend of honesty and humor.

Recently she brought a predominantly white audience of college students in Massachusetts to its feet with her first number. For one moment those Bridgewater State kids understood what she was singing about: "In this whole world there are millions of boys and girls who are young, gifted, and black—that's a fact! . . . So when *you're feeling low, be proud and say,* 'I am young, gifted, and black.'" The audience stands, stunned, *not* clapping. Finally, with raised fist, her addendum, "You better know it, baby." The ovation begins. Roberta can make and break spells.

"To Be Young, Gifted and Black" © 1969, Ninandy Music Company.

Seven years of formal teaching experience in the Washington school system help. In fact, she considers herself once and always a teacher: "There are particular qualities that make you a teacher: the ability and desire to impart knowledge. And adjusting to people's responses. Entertaining is basically the same thing. The fact that I'm up there is like a classroom situation. What the people get out of it might be difficult to test, but you can assume they've learned something. I feel the same kind of urgency to respond to these people that I felt with my students."

Roberta refuses to see herself as a political force. An old friend, Avery Morrison, used to say, "You know, Roberta, you sing protest songs, but you sing them with love." This is frankly her intention. "What Avery said stuck with me because I'm not a violent person. As strongly as I believe in the black struggle, or anyone's struggle, for equality and just basic human rights, I know that my best bet is to express this through music. A song like "Go Up, Moses" is real, so in that sense I am political. But I wouldn't go out and endorse so-and-so for President. I think that's very bad, man."

Paul Newman endorsing McCloskey —now that's okay, Newman's *so* sexy, but seriously, "Those white kids are the majority, and they have the power to go back later and impeach their man. Black people just don't have this power. Black people cannot afford that luxury."

Fittingly, the city of Washington recently celebrated Roberta Flack Human Kindness Day. More fittingly, after the Congressional Black Caucus, the speeches, the awards, and official dinner hoopla, the day was intended as a showcase for young artists and musicians who haven't made it yet.

The day began formally at the Kennedy Cultural Center with a breakfast honoring Roberta. Forty of us bunched together in the long, red-carpeted hall, nobody with too much to say at eight o'clock Saturday morning. Mrs. Polk Guest, looking every inch the tall, lean Junior League sustainer, but actually chairman of the Friends of the Center, was charming and tried to make everyone—black, white, hip, or sleepy—feel somewhat at ease. But where was Roberta? For over an hour Roger L. Stevens, William McCormick Blair, and the rest of us waited in front of the Kennedy bust (which looked as if it might be tired, too).

Mrs. Guest, a little brittle by 9:30, led us upstairs to the sausages and eggs we'd been sniffing. But what about the award? "I suppose we can pray after eating as well as before," she muttered.

But then Roberta and a gaggle of relatives and employees made their entrance. It was the beginning of a dismally rainy day that saw the parade and other outdoor events canceled. It was the beginning of a curiously moving tribute stripped of the impersonal gold braid such occasions customarily require.

Roberta set the tone when she interrupted an introduction thanking us all for getting up so early in the morning. Poised beside the buffet table, she cut in loudly and clearly, "All of us *can't*!" The room was leveled, and the ice on the sausages melted.

Then Roberta introduced her family. When she got to her two sisters, she explained, "Ingrid has my rear and LaRene my face. Put them together and you've got me."

The breakfast turned into a spontaneous generation of old friends getting up and talking to the room about Roberta, swapping Roberta stories. As one man put it, "What a woman! Check it out right now. Don't wait till she's ninety. Let's drop it on her now."

The next day Roberta gave a free concert in the park. The mayor of Washington was there, proffering the key to the city, saying things like, "She's made it, but she's never forgotten us. Since I've been in office, she's come back every summer." Mrs. Flack was onstage, too, looking affluent in a mink stole. You could almost get the wrong idea—a sort of D.C. caste-and-class event.

The stage was set up in front of the Lincoln Memorial in Sylvan Park, and the audience, mostly black and numbering in the thousands, was backed up to the memorial. They were there for Roberta. They booed the black mayor, they booed every act that went on before Roberta—most of them unknowns being given their big chance—but they waited quietly while Roberta presented citations to school children for their essays on human kindness.

When Roberta started singing that day, all the flunkies and publicity flacks who promote and distort these occasions seemed distant. There was just one performer up on stage, and the lady symbolized many things to an audience that has little else. She began with, "When you're down and out, you've got a friend, ain't it good to know . . . ?" And by this time they were singing along, because they know *those* words all right.

Then she did "Go Up, Moses," the strongest song she's got, written by herself, Jesse Jackson, and Joel Dorn. The refrain runs, "Go up, Moses, you been down too long," in a slow, rhythmic Afro-chant, repeated over and over, building and gaining intensity, framing verses of instruction:

My people, let Pharaoh go.
You don't need him, you don't need his tricks, you don't need his trinkets.
My people, let Pharaoh go.
Pharaoh doesn't want you, but he needs you.
Without you there is no Pharaoh, so let him go.
Just wake up tomorrow morning and say, 'bye, Pharaoh.'

"Go Up, Moses," copyright pending. Used by permission of Black Sapphire.

The amplified bass underscored "bye" with a low wail. And Roberta repeated the words, "You been down too long," hands raised to the sky. □

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Not Too Pro for Posterity

BY JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

THE LATE JOHN MARQUAND: A Biography
by Stephen Birmingham
Lippincott, 322 pp., $10

John P. Marquand is not exactly in the forefront of literary consciousness at the present time. The young do not read him and, if they did, would surely dismiss him as counterrevolutionary. One needs to be at least forty-five to have been sentient enough through the period of his greatest fame—from about 1937 to 1958—to remember the kind of books he wrote and the large impact they had on the reading public of those years. Yet even if one does remember, it is still immensely difficult to bring his image into clear focus.

Part of the problem is that Marquand seems to fit none of the somber categories in which we normally entomb literary reputations for posterity. There is, in fact, more than a faint air of meretriciousness about him. His best fiction seemed too facile to be considered profound, and much of it was far too popular to be taken seriously by the kind of people who might have been in a position to judge how very well written and profound his work could be. He was a disciplined literary professional, and if he had lived in Victorian England, he would undoubtedly have been admired for being just that. But in a country where the usual synonym for literary professional is hack, it has been easy enough for critics to condemn him for his craft and ignore his very considerable substance.

Unfortunately, there was at one time some justice in this because Marquand actually began his career as a hack. In 1922 his first book, a florid historical novel called *The Unspeakable Gentleman*, was bought by *Ladies' Home Journal* for the then considerable sum of $2,000. Over the next fifteen years he turned out large quantities of slick formula fiction for the *Journal*, *Cosmopolitan*, and *The Saturday Evening Post* and made a reputation of sorts as the author of a series of thrillers about Mr. Moto, a delightful, pre-Pearl Harbor Japanese spy, whose exploits enchanted millions of readers and were re-created in films starring Peter Lorre. Marquand was never entirely forgiven for having become a writer in this way, nor was his cause enhanced by his frequent and evidently quite guiltless assertions that he wrote in those years simply to make money and—what was much worse—that he immensely enjoyed the kind of writing he was doing.

It is not surprising, therefore, that when, very suddenly in 1937 with the appearance of *The Late George Apley*, Marquand began to show symptoms of trying to be a serious novelist, he met with some real skepticism, which may or may not have been tempered by the fact that the novel won him the Pulitzer Prize. Yet in eight more novels published during the next twenty years, he persuaded at least some of his critics that he was indeed serious, at the same time that he proved to himself that he could write for art quite as enjoyably as he could write for money—and make much more money in the process. *Wickford Point*; *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*; *So Little Time*; *B.F.'s Daughter*; *Point of No Return*; *Melville Goodwin, U.S.A.*; *Sincerely, Willis Wayde*, and *Women and Thomas Harrow* were all widely read. Several were very large commercial successes; and the best of them were works of genuine depth and artistry. Taken together, they constitute an impressive body of fiction, perhaps the most important series of novels about American society produced during the wartime and immediate postwar periods. One cannot help wondering why they are not remembered as such at the present time.

Surely, some clue to an answer is to be found in the ambiguities that still cling to and obscure Marquand's position in our literature. It is not merely that ultimate questions about his artistic stature were never completely resolved during his lifetime and have not been resolved today. The problem is more exactly that Marquand was a serious writer who, for reasons of artistic intention or temperament, was not serious in most of the ways we have been programed to recognize. For example, he does not appear to belong to the modernist tradition at all, at least not in any conventional sense, nor does he display the usual stigmata by which we validate our conception of the modern. Even though, remarkably enough, he was only four or five years older than Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Dos Passos, he seems a century removed from them in both experience and metaphysics. Yet Marquand was deeply and personally affected by World War I, in which he saw as much action as Hemingway saw. He had a knowledge of the society of the very rich that was more comprehensive and accurate than Fitzgerald's. He had as much understanding of the oppressive structures of the capitalist system as Dos Passos had, and he expressed his understanding without the political dogmatism that marred so much of Dos Passos's fiction. Perhaps of all his contemporaries, the writer Marquand most closely resembles is Sinclair Lewis, whose work he, in fact, greatly admired. Yet there are grounds for believing that Marquand was in many ways a better novelist than Lewis and had more perceptive things to say about the life of his time. He was certainly a much more effective satirist, particularly in the sense that he was never guilty, as Lewis so often was, of producing caricature when he intended characterization.

But Marquand *was* guilty of seeming to work outside the fashionable styles

John W. Aldridge's latest essay collection is *The Devil in the Fire*.

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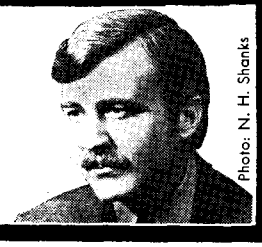

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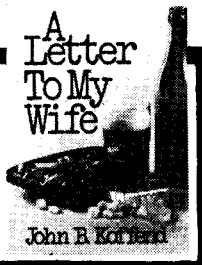

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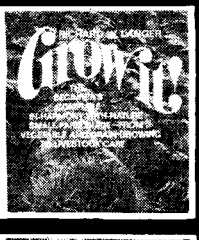

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and philosophical stances that helped to earn for his contemporaries their collective status as spokesmen for a generation. He was not a crusader for sexual liberation or social reform, nor was he to the slightest degree demonic, perverse, shell-shocked, or afflicted with much more than a well-mannered, somewhat wistful anxiety. The note of high apocalypse is missing from his work, as is the note, so characteristic of his age, of psychological nihilism. His writing is not particularly provocative of imitation, and he did nothing experimentally to advance the technique of the novel except to popularize the flashback as the conventional method through which the experiences of the past and present can be brought into dramatic and ironic juxtaposition. It is doubtful that he influenced any of the writers who came after him unless perhaps those who tried to commercialize his kind of materials, without bringing to them his quality of insight, in novels such as Sloan Wilson's *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* and *Executive Suite* by Cameron Hawley. Marquand, in short, was a maverick and loner without being a literary innovator or rebel, and it may be that he was simply too much of a professional to indulge himself with any of the more modish postures of the avant-garde.

Yet he wrote novels that said as much in their way about the nature of American life as those of his more illustrious contemporaries, and that were just as *modern* in their depiction of the actualities of that life. Their recurrent theme is the defeat of the individual by his particular society, whether it is traditional and overly structured or contemporary and relativistic. In the early novels, and principally in *The Late George Apley*, the repressive force is the patrician world of New England and Boston, controlled by old families, old money, and a Calvinist morality that was admirable in many respects but could also be ruthless in its power to shape a person to serve tradition against his real, if unacknowledged, desires. Typically, Marquand's characters are presented at a moment in their lives when they are obliged to confront themselves with the knowledge that the opportunity for personal choice—if it ever existed—has already passed, when they have gone beyond the point of no return, and it is too late to begin again, to defy family and friends in order to marry the socially unsuitable girl one really loves, to strike out for a new life of freedom from corporate business responsibility or an ancestral concept of duty and honor.

John P. Marquand in 1922—"slick formula fiction."

The drama of self-confrontation is a standard subject of the modern novel, and Marquand treats it without the cosmic orchestration of a Conrad, Mann, Gide, or Camus, but rather with a restrained melancholy appropriate to his sort of characters, who usually in the end arrive at understanding with a rather Jamesian sense of resignation. It is all very sad. Often it is comically and pathetically sad. But it is not really tragic, if only because characters like George Apley know from the beginning that they cannot really escape the obligations imposed by their society and that finally there is no choice except to play the game according to the rules. Their dilemma is also not tragic because Marquand's attitude toward the conflict between individual freedom and social responsibility was always ambiguous, and as he grew older, it became steadily more ambiguous. He persistently saw the predicament of his characters as double-edged. They might feel oppressed by the past, but in struggling to free themselves from its influence, they ran the risk of becoming lost in a contemporary society that, because it had succeeded in obliterating the past, existed in an eternal meaningless present, dehumanized and corrupted by materialism.

Just before his death in 1960, Marquand said that he was "out of the tempo of the times," and there can be no doubt that he was. His novels, in fact, record his deepening sense of alienation from the modern world and his increasing disgust with the cultural changes that were subverting the old humanistic values of decency, self-respect, and communal responsibility, values which, in his view, had helped to make life vital and civilized in the past. But his later novels also make it clear that as time went on he found it steadily more difficult to recapture an understanding of just what those old values had meant and how they might be specifically applicable to the new realities of the present. Hence, more and more his characters register their bafflement and outrage at the deteriorative forces at work in society, yet are unable to evaluate them by the traditional standards—because by now the connections to the past have been completely severed.

For the protagonist of Marquand's last novel, *Women and Thomas Harrow*, life has come to seem nothing more than a "shoddy road, decorated . . . with plastic refreshment booths and overnight motels . . . places of temporary respite for temporary indulgence, but no more." And as the narrator of that novel observes:

> The late Dr. Albert Einstein, or others vaguely in the Einstein category, had advanced the theory that time, being immaterial, was indestructible—and perhaps it was. . . . Yet, granted that the past was indestructible, exactly where was it now? Was it in good order, in keeping with the theories of relativity? He did not believe it was. The past in his experience was a tangled mess like ticker tape.

If Marquand cannot be identified with the modernist movement in most of the usual ways, it is obvious that he was deeply identified with it in at least one vital respect. He shared with many of his contemporaries and classic predecessors an essential mistrust of the ideal of unrestrained liberty, for he recognized that, while the moral codes and obligations of the past were often unjustly inhibitory, they were also necessary to human life and they gave meaning and purpose to life. Specifically, they directed individual energies into channels that were ultimately beneficial to both the individual and the community. They were, in fact, the structural embodiments of those values that the culture as a whole deemed most crucial to its existence. As a rule, we do not associate this view with the modern because the literature of our time is most commonly recognized by its antirational bias, its tendency to celebrate spontaneous feeling, demonic personality, and the primal forces of the psyche. Nevertheless, whether overtly as in the work of Pound and Eliot or implicitly as in the work of Conrad, Gide, and Joyce, our literature also expresses a distinctly contrary bias, an awareness of the necessity for containing social forms within which human beings must carry on their struggle for personal freedom, and without which neither their struggle nor their freedom would have

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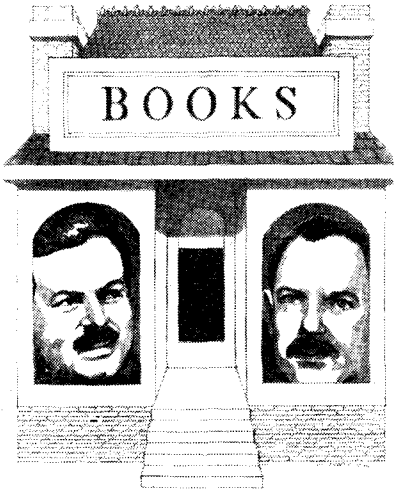
BETWEEN VOLUMES OF BALZAC AND THACKERAY A GREAT LITERARY TRADITION WAS BORN



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any significance whatever. This is the ambivalence, the double vision, of modernism, and for Marquand it is at the very center of his perception of American life.

One of the several virtues of Stephen Birmingham's biography is that in it he traces the development of this ambivalence through Marquand's major work and at the same time locates its sources in the circumstances of the novelist's life. Mr. Birmingham's admiration for his subject is evident everywhere, but so too is his determination to be as truthful as possible, however unflattering his revelations may be to Marquand's memory. This is undoubtedly the reason why his book is not an authorized biography but was written without the cooperation or approval of the Marquand family and without access to letters and personal papers. These materials have for some years been locked away at Harvard, Yale, and Boston University and are now being made available only to Professor Millicent Bell, as the official Marquand biographer.

Clearly then, Mr. Birmingham was placed at some disadvantage, but at least he was able to make honest use of such information as was available to him, and he did have the cooperation of many of Marquand's friends, of whom perhaps the most helpful was Carol Brandt, Marquand's literary agent, confidante, and mistress. Mr. Birmingham has also drawn on his own recollections of the period when, as a young beginning writer, he was befriended by Marquand and given important advice and encouragement as well as practical help in finding a publisher for his work. He evidently had good reason to feel indebted to his mentor and might even be excused if he had chosen to be somewhat circumspect in his treatment of him.

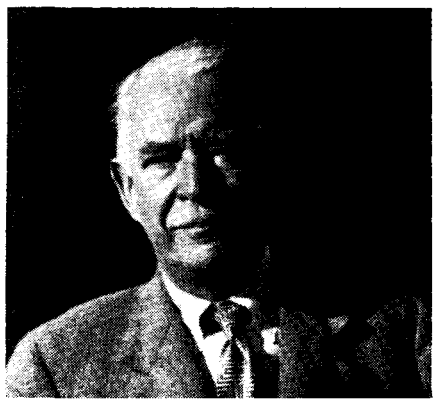
Yet, although Mr. Birmingham is at all times fair, the image of Marquand that takes form here—the facts, after all, being what they are—is unattractive enough to make it understandable that the family might have wished to prevent the publication of the book. Marquand apparently had a rather bleak personality and, depending on the state of his emotional weather, could be mistrustful, boorish, capricious, generally bad-tempered, and often insensitive to the feelings of others. He had a streak of pettiness in him and was penurious to a degree that seems ludicrous until one allows for the fact that financial insecurity was a nightmare to him during his early life. This same insecurity may also have caused him to be afflicted with all the class snobberies of the New England gentry and to have become an assiduous social climber whose greatest satisfaction seems to have been his election to membership in Boston's most exclusive club, the Somerset. About people in general and women in particular—with the notable exception of Carol Brandt—he seems to have had little judgment, and the story of his two marriages is so pathetically awful that one is hard put to decide whether to feel sorry for him for having been stuck with such clearly unsuitable women or to pity them for having perhaps been made unsuitable through marriage to him.

In justice it must be said, however, that there was a certain logic to Marquand's character and, like all of us, he had reasons, if not altogether adequate excuses, for his perversities.

His early life contained a pattern of circumstances not uncommon to writers, particularly the experience of being expelled from a condition of childhood innocence and happiness through tragedy or, as happened in his case, the sudden loss of material fortune, and the consequent effort through literature to redeem oneself from the failures of the father or to create a position of superior judgment from which to study, analyze, and possibly expose the weaknesses of the society one has been forced to quit.

Marquand's childhood was idyllic in the extreme—until his father went bankrupt. And it was a period, significantly enough, when the Marquand family enjoyed aristocratic privilege and leisure, the sort of beautiful life possible in a time of plentiful servants and elaborate social amenities. Marquand was cast out of this paradise in 1907 at the age of fourteen, and it is scarcely speculative to suggest that the experience confirmed in him his lifelong admiration of the very rich or that his preoccupation with them in his fiction was his way of returning imaginatively to, and reidentifying himself with, their society. But since he came to suffer the humiliations and snubs of the dispossessed aristocrat, he also viewed the rich with some resentment, which took the form in his portraits of them of a cutting satirical dimension.

Marquand—"literary substance."



Following the collapse of the family fortune, Marquand was sent to live with two of his father's sisters and his great-aunt at a place called Curzon's Mill outside Newburyport, Massachusetts. The three spinsters formed an eccentric household. Aunt Mollie was a sweet-faced, happy woman who was known euphemistically as "simple." Aunt Bessie had taken a degree as a Unitarian minister, had preached one sermon, then announced that she had lost the faith. Her favorite recreation was reading aloud, and during Marquand's stay at the Mill she required him to listen while she read through every play of Shakespeare's, the Bible from Genesis through Revelations, all the classics, and Scott's Waverley novels. Then there was Great-Aunt Mary Curzon, who had once had a flirtation with John Greenleaf Whittier and been a friend of Emerson, Thoreau, William Ellery Channing, and the abolitionist Thomas Higginson. Marquand recalled encountering Aunt Bessie and Great Aunt Mary one summer evening at the Mill, walking barefoot in the dewy grass and conversing animatedly in classic Greek.

These experiences gave him rich materials for his later novels—most notably *Wickford Point*. But they also gave him additional reasons for envying the rich. To him his aunts and particularly his Hale cousins, who were frequent summer visitors, seemed extravagantly well off (which, in fact, they were not), while he, by comparison, seemed a pauper. Thus, the elements of his central themes, failure and missed opportunity, may be found in the contrast between his own reduced circumstances and the apparent prosperity of his relatives.

Marquand managed in 1911 to enter Harvard on a science scholarship, but he was made to feel there even more of a social pariah, the principal reason evidently being that he failed to make Porcellian. In fact, he was not elected to any social club. Then, to make matters infinitely worse, he married Christina Sedgwick of *the* New England Sedgwicks, a woman who seems to have been so ethereally vague that much of the time she did not know where she was and who, when she went out, could not always be counted on to find her way home. The Sedgwicks were the lords of Stockbridge. In the town cemetery there was something known as the Sedgwick pie, the

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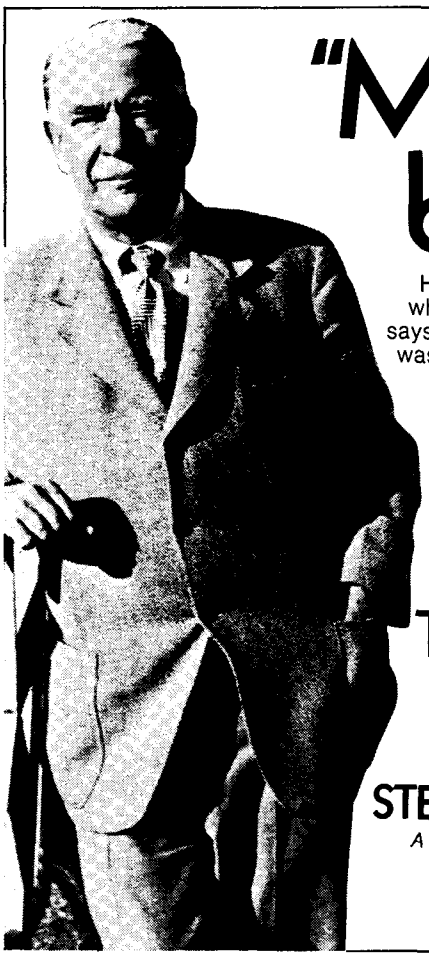
family burial plot where the deceased lay in a circle, their heads away from the center, so that when the call to resurrection will be sounded, they would all rise and face their ancient ancestor, Judge Theodore Sedgwick, who presumably would have something of moment to say on the occasion.

Marquand's marriage to Christina proved to be disastrous. Her family had no comprehension of what he was trying to do as a writer, which at the time was earn enough money to support his wife in the manner to which her background had accustomed her, and they were wholly contemptuous of the kind of writing he was doing. As a result, he began to seek refuge from his domestic unhappiness in a way that was to become a fixed pattern. He would call on friends such as his agents, Carl and Carol Brandt, or the Gardiner Fiskes and stay with them for days or weeks at a time.

Nevertheless, after finally divorcing Christina, Marquand made an even worse mistake. He married Adelaide Hooker, another woman of old and even richer family. Where he had been dominated and at the same time snubbed by Christina's family, he was now dominated and rather patronized by Adelaide. She was a willful, capricious, and profoundly eccentric person whose social skills seemed to be limited to interior decorating and who in time became physically gross and an extremely messy alcoholic. She and Marquand endured each other for years, and when at last they were divorced, he turned once again to Carol Brandt. Their friendship, which developed slowly into an affair, was the one wholly satisfying element in his emotional life, and it may have given additional force to his preoccupation with lost chances that he did not marry Carol when it might have been possible after Carl's death and before time had run out for him. However, the frustrations of the man, as always, could be put to creative use by the writer, and Marquand found in his relationship with Carol the materials for *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*, which has adultery as its major theme—adultery, of course, that finally goes nowhere because the forms at all costs must be preserved. Besides, as Harry Pulham says, "there is some needle inside everyone which points the way he is to go without his knowing it." The way for Marquand was invariably back to conscience, where freedom and responsibility are held, however precariously, in balance and somehow by their holding provide such consolation as there is for not getting what we want. □



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PAIRS OF PAIRS

Each experience described in Column 2 applies to *two* of the pairs listed in Column 1. Which two? asks Nadine Martin of Hawthorne, California. Compare your answers with those on page page 82.

1. Abraham & Isaac ( )
2. Adam Brant & Christine Mannon ( )
3. Aunt Polly & Huck Finn ( )
4. Clytemnestra & Aegisthus ( )
5. Daedalus & Icarus ( )
6. Enoch Arden & Annie ( )
7. Henry Higgins & Eliza ( )
8. Hippolytus & Phaedra ( )
9. Iphigenia & Agamemnon ( )
10. Jehovah & Eve ( )
11. Joseph & Potiphar's wife ( )
12. Odysseus & Achilles ( )
13. Odysseus & Penelope ( )
14. Phoebus Apollo & Phaëthon ( )
15. Pygmalion & Galatea ( )
16. Zeus & Prometheus ( )

a. The woman turns her fury on the youth who has scorned her.

b. The husband, long thought dead, returns to the wife.

c. The disobedient one and the punisher.

d. His transvestism is uncovered by another's shrewd observation.

e. The son doesn't measure up to the father.

f. The man effects the woman's transformation.

g. With her lover's connivance she encompasses her husband's death.

h. He is prepared to sacrifice his child at the deity's command.

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BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

BY ZENA SUTHERLAND

Count and See. *By Tana Hoban. Macmillan. 40 pp. $4.95.* Tana Hoban's photographs are always handsome, and in *Count and See* they are used to full advantage in extending the visual acuity of the young child while he learns numbers. From 1-15, from 20-50 by tens and, last, an imposing 100: ten pea pods, each with ten peas. Facing the pictures are black pages with the numbers in white. The objects are familiar and are grouped, adding a hint of sets to come. Ages 2-5.

William's Doll. *By Charlotte Zolotow. Illustrated by William Pène du Bois. Harper & Row. 30 pp. $3.95.* William wanted a doll, a doll that he could hug and put to bed and kiss goodnight "just as though he were its father and it were his child." His brother said William was creepy, and his friends said it was sissy, and his father bought him a basketball. William became very good at shooting baskets, but he still wanted a doll; he liked the train he was given, but he *still* wanted a doll. "Wonderful," said his grandmother when she came to visit, and she scolded his father: "When he's a father like you he'll know how to take care of his baby and feed him and love him. . . ." Hurrah for Charlotte Zolotow's gentle voice, her common sense, and hurrah for the editor who knew that William Pène du Bois would express these qualities in beautiful pictures. Ages 4-8.

Reasons and Raisins. *By Josephine and Richard Aldridge. Illustrated by John Larrecq. Parnassus. 34 pp. $3.75.* Quietly executed pictures, vivid with action and humor, deftly complement an amusing and fanciful story. The "raisins" of the title are taken by Little Fox after his mother has told him that they might make him sick, and the "reasons" are the true motivations for actions throughout the story, in this case Mrs. Fox's plan to make raisin pudding for dinner. Whether or not children understand the gentle mockery, they can enjoy a story in which Little Fox goes from one madcap adventure to another and comes home to a spanking followed by his favorite dessert, raisin pudding. Ages 5-7.

The Old Woman Who Lived in a Vinegar Bottle. *By Rumer Godden. Illustrated by Mairi Hedderwick. Viking. 48 pp. $4.95.* An adaptation of a folk tale with a familiar theme—the kindly soul who becomes more greedy with each gift—is illustrated with soft, fresh pictures that have a sprightly combination of sophisticated detail and bucolic charm. The tale is told with grace in a fluid prose that is a pleasure to read aloud. Living alone in her "vinegar bottle," an oast house with a peaked roof, the old woman and her cat are content with their small comforts. Pitying a small, gasping fish she has bought, the old woman throws it into the sea and is rewarded by the magic creature with a promise of wishes granted. But she finds her subsequent affluence a burden and goes gratefully back to her vinegar bottle. Ages 5-8.

Behind the Wheel. *Written and illustrated by Edward Koren. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 32 pp. $4.59; paperback, $1.25.* The scribbly drawings so familiar to readers of *The New Yorker* magazine have as their only text the labeled diagrams of instrument panels. Each drawing of a vehicle is followed by a picture seen as if from the driver's (or flier's) seat, a novel approach to a subject perennially fascinating to the mechanics-conscious young. The book is marked by the publisher for the read-aloud audience, many of whom will certainly memorize the names of the controls and indicators, but it will probably be enjoyed even more by children who can read independently such delightful words as "directional gyro." Ages 8-9.

How the Devil Gets His Due. *Adapted and illustrated by Harold Berson. Crown. 32 pp. $3.95.* There's a saucy quality to Harold Berson's illustrations that anticipates the sly wit of the ending of this adaptation of a French folk tale. Alone in his broken-down castle, the devil finds himself overworked; he strikes a bargain with a gullible peasant boy: whichever of them complains gets beaten. The boy becomes exhausted by the tasks the devil sets; fearing punishment, he is silent. When the boy's clever brother takes his place, the devil is outfoxed and driven off. Ages 9-10.

From "How the Devil Gets His Due"

Graciela: A Mexican-American Child Tells Her Story. *Photographs and tape editing by Joe Molnar. Watts. 48 pp. $4.50.* It's a rare photo-documentary in which the pictures have no air of contrivance; here the informal shots of Graciela and her family are as explicit as the text in showing the charm of the family members and their affection for one another. Graciela, who is twelve, is forthright in chatting about the

Liberation for Little Girls

BY KATHARINE ROGERS

The typical fairy-tale heroine sleeps in a forest or sits on top of a glass hill waiting until some enterprising young man comes by to marry her. What adventures she might undergo are seen as misfortunes, and her only defense is patient suffering. She is always beautiful and usually well behaved, but she seldom thinks or takes action. How liberating, then, to enter the fairyland of Oz, ruled by a wise princess and filled with little girls who are enterprising, ingenious, adventurous, or imposingly self-reliant.

The Wizard of Oz, the first of L. Frank Baum's stories, introduces Dorothy, a brave, resourceful girl who rescues three male characters and destroys two evil witches. It is only females who have power in this land, for the Wizard himself proves to be a humbug. Besides the four major witches, there is the sorceress Gayelette, a female version of Pygmalion, who creates a mate for herself because there isn't a man clever and good enough for her to love. Finally, when no one else can help Dorothy, it is the Good Witch Glinda who sends her home. Glinda appears as the last resource, the solver of seemingly insoluble problems.

The second Oz story, *The Land of Oz*, seems more male-oriented since it describes the adventures of a male party and rather heavy-handedly satirizes the Woman Suffrage movement in the form of General Jinjur's Army of Revolt against the men of Oz. However, in the end the boy here is restored to his proper form, which is that of Princess Ozma. Henceforward she will be absolute ruler of this utopia, showing such wisdom and justice that everyone gladly obeys her. Later in the series a boy who dares to break one of Princess Ozma's laws on the ground that she is "only a *Continued on page 75*

Katharine Rogers is the author of *The Troublesome Helpmate: A History of Misogyny in Literature.*

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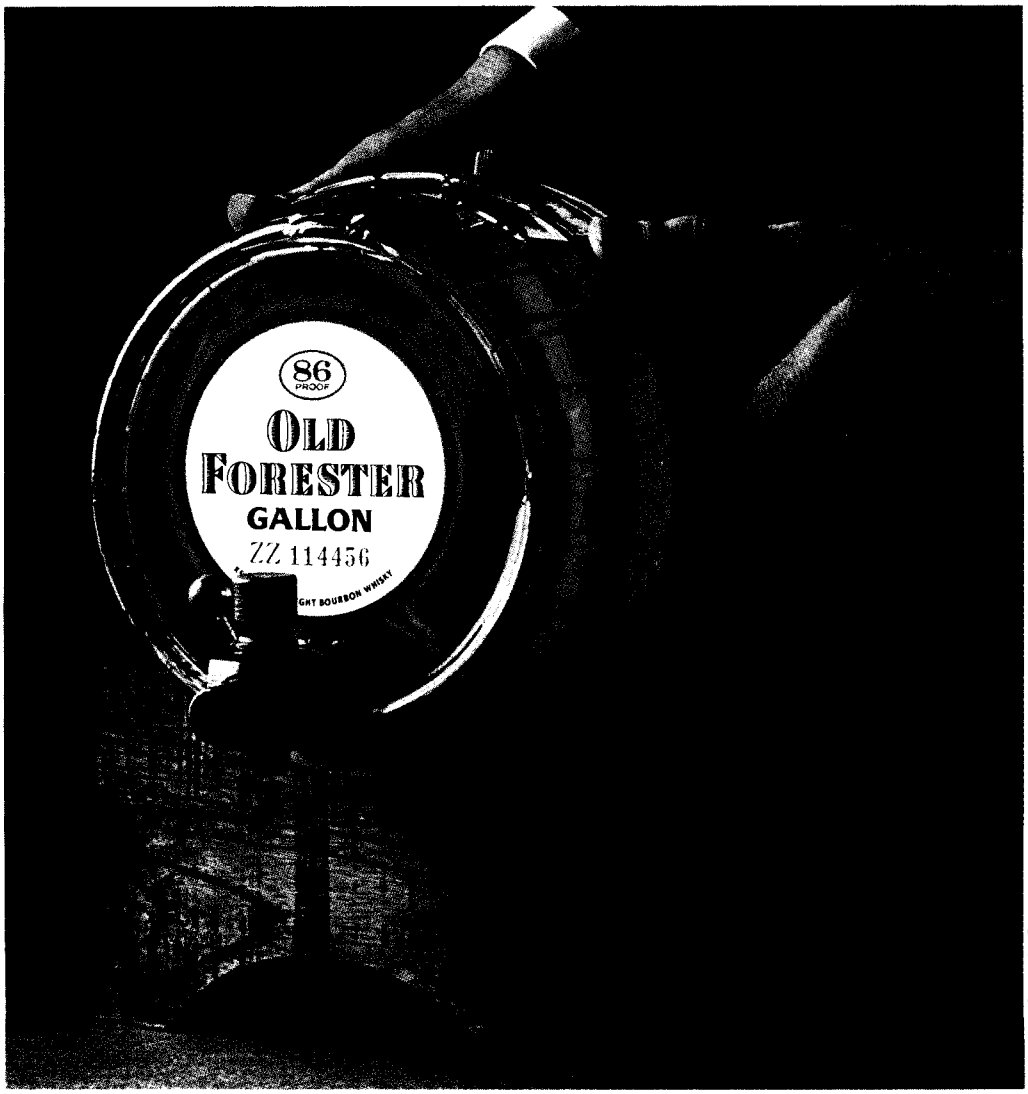

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The Curious Legend of La Dame Blanche

Long, long ago, in the Bordeaux region of France, there lived a handsome young Count.

The estate on which he lived had a truly remarkable vineyard, from which came one of the finest wines in all of France. This wine was treasured throughout the land and was a source of great pride to the young aristocrat.

The people all loved him, for he was very good to them, and the fine wine he produced brought prosperity to them all.

However, they were concerned about one thing.

He had not yet found a wife.

One day, the Count decided to take a holiday, and he journeyed to Morocco. There he met a beautiful Moorish princess with dark mysterious eyes and black silken hair.

And skin the color of dark topaz.

She was, he thought, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he fell hopelessly in love with her. And she with him. And so they were married.

When the news of the beloved Count's marriage to a dark-skinned woman reached the people, they were dismayed. And when he brought her home, they turned their backs on her. Why couldn't he have married one of his own kind?

Despite this, the pair lived happily together until the Count died. Then, his loving wife did something that shocked everyone.

She came to the funeral dressed in white... the color of mourning of her native land.

No one in France had ever worn anything but black for mourning. Oh, she had strange ways, this dark foreign woman.

The bereaved Countess wore nothing but white for the rest of her life, for she had loved her husband very much. So much so that, in his tradition, she continued caring for the vineyard. Which, in turn, continued to produce the superb wine.

She was really a very kind woman, and, like her husband, treated the people well. Slowly, they began to accept her. And they learned to love her as much as they had the Count.

Later, when she died, they all came to her funeral to honor her.

And they came dressed in white.

Now, here is the curious part of the story.

Ever since the death of the Countess, on certain mornings at dawn, a strange white mist drifts across the meadow and surrounds the Chateau.

And the people seeing this phenomenon, say, "La Dame Blanche has returned". So when the white mist appears, the people are happy to be reminded that La Dame Blanche remembers them.

Today, the famous Cruse family occupies the Chateau. And their wine, now called Chateau La Dame Blanche, is still among the finest in all of France. As is every wine that bears the Cruse crescent. Each with its own special story to tell.

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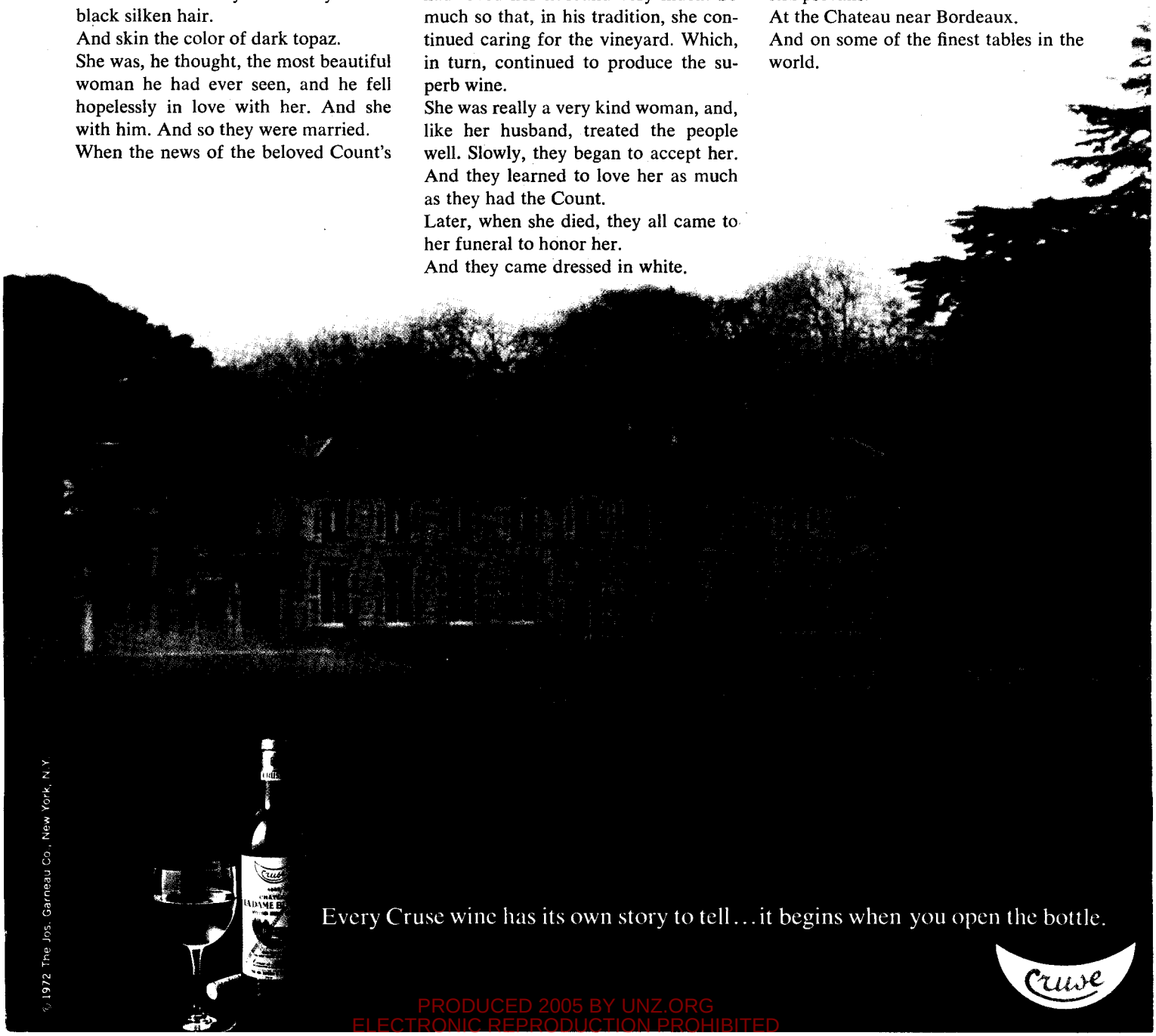

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Every Cruse wine has its own story to tell... it begins when you open the bottle.

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prejudice against Chicanos in her hometown in Texas, about their yearly trip to Michigan as migrant workers, about the ambitious, hard-working older members of the family. Not all migrant workers are in as happy a circumstance as Graciela's family, and it's pleasant to read about their sturdy pride. Ages 9-11.

Come Back, Peter. *By Joan Woodberry. Illustrated by George Tetlow. Crowell. 152 pp. $3.95.* Peter will never come back, and his ten-year-old brother, Paul, has been restless and lonely since his death. Living on a remote station in the Australian outback, Paul, having no companions, decides to go off alone on an overnight camping trip. Ultimately, he meets two boys whose courageous trek through the hot, deserted country brings them to the station. One is Johnnie, a white boy who is looking for help for his very ill mother, and the other—Peter—is a wandering aborigine, who saves the lives of his companion and a baby sister. The writing is spare and sensitive, the characterization strong, the setting and plot compelling, but it is the relationship between Peter and Johnnie that gives the book impact and depth. Ages 10-12.

Heather, Oak, and Olive: Three Stories. *By Rosemary Sutcliff. Illustrated by Victor Ambrus. Dutton. 120 pp. $4.95.* In three dramatic tales of the past, Rosemary Sutcliff combines a mastery of construction, a sense of story, and a profound historical knowledge that enable her to incorporate verisimilar details unobtrusively into narrative. In one story the daughter of a clan chieftain risks her life to free an Irish prisoner, in another an old soldier looks back on his finest hour during the time of the Roman occupation of Britain, and in the third two young men who are rivals in an Olympic race in ancient Greece become fast friends. Ages 10-13.

Twilight of the Animal Kingdom: The Endangered Species. *Written and illustrated by Larry Harris. Ward Ritchie. 48 pp. $4.95.* Meticulously drawn pictures in full color accompany the descriptions of twenty-two rare species of animal life, including some that are relatively familiar, such as the blue whale and the California condor, and some that are more exotic, such as the Zanzibar red colobus and the Haitian solenodon. Animal lovers should find the book as fascinating as conservationists will find it depressing. Each description, briskly informative, includes information about the location of species in zoos and the estimated numbers still extant. Ages 10 up.

From "Twilight of the Animal Kingdom"

A Long Way from Verona. *By Jane Gardam. Macmillan. 190 pp. $4.95.* Books that refuse to be put down are few and far between, and heroines like thirteen-year-old Jessica are equally rare. Jessica starts her story: "I ought to tell you at the beginning that I am not quite normal, having had a violent experience at the age of nine." The style is witty, the dialogue felicitously natural, and the characters in Jessica's story—set in England during World War II—are sharply seen and wholly convincing. Jessica wants to be a writer, she is painfully honest, and she goes nervously through the agonies of first love. The plot is not strong, but the book has unforgettable incidents. Ages 11-13.

Heirs of the Ancient Maya: A Portrait of the Lacandon Indians. *By Christine Price. Photographs by Gertrude Duby Blom. Scribners. 64 pp. $5.95.* Although many descendants of the Maya live in Mexico, only the Lacandon seem to have kept to the ancestral way of life, a simple and primitive existence deep in the quiet forest. Here stunning photographs and a lyric text describe a people who refused to submit to their conquerors: The Lacandon simply withdrew. Civilization has impinged on their pattern of living but not changed it substantially. They worship the same gods, keep to the old ways, and their strong, beautiful faces are the same faces that were carved centuries ago. A moving book. Ages 11-14.

Leap Before You Look. *By Mary Stolz. Harper & Row. 259 pp. $5.95.* Jimmie couldn't remember when her parents had last gone out together, when her remote and uninterested mother had last agreed to go on a family vacation, when there had been any sign of affection between her mother and father; yet she was so preoccupied with her own reactions that it came as a shock when they announced they were getting a divorce. More than a tragedy to

Liberation for Little Girls

Continued from Page 72

girl" is promptly brought to repentance.

Of the twelve remaining books, all but three focus on Dorothy or other little girls—girls who not only are brave and sensible but who relish excitement and adventure. One of the most delightful Oz characters is the Patchwork Girl, made to be a houseworker by a magician's wife, who has prepared her some suitably humdrum brains.

Fortunately, a boy standing by considers this unfair and adds cleverness, judgment, courage, ingenuity, learning, poesy, and self-reliance to the mixture. The Patchwork Girl becomes brilliant and irrepressible and, naturally, refuses to do housework.

Consistently, power, for good or evil, rests with female characters; there is no humbug about their magic. Ozma rules, supported and advised by the matriarchal Glinda (who does, however, teach the Wizard enough magic for him to be her effective assistant). The Nomes and other evil male creatures who keep trying to conquer Oz are easily defeated, usually by Dorothy. On the first of these occasions she gets invaluable help from a capable yellow hen, who prides herself on being able to beat any rooster alive. Throughout the series it is the female creatures who are truly formidable. While Mr. Yoop, a man-eating giant in a ridiculous pink-velvet suit, is easily outwitted, his wife performs frightening transformations.

The Oz books are refreshingly free of the conventional father-daughter or older boy-younger girl pattern, in which all of the decisions are made, and all of the risks taken, by male figures. Indeed, in *The Road to Oz*, in which Dorothy travels with a little boy, it is he who is younger, beautiful, and conspicuously stupid. The more usual Oz pattern is a mixed party, as in *The Lost Princess of Oz*, where male and female characters share equally in suggestion making, decisions, and adventure—in contrast to most fairy tales, wherein little girls must either see their roles as passive princesses or imagine themselves to be omnipotent males.

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fourteen-year-old Jimmie, it was a betrayal; and her father's subsequent marriage was an affront. Time, partly, gives her perspective, as does seeing the withdrawn diffidence of her mother in a clearer light. The major theme of this realistic and perceptive picture of adolescence is balanced by Jimmie's concern about age-mate relationships, adjustment to living with her bitter, lonely grandmother, and her own slow maturation. Ages 11-14.

The Shrinking Outdoors. *By Gary Jennings. Lippincott. 192 pp. $5.50.* In the past few years there has been a tidal wave of titles about pollution, from picture books for the preschool child to somber prognostications for the young adult. *The Shrinking Outdoors* is one of the best. Objective, comprehensive, and lucid, it assumes that the young reader is both intelligent and willing to participate in a program of reversal and recovery. In stating the specific causes of air pollution Gary Jennings attributes a major role to the automobile industry and its consumers; he also discusses water pollution, overpopulation, and the attrition of some species of wildlife. The author provides sources for further information, suggests action that may be taken by individuals, and lists organizations worthy of support. Ages 11-15.

A Girl Named Sooner. *By Suzanne Clauser. Doubleday. 288 pp. $6.95.* "A young girl bring her to me," said Old Mam. "She done *said* the babe was my boy Jason's—a sooner babe cause they wasn't married yet for the full term." The child—called "Sooner"—was left with Old Mam to bring up. Filthy and ragged, she had been merely a slavey to the old woman for most of her nine years when Mac McHenry met Sooner. Mac, a childless man, was touched by the waif's situation and decided to rescue her although he knew that his wife, who was barren and bitter, would resist the idea. Sooner is taken in as an experiment and—not unexpectedly—wins Mrs. McHenry's affection. The story is saved from sentimentality by vivid characterization and humor, by astute perception of changing relationships, and by a fluent, easy writing style. For young adults.

A Wedding Man Is Nicer Than Cats, Miss: A Teacher at Work With Immigrant Children. *By Rachel Scott. St. Martin's. 192 pp. $4.95.* How does a teacher handle children who have little or no familiarity with the language of their new country, children whose diet and dress are governed by religious specifications, and who are suffering from cultural shock? Rachel Scott's description of the Indian and Pakistani pupils who have come to a Yorkshire manufacturing town is very funny, but also touching in its affection for the children and patient understanding of their parents. Most of all, the book is impressive for the picture it gives of the tolerance and elasticity of the school personnel of an English town, and of a community absorbing an alien people with grace. For young adults.

THE MALCONTENTS

by C. P. Snow

Scribners, 277 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Brom Weber

Like Arthur Koestler's novel *Darkness at Noon*, C. P. Snow's *The Malcontents* explores radical political thought and action during a state of adversity, when the activist—often for the first time—is compelled agonizingly to scrutinize self and purpose. An underground group of English student activists, of whom wealthy Cambridge physics student Stephen Freer is one, have plotted to expose the Establishment's moral hypocrisy with the revelation that a powerful Tory politician is exploiting West Indian immigrants in his secretly owned slum properties. The issue of racism is expected also to unify dissidents scattered throughout England. But the government's secret security forces have learned of the conspiracy. With equal conspiratorial zeal, they prepare to smash the group. A legal basis for doing so becomes available after one activist dies in a questionable accident and police investigation allegedly uncovers drugs in the homes of two others.

Ironies multiply from an early moment in the novel when Freer and his associates discover that they have been betrayed from within. By whom? With mounting intensity each successive break in the mystery spirals dizzyingly off into new revelation and further uncertainty. The group's cohesiveness turns out to have been willful self-deception. Each young revolutionary has been differently motivated and directed. A random, nihilistic craving for adventure, for example, has coexisted with a timeworn, dogmatic trade-union Marxism. In this respect the group mirrors the Establishment's incoherence—on the one hand, intellectually eclectic to the point of mental chaos and, on the other, closed off from any responsive awareness of social need. The greatest irony of all centers on racism. Despite the radicals' ostensible aversion to it, almost all manifest overt anti-Semitic prejudice toward fellow conspirator Bernard Kelshall, the group's only Jew and its master theoretician. He is untroubled by it, however, for he recognizes its historical necessity and has already earned moderate renown for his pro-Arab speeches to Jewish student audiences.

The government's *agent provocateur* is identified, but, before the group can confront him or establish his motive, he falls out of a window to his death during a hectic group party. Either murder or suicide is as likely a cause as accident. Suspicion and confusion disintegrate the group, though not Stephen Freer. From the general welter of experiential and emotional callowness through which all have passed, he emerges with increased pessimism but also with an enlarged capacity to make moral discriminations and practical judgments embodying his "irreducible hope" in "the possibilities men had." The tangible sign is his decision to testify to the falsity of police charges of drug possession against one of two accused conspirators, though the inevitable disclosure in open court that he had been a secret revolutionary will probably damage his career. Freer vividly exemplifies C. P. Snow's belief that a disorderly society showing a strong trend toward total entropy must and can be reordered with infusions of dedicated human energy.

The Malcontents—not a part of Snow's massive "Strangers and Brothers" series—provides fascinatingly successful evidence that contemporary science can be incorporated into literature with enriching results. The subtlety that predominates is remarkable. Snow has wisely abandoned the reflective, discursive first-person narrator of his earlier fiction and reduced exposition and summary to a minimum. The result is a tautly structured skein of conflict and anxiety so dramatically projected that stage adaptation seems destined.

Significantly, explicit statement of scientific thought is muted, appearing briefly at the novel's opening. Physicist Stephen Freer—without mentioning the applicable Second Law of Thermodynamics—speculates that "conceivably, though not very probably," the universe may be "progressing without anything that one could call meaning or purpose, all a prodigy of mindless waste, in the direction of entropy and thermodynamic death." The word "indeterminacy" races through Freer's mind on the last page, but there is no clarifying reference to physicist Werner Heisenberg's principle of indeterminacy, which asserts that man cannot make accurate microphysical measurements or predictions. The principle has often been extended into the assumption that man's ability to know any part of the world outside himself is similarly limited. It seems certain that there are fixed limits to man's knowledge of nature, but Freer's experience persuasively indicates that the corollary imposition of identical, absolute

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limits upon man's efforts to cope with social problems is unwarranted.

The "Two Cultures" controversy in which Snow, F. R. Leavis, and others were embroiled more than a decade ago has passed into history; yet it should not be forgotten. Then, Snow—trained as a physicist, but a novelist and social critic by choice—insisted that the general culture must begin knowledgeably to absorb the arcane specifics of its scientific subculture. He placed extraordinary responsibility for the erasure of a dangerous, internal cultural lag upon the artistic subculture, of which he was a part. At the time Snow evoked incomprehension and negation when he insisted that up-to-date understanding of the Second Law of Thermodynamics was as humanistically essential and vitalizing as a reading of Shakespeare. *The Malcontents* is an exciting novel, displaying not only the continued ripening of Snow's literary art but also a model for those still doubtful that science and art can be harmoniously combined.

THE CLOCK WINDER
by Anne Tyler
Knopf, 312 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Elizabeth Easton

Elizabeth Abbott, with her run-down moccasins and dungarees, is like a lot of kids today. At twenty she has dropped out of college but doesn't want to marry a nice home-town boy and settle down to having a family as her younger sister has. Her parents, a minister and his wife in Ellington, North Carolina (which is so small no one can find it on the Esso map), don't know what to make of her. Elizabeth gets rides from strangers, wandering here and there. She doesn't want a steady job. Most of all, she doesn't want commitments, doesn't "want to be relied on."

It is pure chance that Elizabeth walks past the big, brown, shingle-board house in Baltimore just as Mrs. Emerson, its owner, is wrestling ineffectively with the garden furniture. Elizabeth offers to help her put it into the garage.

Mrs. Emerson is everything Elizabeth is not—a pretty woman who wears pearls with her matched skirts and sweaters, and keeps her hair carefully tinted blonde to hide the age that is creeping up on her. Wealthy and widowed and difficult, she dictates endless letters to her children, who mostly stay away from her, is unable to cope with her big, old house full of chiming clocks, and is dissatisfied with her servants, who don't provide enough company for her.

On impulse Mrs. Emerson offers Elizabeth a job doing housework. Elizabeth wants no part of this, but she is willing to replace the handy man whom Mrs. Emerson has just fired because he picked the wrong moment to urinate on the roses.

"He's been tinkling on the roses for twenty-five years, not counting the war. Everybody knew that. It was just his flaw, something we avoided mentioning. Well, I *would* have, but I was uncertain how to bring it up, you see. What phraseology to use.... I certainly never meant to *fire* him for it! I didn't even know I was going to," Mrs. Emerson frets. But Elizabeth is attracted to the idea of working outdoors and fixing things, and so she becomes part of the Emerson household.

And what a household it is! The eccentricities of the seven Emerson children, now grown up, match anything Elizabeth can offer.

Miss Tyler is at her best writing short scenes, as when Elizabeth is faced with killing a turkey for Thanksgiving and compromises on substituting one prepared by the supermarket, only to have the freed bird betray her. Elizabeth is an engaging girl, and two of the Emerson sons are attracted to her. Although she tries to avoid entanglements, she cannot and tragedy strikes. Elizabeth flees home to Ellington and tries various jobs but eventually returns to the Emersons. As the years pass, it is she who provides the stability the family needs; it is she who keeps the clocks wound and the family functioning.

The author of *If Morning Ever Comes* and other novels, Miss Tyler writes simple, polished prose. She provides wonderfully penetrating brief views of her characters—an old man fighting senility; Margaret Emerson, one of Mrs. Emerson's daughters, unaccountably weeping for her first husband although she is happy with her second; the youngest Emerson boy's bride, P. J., who is living on Cokes, loves plaster lawn statues, and is horrified by the Emerson family. And yet they are tangential glimpses that Miss Tyler affords. Nothing is really explained.

The novel wanders aimlessly along much as its heroine did. The author doesn't seem to know quite what to do with her characters, any more than Elizabeth knew what she wanted to do with her life. With no clarification of why Miss Tyler's characters act as they do, the reader is left confused and finally uncaring.

Elizabeth Easton is on the editorial staff of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

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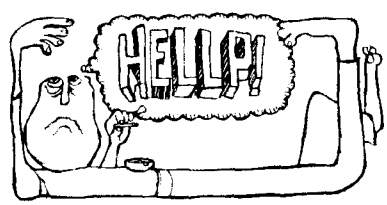

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Films

Rosemary's Babies

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT

A few years ago the highly successful *Rosemary's Baby* aroused in audiences the grisly idea that Satan himself was alive and active—a palpable Prince of Darkness who could enter the soul and body of his choice at will and thus take human form. There had, of course, been powerful forces of evil presented on the screen before—vampires, witches, and werewolves, to name only a few. But these had all been susceptible to some form of exorcism, such as a stake or a cross. Not infrequently, the denouement revealed that the nightmarish proceedings had all been engineered by some totally earth-bound mortal intent on achieving a selfish, but human goal—an inheritance or a toothsome female.

Not so in *Rosemary's Baby*. Not only was there no exorcism, but the film lent credence to the cult of satanism and to the prevalence of black magic. This same ready acceptance of occult evil as an omnipresent reality marks (and to my mind mars) two current film offerings, *The Possession of Joel Delaney* and *The Other*. In a third, *Hammersmith Is Out*, a modern incarnation of the Faust legend, Mephistopheles appears in the guise of Richard Burton. And he beds down with Elizabeth Taylor, the film's Marguerite. Pray for Liz's baby!

The Possession of Joel Delaney is a particularly disturbing work since, like *Rosemary's Baby*, it is set against almost documentarylike backgrounds of stylish midtown Manhattan and the teeming, poverty-ridden streets of Spanish Harlem. Every frame cries out with credibility—including an impressively staged attempted exorcism in a Puerto Rican coven. Now, it is one thing for a director to build up such credibility in order to scare an audience out of its wits. That's what terror pictures are all about. But as Ray Bradbury likes to point out, the great appeal of these movies has always been the sense in the end that the viewers have once more cheated death. The monster is dead. We meek shall inherit the earth. *The Possession of Joel Delaney* offers no such comforting resolution. Evil is still abroad—and this time it looks like Shirley MacLaine.

Miss MacLaine plays—and very well—Norah Delaney, a divorcée with two children and a brother, Joel (Perry King), a moody young man given to fits of violence. Arrested after a brawl that he claims he doesn't remember, Joel is released into the loving custody of his sister, who arranges for psychiatric care. But immediately a gruesome murder takes place (Joel's girl friend is decapitated after a birthday party), and this is linked—both by the police and by sister Norah—to a series of similar killings a year earlier. Since the suspect, a young Puerto Rican, has been dead for six months, the horrifying suspicion grows that his malevolent spirit has entered Joel's body, a suspicion confirmed one day when Joel suddenly starts speaking fluently in Spanish, a language he had never learned.

With some grudging assistance from her Puerto Rican maid, Norah is finally able to arrange for a séance in Spanish Harlem, only to learn that Joel is indeed possessed and that the spirit has no intention of leaving. But does Norah take this distressing information to the police? No. She gathers up the kids and their dog and heads for a particularly lonely beach house on Long Island. And what does she find there the following morning, apart from the severed head of her psychiatrist friend? Brother Joel, with his favorite switchblade.

There is no point in concealing the outcome of this encounter but small point in revealing it, either. The script, by Matt Robinson and Grimes Grice, telegraphs just about everything and often seems terribly cluttered with small, ultimately irrelevant plot points that, presumably, were intended as red herrings; but since this is hardly a mystery in the classic sense, they serve rather to keep the story slightly out of focus. Somewhat more serious (and, I am sure, wholly unintentional) is the film's recurrent suggestion that Puerto Ricans are sly, secretive, psychotic voodoo worshipers, who would rather die than surrender one of their own kind to the cops. Shirley MacLaine, who knows a fat role when she sees it, projects the progressive unhinging of Norah Delaney through a strikingly taut performance.

The Other, based on the Thomas Tryon best seller, sometimes appears to border on Henry James territory. Twin brothers, about eleven years old, are enjoying the long, hot summer of '35, sneaking ice off the back of an ice wagon, eating pink cotton candy at an itinerant fair, and quite literally scaring a cantankerous neighbor lady to death. The only hitch is that one of the boys is dead; he is purely a figment of his live brother's imagination, though we see two boys on film. A grandmother (I *think*—the relationships are not too clear in this picture, either) passes on to the living brother a malevolent power to force people to his will. He kills his father by banging him on the head with a trap door, wills an unpleasant cousin to leap to his death onto a pitchfork, pitches his mother down a flight of stairs, and pickles his older sister's newborn baby in a vat of wine.

Uta Hagen, belatedly making her screen debut, displays great strength and intensity as the grandmother, and the Udvarnoky twins, Chris and Martin, are alternately persuasively sunny and persuasively sinister as the script (by Tryon) demands. Once again, Robert Mulligan—who directed *Summer of '42*—evokes a period meticulously, handles children miraculously, and reveals a sure instinct for the easier sentiments. James, in *The Turn of the Screw*, keeps us forever guessing what is real and what is perverted imagination. In *The Other*, there is no room for doubt. Evil is ever in the ascendant.

Compared with these two, *Faust* is fun and games. True, Peter Ustinov is a genial cynic, and Stanford Whitmore's witty script for *Hammersmith Is Out*, this Faustian fantasia in modern dress, provides ample scope for both his geniality and his cynicism. As the Teutonic head of the mental institution in which Satan is temporarily restrained, Ustinov obviously relishes every situation and every line—an enjoyment that seems to extend to his costars, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, and Beau Bridges. They all have a grand time taking digs at the Establishment. Unfortunately, Ustinov, who directed the film, is less sure-footed when it comes to handling the camera, being given to long, static, talky "takes" that too often keep his fantasy earth-bound. But at least the devil is captured and reinstitutionalized at the end of this film. One *can* leave the theater, after Hammersmith is in again, feeling all's right with the world—momentarily. □

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Theater

Who's First?

BY HENRY HEWES

At a point reasonably close to the end of each theater season, the New York Drama Critics Circle meets at the Hotel Algonquin to vote its annual awards. The results of this year's voting (shown on the table at the right) are the closest in the thirty-seven-year history of the circle. Jason Miller's *That Championship Season* was voted the best play when it garnered 37 points to David Rabe's *Sticks and Bone*'s 36. Did this 1-point margin establish the superiority of one play over the other? One suspects not. The loser had 8 first-place votes to the winner's 5. Under the system once used by the circle, *Sticks and Bones* would have won on the basis of its simple plurality. However, under the circle's present rules, when a play doesn't win a majority (in this case 11 out of 21 votes), a second ballot is cast, which requires each critic to name his first, second, and third choices, and the results are weighted, using a 3-2-1 point system. Some critics question the validity of this point system, and this year's result conclusively demonstrates how it can act to obscure the will of the majority.

If one examines the table closely, one discovers that 11 critics (Barnes, Clurman, Gill, Gottfried, Hewes, Kalem, Kroll, Lewis, Oppenheimer, Simon, and Stasio) preferred *Sticks and Bones* to *That Championship Season* and that only 10 critics (Beaufort, Gaver, Glover, Hipp, Kerr, Lahr, Mishkin, Raidy, Watt, and Watts) preferred *That Championship Season* to *Sticks and Bones*!

Similarly, in the voting for a best foreign play, Jean Genet's *The Screens* scored a 35-34 victory over Harold Pinter's *Old Times*, but the second-place play won more first-place votes (9 to 7), and 9 critics (Barnes, Beaufort, Gill, Glover, Hipp, Lahr, Lewis, Stasio, and Watt) rated *Old Times* higher than *The Screens* as opposed to 8 critics (Clurman, Gottfried, Hewes, Kroll, Oppenheimer, Raidy, Simon, and Watts) who rated *The Screens* higher than *Old Times*.

Happily, in this extremely close election in which almost every critic obviously had a high regard for both the first- and second-place plays, the membership voted to give Drama Critics Circle Citations to both *Sticks and Bones* and *Old Times*.

In past seasons the circle, in selecting a best musical, permitted voting for revivals of musicals that had not previously won the award. But whatever chance such splendid works as *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* and *Lost in the Stars* may have had was eliminated when the membership voted to change its rules to stipulate that no musical that had been eligible for a previous award could be considered in a subsequent year. As a result, *Two Gentlemen of Verona* by John Guare, Mel Shapiro, Galt MacDermot, and William Shakespeare won easily with 13 of the 17 critics who chose to vote naming it on the first ballot. *Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death* was runner-up.

Because of a simple mathematical mistake, the points belonging to *That Championship Season* were totaled as 27 instead of 37 and the first announcement in the daily press erroneously gave *Sticks and Bones* a 36-27 edge. Fortunately, the error was discovered the next day, and with deep apologies to David Rabe *That Championship Season* was declared the winner. □

New York Drama Critics Circle Choices, 1972

	Best Play			Best Foreign Play			Best Musical
	First Ballot	Second Ballot		First Ballot	Second Ballot		First Ballot
	First Choice (3 points)	Second Choice (2 points)	Third Choice (1 point)	First Choice (3 points)	Second Choice (2 points)	Third Choice (1 point)	(3 points)
Clive Barnes New York Times	Sticks	Old Times	Championship	Old Times	Inspector	Screens	Verona
John Beaufort Monitor	Championship	Sticks	Screens	Old Times	Vivat!	Screens	Verona
Harold Clurman Nation	Screens	Old Times	Sticks	Screens	Old Times	Handcuffs	Verona
Jack Gaver UPI	Vivat!	Championship	Moonchildren	abstained*	abstained	abstained	abstained
Brendan Gill New Yorker	Sticks	Championship	Old Times	Old Times	Screens	Vivat!	Verona
William Glover AP	Championship	Sticks	Prisoner	Old Times	Inspector	Vivat!	Verona
Marvin Gottfried Women's Wear Daily	Sticks	Kaddish	Blind Pig	Inspector	Screens	Constance	Ain't
Henry Hewes Saturday Review	Screens	Old Times	Sticks	Screens	Old Times	Marriage	Verona
Edward S. Hipp Newark News	Championship	Moonchildren	Sticks	Old Times	Vivat!	Screens	Verona
Ted Kalem Time	Sticks	Championship	Prisoner	abstained*	abstained	abstained	abstained
Walter Kerr New York Times	Moonchildren	Championship	Twigs	abstained	abstained	abstained	Verona
Jack Kroll Newsweek	Screens	Sticks	Moonchildren	Screens	Inspector	Constance	Ain't
John Lahr Village Voice	Moonchildren	Old Times	Championship	Old Times	Inspector	Screens	abstained
Emory Lewis Record	Sticks	Championship	Pavlo Hummel	Old Times	Screens	Inspector	Verona
Leo Mishkin Racing Form	Championship	Sticks	Vivat!	abstained	abstained	abstained	Verona
George Oppenheimer Newsday	Sticks	Championship	Screens	Screens	Vivat!	Old Times	Verona
William Raidy Newhouse Papers	Screens	Championship	Old Times	Screens	Inspector	Old Times	abstained
John Simon New York	Sticks	Championship	Screens	Screens	Inspector	Vivat!	Godspell
Marilyn Stasio Cue	Sticks	Championship	Screens	Old Times	Screens	Inspector	Ain't
Douglas Watt Daily News	Old Times	Championship	Sticks	Old Times	Screens	Wise Child	Verona
Richard Watts New York Post	Championship	Screens	Vivat!	Screens	Vivat!	Old Times	Verona

Totals: Best Play: *That Championship Season*, 37 points; *Sticks and Bones*, 36; *The Screens*, 18; *Old Times*, 13; *Moonchildren*, 10; *Vivat! Vivat Regina!*, 5; *Kaddish*, 2; *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*, 1; *The Prisoner of Second Avenue*, 1; *The Sty of the Blind Pig*, 1; *Twigs*, 1. Best Foreign Play: *The Screens*, 35; *Old Times*, 34; *The Real Inspector Hound* and *After Magritte*, 17; *Vivat! Vivat Regina!*, 11; *The Ride Across Lake Constance*, 2; *And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers*, 1; *There's One in Every Marriage*, 1; *Wise Child*, 1. Best Musical: *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, 39; *Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death*, 9; *Godspell*, 3.

*Jack Gaver and Ted Kalem both voted for *Vivat! Vivat Regina!* on the first ballot.

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Music

Jazz Report

BY STANLEY DANCE

George Benson: *White Rabbit.* Benson, guitar; Don Sebesky, arranger; with big band. CTI stereo, 6015. *Beyond the Blue Horizon.* Benson, guitar; Clarence Palmer, organ; Ron Carter, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums; Michael Cameron, Albert Nicholson, percussion. CTI stereo, 6009, $5.98.

Producer Creed Taylor is one of the most astute starmakers in jazz recording, and he obviously recognizes in Benson a guitarist with the potential to achieve success comparable to that of Wes Montgomery and Kenny Burrell. Both of these rather restrained records appear to have been designed to appeal to a wide audience, the first being complete with all the fashionable trimmings. Benson plays with his usual agreeable tone and good taste, but from a strict jazz viewpoint he can be heard to better advantage in *California Concert* (CTI CTX2x2), a live, two-record set that presents all the CTI artists in extended and comparatively uninhibited solos.

Corky Corcoran: *Corky Corcoran Plays Something.* Corcoran, tenor saxophone; Jack Perciful, piano; John Smith, bass. RCS stereo, 2555, $5.50. (Postpaid from RCS Records, P.O. Box 362, Tacoma, Washington 98409.)

Corcoran was seventeen when he joined Harry James in 1941 and has been with him for most of the time since. Six ballad performances, recorded live and well, reveal him as a firm but lyrical player of the warm, Coleman Hawkins school. On the concluding track, he plays the attractive, seldom-heard vehicle Duke Ellington wrote for Paul Gonsalves, "Happy Reunion." Two colleagues from the James band back him sympathetically.

Junior Parker: *You Don't Have to Be Black to Love the Blues.* Parker, vocal and harmonica. Groove Merchant stereo, GM-502, $5.98. **Otis Spann:** *Walking the Blues.* Spann, vocal and piano. Barnaby stereo, KZ-31290, $4.98. **B. B. King:** *L. A. Midnight.* King, vocal and guitar. ABC stereo, ABCX-743, $5.98.

The cover and title of the first album are perhaps misleading. A straightforward, unpretentious blues set, it proves to be a fitting memorial to Parker, who died last year at forty-four. His fine harmonica playing is as convincing as his singing, and the spare accompaniment is just right. Spann also died prematurely, in 1970, the material in his album having been recorded by Nat Hentoff in 1960 and never previously issued. In a session notable for warming informality, the pianist is assisted by guitarist Robert Lockwood, Jr., and for four songs by the veteran singer and composer St. Louis Jimmy. The B. B. King album bears the ominous word "Hollywood" on the cover, and it is, of course, ridiculously overproduced. Ironically, the first title is "I Got Some Help I Don't Need," and King has his own excellent drummer on only two tracks. He nevertheless emerges from the proceedings with considerable credit, his guitar producing sounds of truth as always.

Artie Shaw: *Artie Shaw Featuring Roy Eldridge.* Shaw, clarinet; Roy Eldridge, trumpet and vocal; with sixteen-piece band and quartet. RCA Victor mono, LPV-582, $5.98.

This intelligently compiled set gathers together all the best of Eldridge's work with Shaw, a great service to admirers of an important, underesteemed trumpet player. When the records were made in 1944-45, Roy was swinging with mature assurance, a big tone, and expressive vibrato, all of which are still very impressive. The days of his fast, competitive blowing to attract attention were past, and the grandstanding of the Jazz at the Philharmonic tours lay some distance in the future. Though Shaw himself is featured most, Eldridge steals every track, with both the big band and the sprightly Gramercy Five, often with a very few bars. Bunny Berigan, another great trumpet player, and a contemporary of Eldridge's, is saluted in a second RCA reissue (LPV-581). Five of the numbers were recorded as a tribute to Bix Beiderbecke, who wrote them. Stylistically, the two Bs had little in common, but these interpretations at least illustrate Berigan's versatility.

Sonny Stitt: *Tune-Up!* Stitt, alto and tenor saxophones; Barry Harris, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Alan Dawson, drums. Cobblestone stereo, 9013, $5.98.

Here is a demonstration that "Bird [Charlie Parker] does indeed live," the idiom employed throughout being bop, for which he was so much responsible. This means that at up-tempo there is often a tendency toward two, three, or four notes where only one would be sufficient. The clean professionalism of the session is, however, distinctly refreshing. There is no compromising with contemporary fads—no crybaby guitars with their wah-wah pedals, no electronic instruments, no hint of rock's infinite corruption. The four musicians work together extremely well, and while Stitt has, in the past, been somewhat overexposed, Harris again commands greater recognition as his due.

Various Artists: *John Hammond's Spirituals to Swing: 30th Anniversary Concert, 1967.* The Count Basie Orchestra; the George Benson Quartet; the John Handy Ensemble; the Café Society Band; with Joe Turner, Marion Williams, Big Mama Thornton, Richard Boone, vocalist. Columbia stereo, G-30776, $5.98 (two discs).

The overall deterioration of the art (and artists) meant, almost inevitably, that the 1967 concert could scarcely be compared qualitatively with its predecessor of the Thirties. Yet, as this souvenir shows, there were rich and rewarding performances. The first side gets off to a good start with stirring guitar by Benson. The peerless Marion Williams follows with two impassioned gospel songs. Blues are taken care of by Joe Turner with his customary authority, but those by Big Mama Thornton—more impressive when seen in addition to being heard—are too stiffly phrased. The occasion's real *raison d'être* was the reunion of Count Basie with some of his alumni, among them Buck Clayton, whose elegant solos are unquestionably the set's high spots. Goddard Lieberson is heard as a witty and graceful m.c., but Columbia fails John Hammond by neglecting to give full personnel data, a battle that he fought and won more than thirty years before. The same omission mars another Columbia collection, *God Bless the Child* by Billie Holiday (G-30782), which for the most part inexplicably duplicates titles already available in C31-21 and C3L-40. Because this singer's early records were greatly enhanced by superior accompanists, the identity of the musicians is of more than ordinary importance. □

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The National Birthday Mess

BY GREG WALTER

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Just to set the record straight, W. C. Fields did *not* have inscribed on his tombstone: *I would rather be living in Philadelphia.*

But most Philadelphians will tell you that he did.

If it is possible for an entire city to exhibit an inferiority complex of gigantic proportions, then Philadelphia—the nation's fourth-largest—does just that. Little matter that the hoary Fields canard had its origins in a series of gag epitaphs run by *Vanity Fair* in the 1920s. (Fields's real tombstone is inscribed simply: W. C. Fields, 1880-1946.)

Somehow Philadelphians are willing, even eager, to accept the slur, just as they seem quietly resigned to the fact that Philadelphia will not be the site of the international exposition in celebration of America's 200th birthday in 1976. That decision came last month from Washington's American Revolution Bicentennial Commission. With metropolitan masochism perhaps unheard of in any other city, Philadelphians really don't seem to give a damn.

The reaction of Philadelphians ranged from pure outrage (one prominent civic leader went so far as to accuse President Nixon of being more interested in the pork-barrel possibilities of an election year than in Philadelphia's place in history) to utter ennui.

It is true that the rumors out of Washington had long been that the ARBC wanted the Bicentennial observed in every state in the nation and that it was willing to provide funds for the national birthday.

The ARBC balked at expending what it said would be $1 billion to bring the Bicentennial to Philadelphia exclusively. Philadelphia's "civic leaders" howled that the federal people "must have thrown in every highway project in the area." The city group said it needed a mere $226.4 million.

Mayor Frank L. Rizzo, elected as a Democrat but a man who claims fealty to Mr. Nixon, huffily declared that Philadelphia would have its *own* celebration. So there!

We have seen fifteen years of dissolving "study groups" and high-priced consultants, and we have heard loud municipal breast beatings and exhortations to civic pride, but it has not moved us.

It is not that we are a breed apart from other men. Our suicide rate is no higher than those of other cities, and we are not consumed with dark forebodings of unspeakable evils. People greet each other, if not with brotherly love, at least civilly in the streets.

Perhaps it is that Philadelphians for so long have been told that "Philadelphia isn't going anywhere" that they have begun to believe it. A few years ago, for example, a now-extinct movement called Action Philadelphia, Inc., decided, in its words, to "put firecrackers under the city to get it moving again." Its first move was to erect alongside one of the major highways leading into the city a huge billboard that proclaimed: PHILADELPHIA ISN'T AS BAD AS PHILADELPHIANS SAY IT IS!

Some wag with a can of spray paint immediately undid all this by appending the slogan: NO. IT'S WORSE!

A 1969 Gallup poll inquiring where Americans wanted to live showed Philadelphia was among the missing from a list of the top ten cities. When a visitor writes a letter to one of the city's newspapers, touting Philadelphia's virtues, it usually ends up well-displayed on an editorial page to prove to Philadelphians that there are some misguided fools out there in America who actually enjoy this town.

Even prominent Philadelphians take pokes while they are abroad. The soon-to-be-retired Ambassador to the Court of Saint James's, Walter H. Annenberg, described Philadelphia to British reporters as "a bush-league London."

In view of the Annenberg gaffe, it is not surprising that Philadelphia is not among the ten American cities foreign travelers want to visit, according to an association of travel agents.

But, along with our own self-deprecations, Philadelphia has long suffered at the hands of the caustic and the witty: "First prize is a week in Philadelphia; second prize, two weeks in Philadelphia." And so on, and so on.

New York sports columnist Jimmy Cannon called Philadelphia "a wino of a town. . . . There is no room for class in the whole metropolis." Dorothy Parker called it "a cemetery with lights." And an irate New York theatrical producer who brought his show here for tryouts proclaimed: "The city is tiresome. The audiences are rude, self-indulgent, impatient . . . just a bunch of slobs."

University of Pennsylvania sociologist E. Digby Balzell once told one of those endless meetings of prominent Philadelphians crying for an image change: "Philadelphia has always looked down on excellence and has not produced superior men."

Balzell well may have a point. Virtually every civic project begun in this city is headed by the same list of political cronies and vaguely involved Main Line patricians.

This reliance on the Establishment produces certain blind spots. For example, early planners of the Bicentennial spent $50,000 to produce a half-hour motion picture extolling the beauties of the city. In a city in which about 30 per cent of the population is black, one black face appeared for approximately twenty seconds—an old man in slouching hat, dangling a fishing line in the Schuylkill River. Only the banjo and watermelon were missing.

The Bicentennial could have been a promoter's delight. According to Albert V. Gaudiosi, director of informa-

Independence Hall is a cherished historic landmark.

Greg Walter, a longtime Philadelphia resident, is a former associate editor of *Life* magazine and is now an investigative reporter for the *Philadelphia Bulletin*.

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tion for the Philadelphia 1976 Bicentennial Corporation, the exposition could have grossed upwards of $2 billion.

Little wonder then that the late President Kennedy, early in his administration, tried to help steal Philadelphia's thunder by backing a 1975 Revolutionary Bicentennial in Boston.

Philadelphia is a city of neighborhoods, most of them built along strong ethnic lines: Fishtown, Kensington, the Great Northeast, South Philly, and West Philly. None of those good people had anything particular against the Bicentennial. They just didn't want it in *their* neighborhood.

The result, after years of haggling, was that the international exposition of the Bicentennial was to be located on a site that made even the most ordinary Philadelphian shake his head in disbelief. It was to be situated in a section of the city called Eastwick, an area that combines the searing essence of nearby oil refineries with the sun-boiled odors of the Delaware River and the roar of jet planes.

It is primarily marshland. As one observer recently put it: "The only redeeming factor to the site is that they won't have to tear down the exposition buildings. They'll just drift downriver to be discovered as some great new wonder by archeologists digging centuries from now."

Philadelphia's Bicentennial began with plans about ten years ago that were relatively simple: an invitation to the world to come and see our town, rich as it is in American history. It then grew to include "the development of thematic areas," including "our heritage as the cradle of American independence."

According to Pennsylvania Governor Milton J. Shapp, "the portrait of Pennsylvania is dappled with all the hues to be found in the colorful spectrum of our nation's history."

The phrases are faintly reminiscent of Philadelphia's last attempt at becoming the center of a national celebration, the Sesquicentennial of 1926, described later as "the flop heard round the world."

One enthusiast wrote: "It is our duty today to recover the faith, the simplicity of life, and the youthful ardor of the men and women who in 1876 [at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition] dared greatly and planned wisely, ever with a living memory present in their dreams and their purposes. . . ."

The dreams and purposes of 1926 came too late. Instead of an expected 30 million visitors, only 4.5 million arrived. The city lost $9 million as roofs collapsed on hastily built "palaces." According to newspaper accounts, the finishing touches were being applied to the Persian Palace just as workmen began demolishing the rest of the fair.

Helping ruin the whole event, too, was an endless succession of summer storms that turned the fairgrounds into something resembling a hog pen. Humorists referred to the whole thing as "the raining success of America."

All this notwithstanding, Philadelphia remains a nicer place to live in than to visit. Despite its detractors, Philadelphia did come alive about twenty years ago. In the eastern part of the original old city, near the Delaware River, old houses have been refurbished. There is now a pleasant mall at Independence Hall, and the old is being carefully preserved. The city has fine art museums and a well-kept and impressive zoo (including one specially designed for children). Philadelphia is home for one of the world's great symphony orchestras and for the Pennsylvania Ballet Company, which is rated high by ballet lovers. The city also contains one of the handsomest municipal parks in America, Fairmount Park.

Of late, some excellent restaurants have come into existence in our city, although nighttime entertainment is notably absent. The Locust Street "strip," which was allowed to lambaste the unsuspecting visitor throughout the years when the present mayor, Rizzo, was police commissioner, still flourishes and is still to be avoided.

The city's downtown hotel accommodations are adequate but slim (6,000 rooms). An additional 8,000 rooms are available within a twenty-mile radius of the center of the city. Room rates range from $18 up for a double.

But, in what has become the Philadelphia tradition, you will hear less about Philadelphia's tourist attractions this year than ever before. The city's Tourist and Convention Bureau has had its budget whacked once more. Despite the fact that this year marks the first time—according to Alvin S. Hornstein, who is the city's director of tourism and public relations—the bureau will issue a full-color brochure for would-be tourists. However, following the Balzell theory, few people will see the leaflet because there may not be enough money to send out copies to all who request them.

Oddly, according to Hornstein, this historic city has purchased no tourist advertising since 1968.

Will Philadelphia's Bicentennial celebration stimulate the tourist trade?

"Well," says Hornstein with typical Philadelphia fervor, "we talk in generalities about it but not much more. But I'll tell you—somehow we've got to keep the momentum going." □

WIT TWISTER NO. 276

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Far — — — — — — — with us
than we with him,

Convinced permissive — — — —
— — — failed his needs,

Our son grows daily — — — —
— — — of limb

But wears an — — — — — — —
and cheap strands of beads.

A. S.

(Answer on page 86)

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1511

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1511 will be found in the next issue.

. . . EH HVA EKA XP PXRW FZHV OEOAW VEHQ ETB FXXB-AT QFXWBQ FA'WA ENN KAT-AWENQ. XTNM QXJA XP RQ TAIAW KWXF XRH XP ZH.

OAHAW RQHZTXI

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1510

Divorce dates from just about the same time as marriage; marriage is perhaps a few weeks older.
Voltaire

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 & 9: h; 2 & 4: g (2, *Mourning Becomes Electra*); 3 & 12: d; 5 & 14: e; 6 & 13: b (6, Tennyson); 7 & 15: f (7, Shaw); 8 & 11: a; 10 & 16: c.

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Some people still think of SR as the Saturday Review of Literature, even though we took the "of Literature" off of our name back in 1952.

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Saturday Review
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NUCLEAR WASTE IN AMERICA'S BREADBASKET
Mao's Almanac: 3000 Years Of Killer Earthquakes

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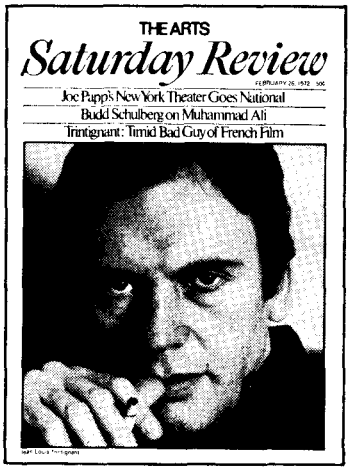
THE ARTS
Saturday Review
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Budd Schulberg on Muhammad Ali
Trintignant: Timid Bad Guy of French Film

Week two.

Next comes Saturday Review of Education.

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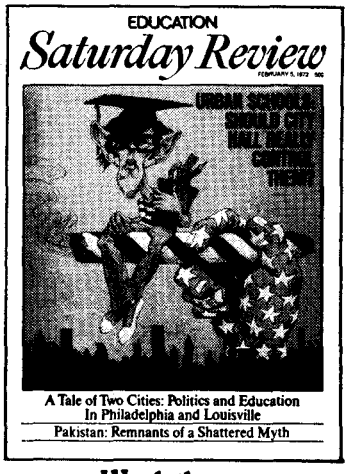
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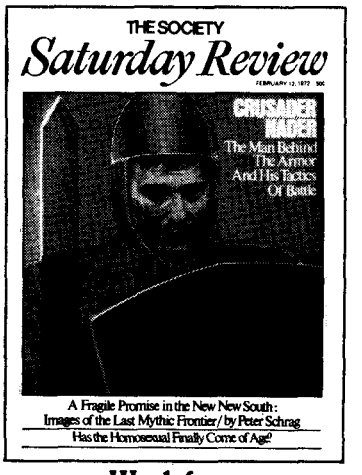
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Phoenix Nest

For a Limited Time Only

EDITED BY MARTIN LEVIN

Before the recent triennial visit from our apartment painter, my wife decided we should have the closets done.

"They haven't been painted in six years," she reminded me.

"There's sixteen years' worth of junk in them," I said. By way of illustration, I extricated from what we call the utility closet a tattered shopping bag jammed with empty boxes and wrappers and half-filled matchbooks, and I confronted her with it.

"Oh, no, that's all new stuff," she said. "I just haven't gotten around to separating the recipes from the offers."

"Well, you can forget about this Special One Hundred Per Cent Irish Linen Tablecloth with Exclusive Erinpress from Tetley," I said. "It expired December 30, 1970."

"What about the two Great Hosiery Offers?" Alice asked, pointing at a Nucoa Margarine package.

"It doesn't say. Maybe you're still in time for that. Which do you prefer: two pairs of Dupont Cantrece II Nylons for one dollar and the daisies from the front of any two packages, a two seventy value, you save one seventy; or one pair of Dupont Cantrece II Panty Hose for a dollar twenty-five and the daisies from the front of any two packages, a three-dollar value, you save a dollar seventy-five?"

"I don't know. Besides, I only saved one daisy."

"I suppose you also lack a second inner seal from a four-ounce jar of Taster's Choice Freeze-Dried Coffee. That must be why you haven't taken advantage of their Special Offer of an Ingraham Cordless Decorator Wall Clock for only seven ninety-nine and the inner seals from two four-ounce or one eight-ounce size jar."

"It's not that. I lack the seven ninety-nine."

"Which means we can also ignore these Special Offers from Andy Boy Broccoli of a six-quart Mirro-matic Pressure Pan for nine ninety-five with two labels, or a Mirro-matic Electric Fry Pan for eleven fifty and two labels. Whatever happened to *free* offers?"

"They cost twenty-five cents. Here's one," Alice said, reading from a Shake 'n Bake Mail-In Certificate. "'To get your recipe book with eighty delicious, exciting Shake 'n Bake recipes, send twenty-five cents, this certificate, and two box tops, from any flavor/variety of Shake 'n Bake to: In The Best Taste, Kankakee, Illinois.'"

"Let's hop to it."

"Wait a minute. It says, 'Offer void where taxed, prohibited or otherwise restricted.' Where's that?"

"In Kansas, I think. Tide's Polaroid Swinger Camera Offer for five ninety-nine plus one net weight marking from one Tide Family Size or one Tide King Size or one Tide Giant Size is void in Kansas, and government regulations apply. It expired on December 18, 1970."

Halfway into the shopping bag, I came upon a genuine free offer that didn't even cost 25 cents. It was for Free Dress Patterns designed for Lipton Soup Mixes by McCall's.

"For each pattern ordered," I read, "just send the front name panel from five (5) different Lipton Soup varieties." The only problem was the admonition to "Hurry! Offer may be withdrawn at any time."

"That's not the only problem," Alice observed. "You only like chicken noodle soup. That's also why I can't send in for the Soup 'n Munch Server designed by Thermos Special Offer from Campbell's Soups and Fritos Corn Chips."

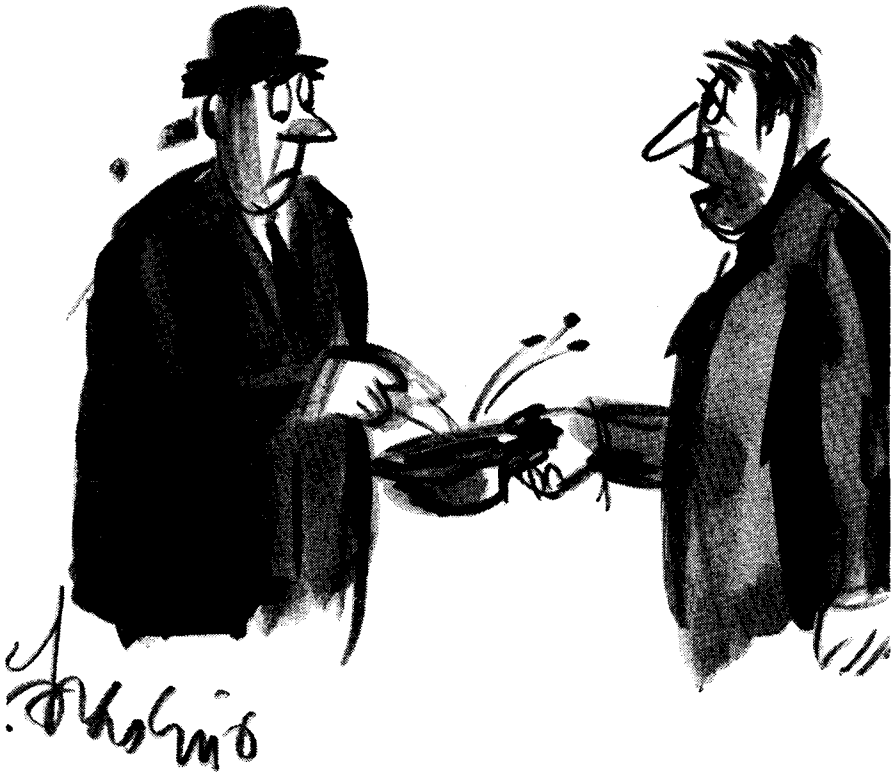
When I suggested that we throw out the shopping bag with all its contents, Alice objected.

"There are all those recipes on the Minute Rice and Corn Flake Crumb boxes that I haven't cut out. See, this Recipe Bingo Card lets you make eight complete casserole dinners from simple everyday ingredients. And look at these matchbooks from the Ohio Match Company, division of Hunt-Wesson Foods, Inc. Every one is different: We can get a Barbecue Cookbook, a Fondue Cookbook, a Tote Bag, a Pop-Art Inflatable Pillow, a Whimsical Funshirt, or a Zodiac Poster."

"If you really want any of those things," I said, "why don't we just buy them in a store?"

"That's silly" she said. "If we had fifty dollars to deposit for a year, we could get them in a bank."

Lou D'Angelo



"It doesn't take nickels."

Answer to Wit Twister, page 82: angrier, rearing, rangier, earring.

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(Continued on page 88)

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(Continued from page 87)

SCHOOLS

INTERLOCHEN ARTS ACADEMY. Accredited, coed college prep boarding school for students in grades 9-12. Specialized education in Art, Dance, Drama, Music. Full academic program. Distinguished resident and visiting faculty. Affiliated with National Music Camp. Catalogue: Director of Admissions, Room 307, Interlochen Arts Academy, Interlochen, Michigan 49643.

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MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Shaker Heights offers: A nationally recognized school system; nearness to Greater Cleveland's cultural-education center and to downtown; forward-looking, integrated communities. Attractive suburban homes and apartments for sale and rent. Contact the Shaker Communities, 3494 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. 216-751-2155.

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VINALHAVEN ISLAND, MAINE (Penobscot Bay). Very desirable property, old 4-bedroom home, fireplace, comfortable kitchen, exquisitely furnished. Inquiries SR Box H-260.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

Furnished/Unfurnished

QUOGUE, L.I. (THE HAMPTONS)—Located in small, charming village, about a mile from beach, near tennis courts and small golf club. Sailing on Shinnecock Bay, ½ mile. This old, charming summer house has 10 bedrooms, 3 fireplaces, 2 porches, a large bright kitchen, and is comfortably furnished. Large landscaped yard, gorgeous trees, some perfect for a child's tree house. Ideal for a family with children. A good income house, as well. Seasonal rent is $5,500. Low maintenance. This residence could not be replaced for well over the asking price of $75,000. SR Box H-256.

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For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

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RESIDENTIAL CONDOMINIUM in the Berkshires—a different kind of condominium living in a delightful village. Write for brochure. Kent Hills, Kent, Connecticut 06757.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

YANKEE LAKE, N.Y.—Wooded isolated acre parcel. Community dock, Lake Association membership. 914-457-5415 evenings.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS—White sand beaches, cooling trade winds, palm groves, exotic coral reef, clean water, remote retreats untouched by civilization. Priced from $20,000 to $300,000 with terms available. Box H-216.

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(Continued on page 90)

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(Continued from page 89)

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CALIFORNIA'S GOLD COAST—Del Mar—surf view acreage. 15 acres, zoned multiresidential and commercial. 15 minutes to beautiful San Diego Bay, Beaches, Boating, Horsemen's Paradise. Best climate in United States. Property is 5 minutes to UCSD campus, Gulf General Atomic, new VA Hospital and many new industries, and beautiful La Jolla. Surf, Ocean and Torrey Pines State Park Views—UNIQUE. These parcels are available separately or together. Write or call for information and brochure. McKellar & Wyer, Inc., Realtors, 1202 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, California 92014, Phone Area 714-755-9318, Mr. Robinson.

QUALITY ALL SEASON recreational, rural properties: Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Free Brochure. Box G-84.

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CAMPS

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OVERWEIGHT GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camp. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Camp Stanley, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Also Camp Tahoe for Overweight Boys. Phone 212-947-7749.

JUDGMENT RIDGE — Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($150 extra). 36 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, farming, hiking, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Arts & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318.

VACATIONS

SPECTACULAR SEASCAPE VIEWS overlooking the broad Atlantic. A distinguished resort on expansive, landscaped grounds. Broad lawns, flowers, big swimming pool, professional putting green. Social season mid-June to Labor Day—concerts, dinner dances. Near Playhouse and Art Galleries. Modified American and European Plans. Motor inn, cottages, efficiencies mid-May to mid-October. The Lookout Resort, Box 11, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT in one of the few small country inns left. Set in a tiny picture-book village. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Open year 'round. Betty & Jim Lee, Barrows House, Dorset, Vermont 05251.

VACATIONS

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CULTURAL REVOLUTION—Arts alive and flourishing in BERKSHIRES. Clark Art Museum, summer theatre, Tanglewood. Tennis pro, golf. Treadway Williams Inn, Williams Campus, Williamstown, Massachusetts 01267.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons, $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

WILD LOONS CALL from Indian Lake's clear mountain waters, Adirondacks. American Plan, families, adults. Rustic, informal. Sailing horses, guided canoe trips. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

DEXTER'S INN, Sunapee, N.H. 03782. Small, luxurious country inn high above Lake Sunapee. 185 acres of woods, gardens and meadows. Swimming pool, tennis. Golf, sailing, riding nearby. Delicious food. Cocktail lounge. M.A.P. 603-763-5571.

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QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open to November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Box 118R, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

TROPICAL ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA/BRADENTON: Near Walt Disney World. Send for free vacation guide. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-SR, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

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LUXURY IN THE ROUGH—Relaxing, congenial Resort Lodge & Motel. Informal atmosphere. Swimming pool, golf. Outstanding food. Cocktails. Airstrip adjoins. Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine 04945.

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VACATIONS

SUN VALLEY, IDAHO—Luxurious, split-level, 3 bedroom, fully-equipped condominium available for seasonal rental. Also for summer months. $600 month. Ideally situated, center of village, shuttle bus to lifts, free use of heated pool. Write SR Box G-433.

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INDIA HOUSE, NANTUCKET, MASS. Attractive turn-of-the-18th-century residence, a comfortable home base for young and old lovers and discoverers of Nantucket. 8 clean, cheery rooms, private baths. 5 minutes to beaches, sailing, galleries, surfing, antiques, tennis. Singles $14; doubles $27 daily E.P. Gourmet breakfasts, dinners from July 1st. Bar. Open April-September. 37 India Street. Tel. 617-228-9043. You'll love it!

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Kingsley Double-Crostic

By Thomas M. Middleton

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

No. 1993

DEFINITIONS

A. Hungarian pianist and composer (1811-86; "Mazeppa")

B. Widespread, destructive outbreak of a plant disease

C. Fortinbras' uncle (2 wds., "Hamlet")

D. Devil-may-care; disreputable

E. Mineral wax, earth wax

F. Shot, fling; pang, prick

G. Play by Paul Vincent Carroll (3 wds.)

H. Abalone (2 wds.)

I. A woman who has never borne a child

J. Division of NW Pakistan

K. Ancestor of Samuel (Sam. 1:1)

L. Duty; liability

M. Mary Herbert, Countess of _____: Sir Philip Sidney's sister

WORDS

23 36 93 160 177

187 45 68 133 156 24 81 103 116 172 5

7 26 57 80 139 168 175 193 67

72 86 173 25 50 60 38

137 161 179 40 59 123 12 29 85

98 110 124 151

181 192 202 9 46 77 94 106 121 148 167 21 164

174 185 2 19 41 90 118 136

150 159 184 201 10 140 190 22 51

70 92 115 131 198 35 55 143

163 62 82 88 120

157 183 74 89 1 14 20 42 165 199

158 48 107 113 153 196 170 102

DEFINITIONS

N. Laborious work, study, esp. at night

O. Naturalized

P. Laughing fit to die; breaking up (2 wds.)

Q. Overbearing, arbitrary (comp.)

R. Class comprising corals, sea anemones, etc.

S. One of the supreme gods of Hinduism

T. Am. author ("Enjoyment or Laughter", "Enjoyment of Living"); ed. of "Masses."

U. Without due consideration or reason

V. Extend

W. Large vessel

X. Avoidance

Y. Facts

WORDS

119 180 54 63 128 28 73 97 111 3 49

108 34 104 47 65 171 78 95 117 138 149 200

27 109 8 99 135 188 66 147 53 61

134 145 76 178 6 18 64 127 132 105

96 195 101 141 33 43 75 112

91 32 39 189 56 79

152 71 13 122 17 30 69

162 176 154 84 31 83 129

44 4 11 15 130 58 126 37 146 52

166 182 191

142 194 87 197 114 155 16 144

186 100 125 169

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

					1 L	2 H	3 N	4 V	5 B	6 Q	7 C	8 P		9 G	10 I	11 V	
12 E	13 T		14 L	15 V		16 X		17 T	18 Q	19 H	20 L	21 G	22 I	23 A	24 B		25 D
26 C	27 P	28 N	29 E	30 T	31 U	32 S	33 R	34 O		35 J	36 A	37 V	38 D		39 S	40 E	41 H
42 L	43 R	44 V	45 B	46 G	47 O	48 M	49 N	50 D	51 I		52 V	53 P		54 N	55 J	56 S	
57 C	58 V	59 E	60 D	61 P		62 K	63 N	64 Q	65 O	66 P	67 C		68 B	69 T		70 J	71 T
72 D	73 N	74 L	75 R	76 Q	77 G	78 O		79 S	80 C	81 B	82 K	83 U		84 U	85 E		86 D
87 X	88 K	89 L	90 H	91 S	92 J	93 A		94 G	95 O	96 R	97 N		98 F	99 P	100 Y	101 R	102 M
	103 B	104 O		105 Q	106 G	107 M	108 O	109 P	110 F	111 N	112 R		113 M	114 X	115 J	116 B	
117 O	118 H	119 N	120 K	121 G	122 T	123 E	124 F	125 Y	126 V	127 Q		128 N	129 U		130 V	131 J	132 Q
	133 B	134 Q	135 P	136 H	137 E	138 O	139 C	140 I	141 R	142 X	143 J		144 X	145 Q	146 V	147 P	148 G
149 O	150 I	151 F	152 T	153 M	154 U		155 X	156 B	157 L		158 M	159 I	160 A	161 E	162 U	163 K	164 G
	165 L	166 W	167 G	168 C		169 Y		170 M	171 O	172 B	173 D	174 H		175 C	176 U	177 A	178 Q
179 E	180 N	181 G		182 W		183 L	184 I	185 H	186 Y	187 B		188 P	189 S	190 I	191 W		192 G
193 C	194 X		195 R	196 M		197 X	198 J	199 L	200 O	201 I	202 G						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 30 of this issue.

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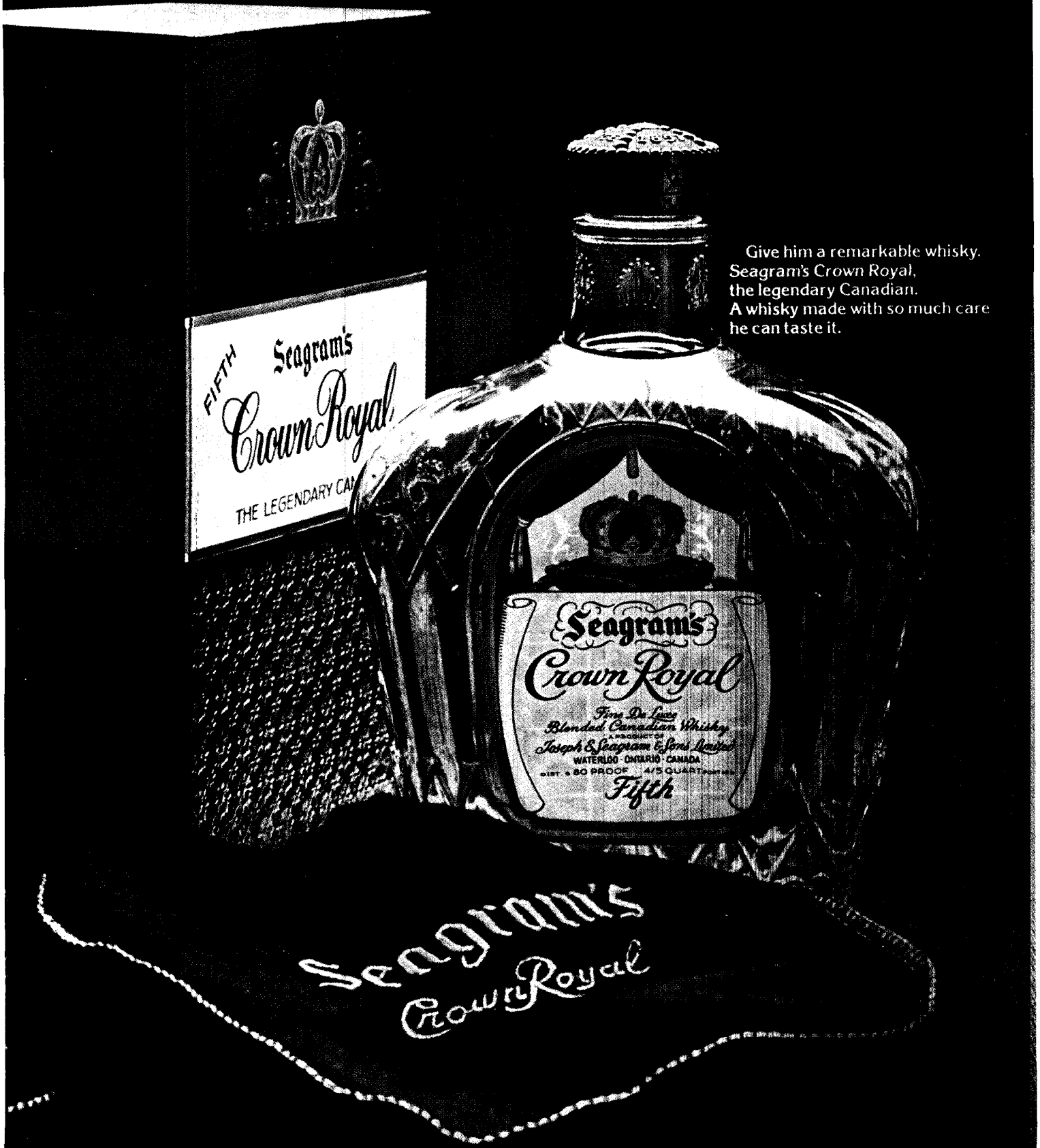

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